April 12, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

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Elizabeth Ashley talks about her 'first time.'

ASHLEY: My first time was on the 'red-eye' from LA to New York.

INTERVIEWER: I had no idea you could get Campari on airplanes.

ASHLEY: Well, only on some U.S. airlines. But I'm told you can get it on most European flights. They're really much more cosmopolitan.

INTERVIEWER: Well, what was it like?

ASHLEY: It wasn't sweet. On the other hand, it wasn't really bitter. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Really? Tell me the whole story.

ASHLEY: Well, I was restless...couldn't sleep...didn't feel like reading. Then, somewhere over the Rockies, the man next to me turned and said, "Look, as long as you can't sleep, how'd you like to try something really different?"

I figured, oh, what the heck, why not.

So he turned off the reading lamps, called for the flight attendant, and ordered Campari for two.

Let's see, I had Campari and orange juice, and he had Campari and tonic.

INTERVIEWER: You certainly have a memory for detail. Then what?

ASHLEY: I guess I'm known for speaking my mind and about half way through I just had to tell him the truth.

INTERVIEWER: What did you say?

ASHLEY: "Is this it? Is this what all my friends are raving about?"

INTERVIEWER: Was he offended?

ASHLEY: Not at all. He just smiled and said, "Miss Ashley, most people feel that way their first time. But like a lot of things, it gets better and better."

You know, he was absolutely right. The second time was wonderful. And now I just love it...there are so many interesting ways to enjoy Campari.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I'm sure. By the way, whatever happened to the man on the plane?

ASHLEY: That's my one regret. I just wish my second time could have been with him. I feel I owed him that much.

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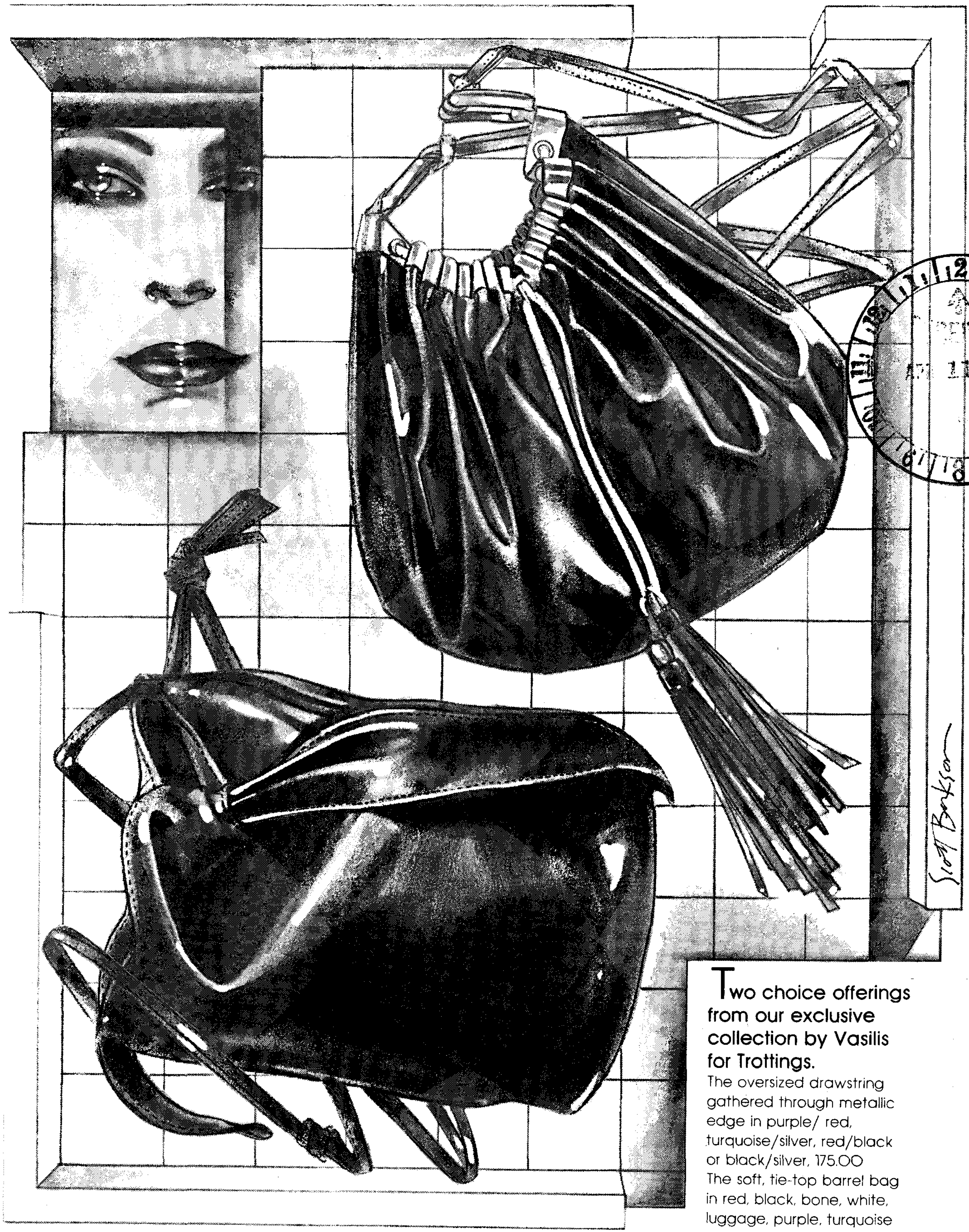

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

American Place Theatre—Two plays in repertory, through Sunday, April 11. **THE DEATH OF A MINER**, by Paula Cizmar, with Mary McDonnell and Cotter Smith. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 7:30, and Thursday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. . . . **THE BROTHERS**, by Kathleen Collins, with Trazana Beverley. Wednesday at 5:30, Thursday at 8:30, Friday and Saturday at 6 and 9:30, and Sunday at 5. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

Bella Figura—Reed Birney in a play by Brother Jonathan Ringkamp. Preview Wednesday, April 7. Opens officially Thursday, April 8. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Catholic School Girls—A rather silly but harmless comedy by Casey Kurtti, in which the four actresses who play the girls also double as the nuns who teach them. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Joe Pintauro's **SNOW ORCHID** is a foolish melodrama about a seething Italian family in Brooklyn. It is well performed under the able direction of Tony Giordano; with Olympia Dukakis and Peter Boyle, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 11.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 11.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eminent Domain—A complex family melodrama by Percy Granger, in which Philip Bosco plays a professor of English at whose feet any intelligent undergraduate would be eager to sit. Also in the cast are Betty Miller, John Vickery, Paul Collins, and Scott Burkholder. Paul Austin directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Evangelist—*A new musical by Al Carmines.* (Wonderhorse Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados' celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Wednesday, April 7, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Is There Life After High School?—A musical directed by Melvin Bernhardt. The book is by Jeffrey Kindley, and the music and lyrics are by Craig Carnelia. Previews through Wednesday, April 14. Opens officially on Thursday, April 15, at 6:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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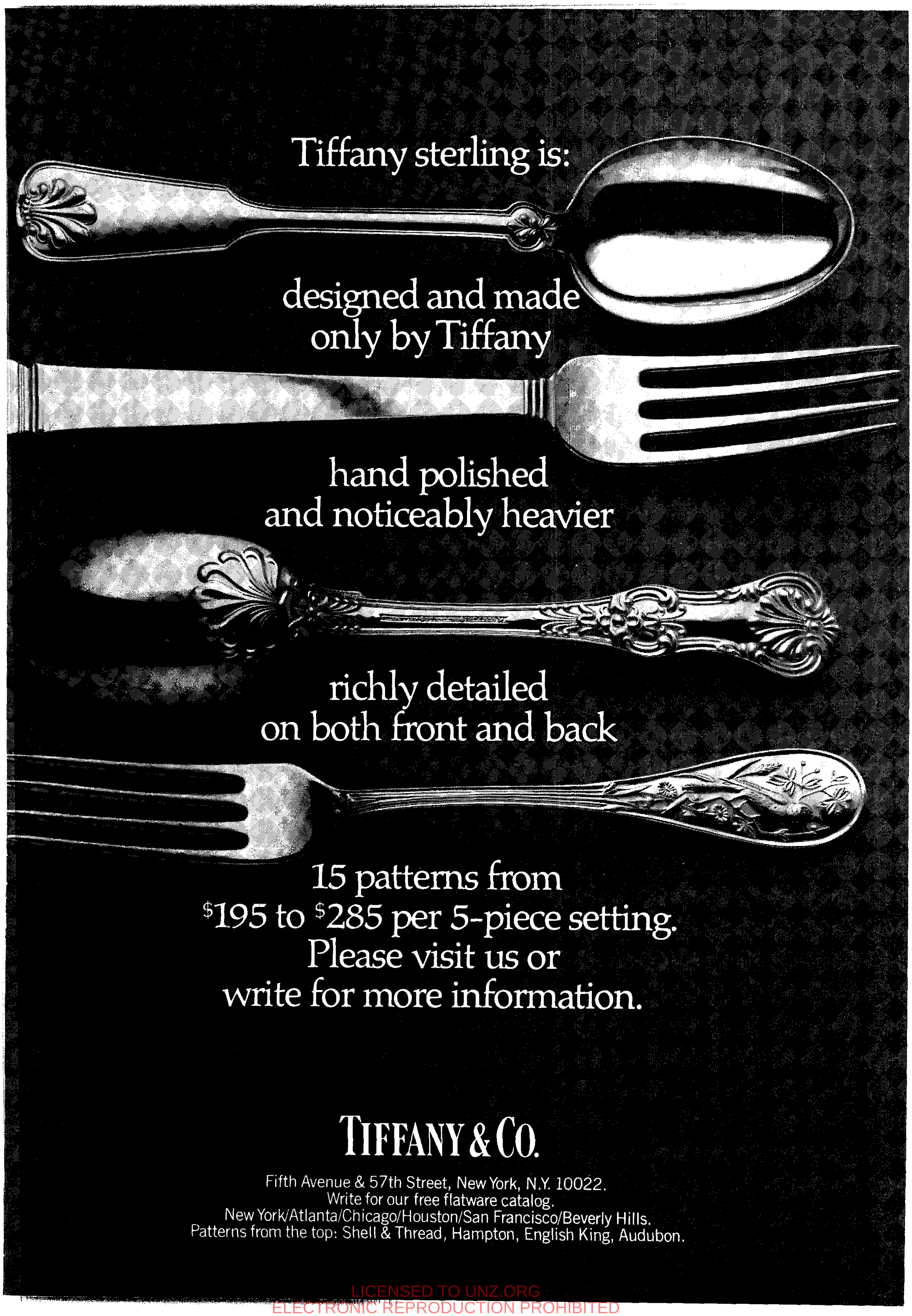

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, April 11: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 14: Lehar's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LIVIN' DOLLS—A frisky little musical (words and music by Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman) that ticks off sixties movies and a number of other silly stereotypes as it tells us about amorous teen-agers in Hawaii. Richard Maltby, Jr., was the director, and John Lee Beatty designed the extremely witty scenery. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MASS APPEAL—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian; their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MAYBE I'M DOING IT WRONG—The songs of Randy Newman may or may not be worth an evening by themselves, but they are certainly sung with wit and charm by Deborah Rush, Mark Linn-Baker, Clent Bowers, and Patti Perkins. (3/29/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

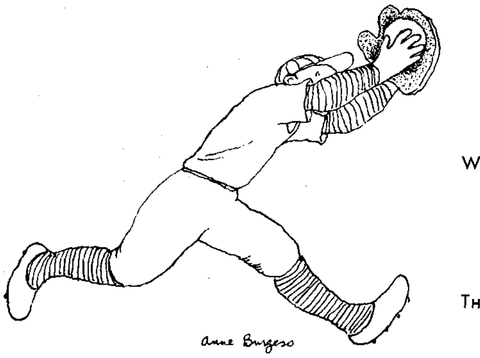
NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Two productions in two theatres. At Theatre Four: Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. On Thursday, April 8, Larry Riley will return to his original role as the private. (12/7/81) (424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . ¶ At the Cherry Lane: Taken together, the small scenes of Leslie Lee's good play **COLORED PEOPLE'S TIME** present a composite picture of black life in this country from the days of slavery to the bus boycott in Montgomery in 1956. The acting, under the direction of Horacena J. Taylor, is more than satisfactory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

OTHELLO—James Earl Jones makes an awesome figure of the Moor and Christopher Plummer is perhaps the finest Iago that we will ever see. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PAPER ANGELS—A play by Genny Lim. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

PASTORALE—A play by Deborah Eisenberg, with Elizabeth Austin, Christine Estabrook, Jeffrey Fahey, Judith Ivey, Taylor Miller, and Thomas Waites. (Second Stage, 16th floor, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-8302. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

POOR LITTLE LAMBS—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs in the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (3/29/82) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SOLOMON'S CHILD—Anthony Zerbe, John McMartin, Joanna Merlin, and Evan Handler in a play by Tom Dulack. Staged by John Tillinger. Previews Wednesday, April 7. Opens officially on Thursday, April 8, at 6:30. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THREE ACTS OF RECOGNITION—A play by the German writer Botho Strauss, translated by Sophie Wilkins. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

THE UNSEEN HAND—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WALTZ OF THE STORK—A quasi-musical, in what appears to be a quasi-autobiographical form, written and directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who, gifted as he is, has been too easy on himself. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

WHAT PEOPLE DO WHEN THEY'RE ALL ALONE and **SCENES DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER**—A double bill by Joel Homer. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 17.)

THE WORLD OF BEN CALDWELL—Five short plays by Ben Caldwell. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and John Pankow plays Mozart. Starting Tuesday, April 13, Frank Langella will be Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris will be Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,128 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sat-

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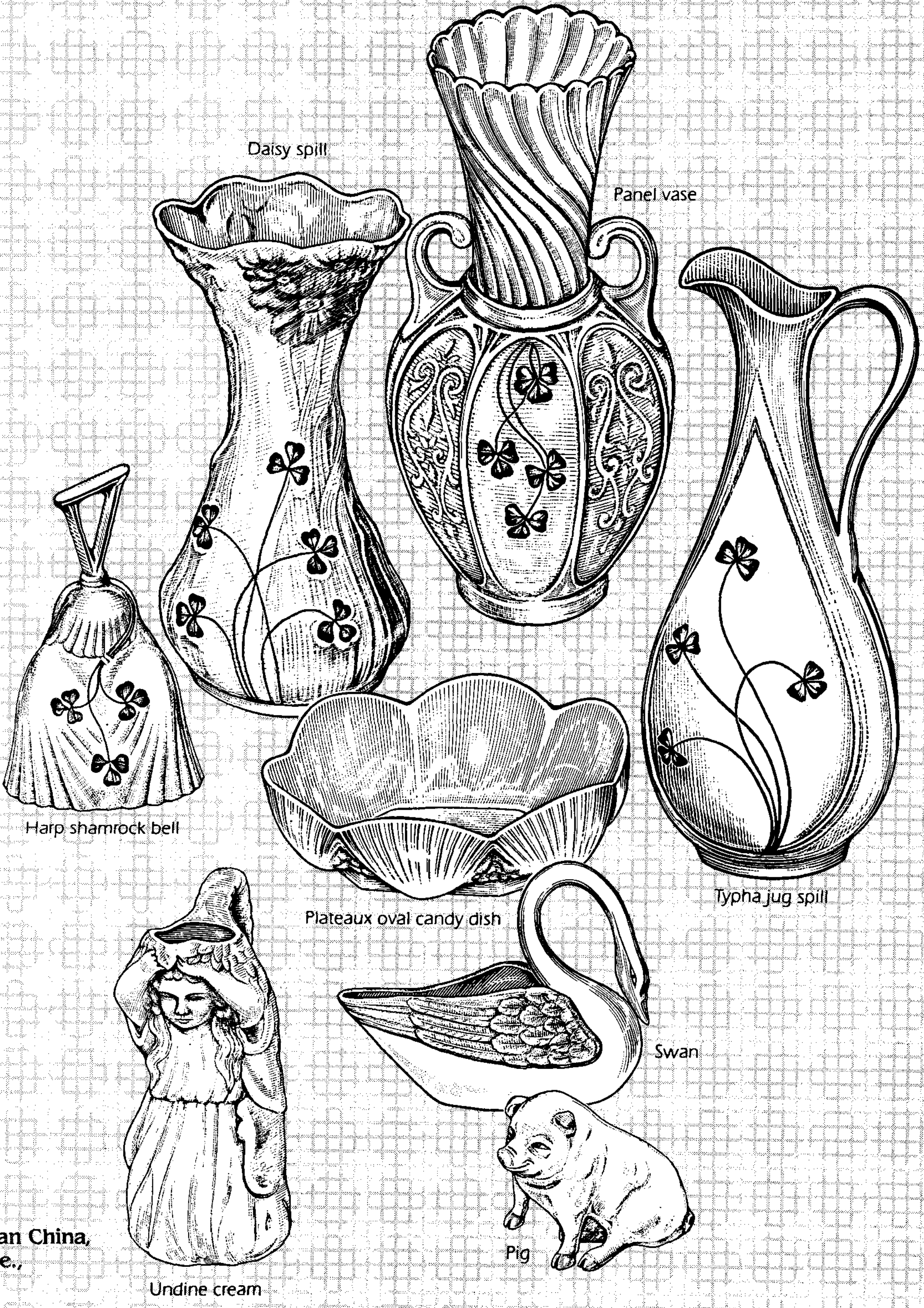
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

CIRCUS—The one-hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 7, at 1:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Monday through Thursday, April 12-15, at 10:30 and 2:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. Cuisinart demonstrations by the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 10, at 2:15 and 8:15, and Sunday, April 11, at 3:15.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

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BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, April 9, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 10, at 8. For tickets, call 410-0405, Wednesday through Friday between 10 and 1 and between 5:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE

LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—Wednesday, April 7, at 7, and Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8: "Serenade," "Étapes," "Othello," and "Tam Ti Delam." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8, and Sunday, April 11, at 2: "There Is a Time," "Double Quartet," "Firebird," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8, and Sunday, April 11, at 7:30: "The Four Temperaments," "Soaring," "Tellurian," and "Les Valses." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 2. Tuesday, April 13, at 7: "Arden Court" and "Orbs." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 581-7907.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, and Friday, April 16, at 8: "Airs," "Lost, Found & Lost" (première), and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "Profiles," "3 Epitaphs," and "Orbs." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Esplanade," "House of Cards," and "Arden Court." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—Wednesday through Friday, April 7-9, at 8: "Square Dance," "Under the Sun," and "The Moor's Pavane." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, April 11, at 2: "Shakers," "The Blue Danube," "Two Études," "Resettings," and "Galaxies." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

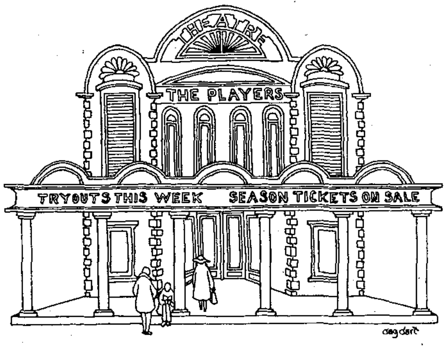
BOWYER & BRUGGEMAN AMERICAN BALLET COMEDIE—A seven-member troupe in a program that blends comedy with both classical and modern dance styles. (The Space, City Center, 135 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances of mostly modern dance. **BILL EVANS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 7, and Friday, April 9, at 8. . . . **BILL EVANS:** A program of solo works. Thursday, April 8, at 8. . . . **SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 14, and Friday, April 16, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

DANCE INTERVIEWS—Alexander Godunov being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, April 12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio will be present, and on Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, **JAKI BYARD** the simultaneously free and stride pianist will lead his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar Tenor saxophonists **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** and their quartet are trading sets with guitarist **EMILY REMLER'S** trio through Sunday, April 11 the Remler threesome will have the podium to itself starting Tuesday, April 13. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Mondays are given over to a jazz showcase.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday April 9-10, the **BUDDY RICH** band; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 13-14, percussionist **AIRTO** singer **FLORA PURIM,** and their Brazilian-jazz-rock group, with guest saxophonist **JOE FARRELL** Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, Jef Lorber's Fusion and comedian Chris Rush and Saturday, April 17, Robinson's Mysteries, a magic show. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **HAL GALPER** and bassist Steve Gilmore are the musicians through Saturday, April 10; on Sunday, April 11, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will work with bassist **RON MC CLURE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from *carnaval.* Dining and dancing.

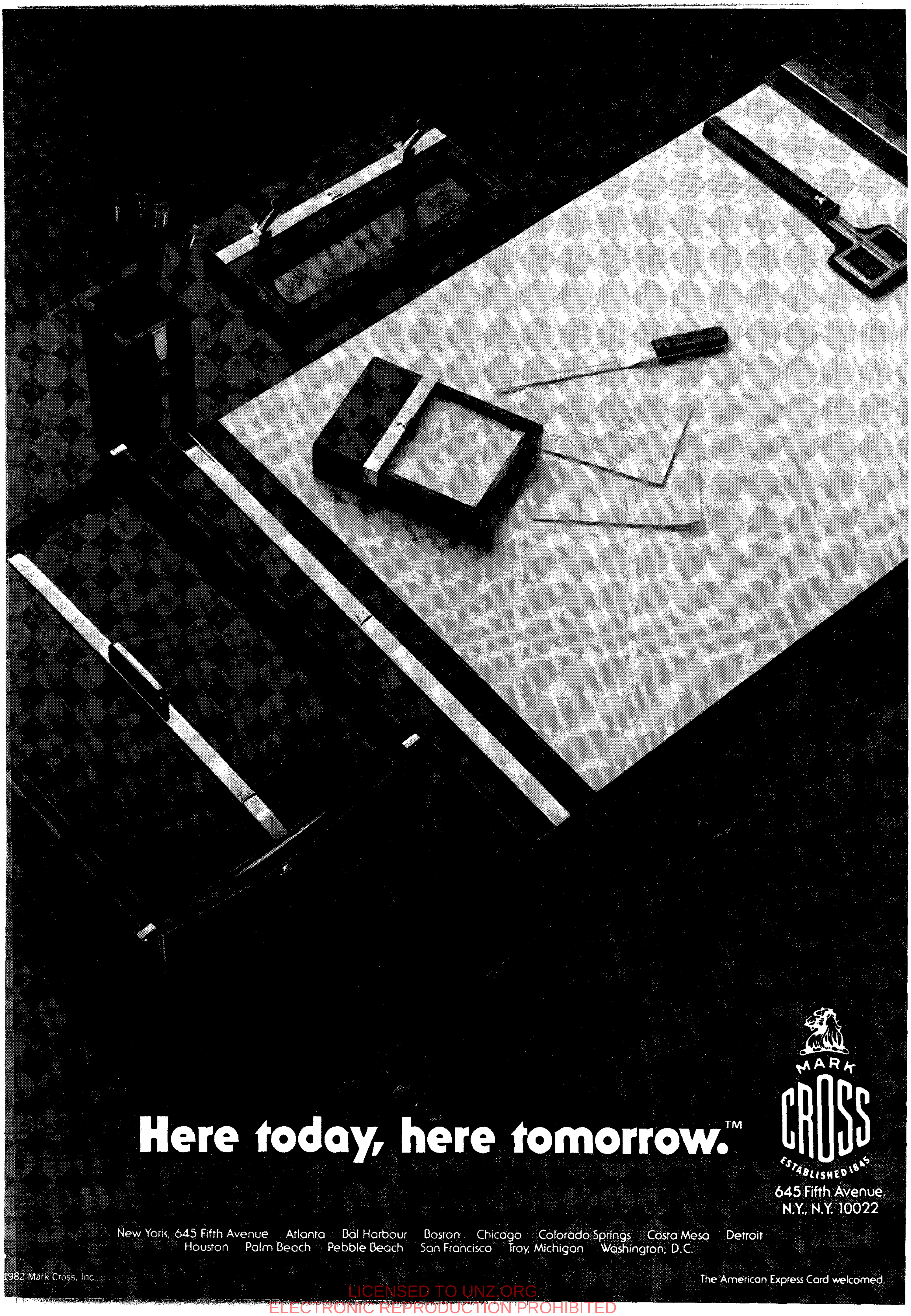
CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. a 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, April 7 Mickey Clean & the Inner City Facelifts, Auto-Da-Fe, the Listeners, and Soviet Threat Thursday, April 8, Crucial Truth, No Rock Stars, and Counter Attack; Friday, April 9 the Lenny Kaye Connection, Dee Slade, and the Decoys; and Saturday, April 10, Velveteen, Timmy Capello & the Ken Dolls, and Public Assistance. Monday is showcase night Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist *Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her*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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

backup team. Sundays through Tuesdays, singer, pianist, and composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL** is given to doing a slew of medleys—medleys of show tunes (his "New Faces" medley includes "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," which he wrote for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and Depression medleys. His performances are warm, intelligent, and, all in all, charming. Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Saturday, April 10, the Neon Valley Boys; Thursday, April 15, the Neverly Brothers; and Saturday, April 17, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, and from eight-fifteen on Thursdays—except April 8—and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, April 11, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will lead his Jazz Sultans from about nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Saxophonist **ART PEPPER** and his quartet perform through Sunday, April 11; on Tuesday, April 13, percussionist **RAY BARRETTO'S** Latin orchestra will come in. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, April 7, Frank Maya; Thursday, April 8, Magenta Rose, with Helen Hooks and Sindy Scalfi, and Deidre McCalla; Friday, April 9, the Song Project; Saturday, April 10, **LAUGHING HANDS,** a fine quartet made up of guitarist **RUSS BARENBERG,** fiddler **MATT GLASER,** mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN,** and bassist **MICHAEL GOLD;** Sunday, April 11, Gabriel Yacoub; Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, **MARIA MULDAUR;** Friday, April 16, **GEORGE GERDES** & his All Male Vegetarian Orchestra; and Saturday, April 17, Charlie King and Cyd Slotoroff. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Wednesday, April 7, jazz vocalist Jo Grinage; Thursday, April 8, pop and jazz singer Kim Shaw; Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, jazz and blues singer Carmen Lundy; Monday, April 12, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** singer Val Eley, and dancer Marilyn Worrell; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 13-14, jazz and pop singer Carol Fredette; and Thursday through Saturday, April 15-17, R. & B. singer **RUTH BROWN.** Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist Bill Triglia, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano and sings.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing bassist, will be doing a stint here through Saturday, April 10; beginning Tuesday, April 13, trombonist Tom Artin's trio can be heard. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays,

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from seven to eleven, are given over to pianist **NINA SHELDON.**

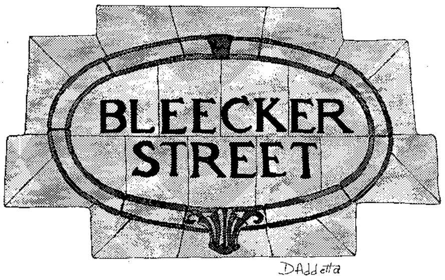
HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—will be performing through Saturday, April 10; **ART HODES,** whose sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101 as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods, will move in on Tuesday, April 13. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **DILL JONES** mans the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to one. Chuck Folds is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs, Brazil nuts, and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, are reserved for Vishnu and Safari East; Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, pianist **RANDY WESTON'S** quartet and dancer **AL MIMS** will be here. Wednesdays are claimed by a group called the Jersey Bounce. On Thursdays, the eight talented young musicians who make up the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—a tenor saxophonist-flutist, a trombonist, an electric guitarist, an electric bassist, a trap drummer, two additional drummers (one plays a Brazilian version of a tomtom, the other a Brazilian drum that looks like a portable kettledrum slung on a strap over his shoulder), and a flamboyant, Type A percussionist—assemble themselves on the bandstand. They light right into wild, swirling, manic sambas with such fervor that one might suspect they've just marched in a parade during *carnaval.* Music after eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to one of three worthy piano-bass duos: **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, April 10; **JOHN HICKS** and **RON CARTER** Tuesday through Saturday, April 13-17; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**



every Sunday and Monday. Music fron about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242 1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Th country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday April 7, the Ventures; Thursday, April 8 George Strait; Friday and Saturday, April 9 10, Phil Baron & the Bopkats; Monday, Apri 12, Roger Miller; Tuesday and Wednesday April 13-14, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL;** and Thursday, April 15, Gary Morris. Music fron about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitel lively, and even though it's only a fev months old, it has an established, excitin feel to it. **DAMERONIA,** an octet led by drumme **PHILLY JOE JONES**—trumpeter **JOHNNY COLE,** teno saxophonist **CHARLES DAVIS,** trombonist **BRIT WOODMAN,** pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** bariton saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE,** bassist **LARRY RIDLEY** and flutist **FRANK WESS**—will perform the compositions and arrangements of Tadd Dameron through Saturday, April 10; jazz singe **SHEILA JORDAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** wil drop by on Monday, April 12; saxophonis **DAVE LIEBMAN** and pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** will joi forces on Tuesday, April 13; and Wednesda through Saturday, April 14-17, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARR HARRIS** will co-lead a quartet. Sets begin a nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly Sundays, the **CECIL TAYLOR** big band goes off a nine-thirty and midnight. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249 4100)—This singer's room has a view of garden and a view of **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** wh sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funk number in her unmistakable sof low, non-emotional voice, through Saturday April 10. On Monday, April 12, singer **HELE O'CONNELL** will begin a two-week visit. Show Mondays through Thursdays at nine an eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten an midnight. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**CHRIS CONNOR** has settled in to sing with he backing band Tuesdays through Saturday from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans style music is played by a septet. Dining Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864 8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper Wes Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Th schedule: Drummer **JIMMY MADISON** and hi combo prevail on Wednesday, April 7; Frida and Saturday, April 9-10, guitarist **DO POWELL** and his lyrical and driving rhythm-and-blues sextet, featuring pianist **JORG DALTO,** will be on the stand; and Friday an Saturday, April 16-17, guitarist **ERIC GALE'** reggae band will furnish the music. Musi from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)— small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, bu there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown i here and there. The current roster: Wednesday, April 7, Phil Garland's band; Frida through Sunday, April 9-11, drummer **CHIC HAMILTON,** singer-guitarist Kathleen Adair and the Guitar Choir; Tuesday, April 13 singer **LESTER CHAMBERS;** Wednesday, April 14 B. Willie Smith; and Friday through Sunday April 16-18, **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE** Thursdays belong to the R. & B. of th **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL.** Shows Tuesdays throug Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, an Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight Mondays a new-talent showcase begins abou nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Parl Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** i playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting th hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seem magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesday through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have give up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, whic looks like something linebackers might lear

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MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

at football training camp. Wednesday, April 7, Rooster & the Redtops; Thursday, April 8, Brave Combo and More Hell & the Holy Spirit; Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, U.K. Subs and Anti-Nowhere League; and Sunday, April 11, Genocide. Music from round about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Trumpeter **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, April 7, Bow Wow Wow (at eight and midnight); Friday, April 9, Donny Iris; Saturday, April 10, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO;** Sunday, April 11, Girlschool and Shrapnel; Monday, April 12, Hooks; Tuesday, April 13, Drive-Ins; Wednesday, April 14, the Shirts; Thursday, April 15, Marshall Crenshaw; Friday, April 16, Pete Shelley (at eight and eleven); and Saturday April 17, Toots & the Maytalls. Shows usually after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Frank Loesser is under way, with a cast comprised of Bobby Morse, Leigh Beery, Lynne Thigpen, and Liz Callaway. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, drummer **BOB MOSES** and his tentet; Friday through Sunday, April 9-11, Alive!, a Berkeley-based jazz band; Monday, April 12, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, April 13, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO** & Quartermoon. Thursday, April 15, guitarist and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his Brazilian band, **AMAZON;** Friday, April 16, pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI'S** quintet; and Saturday, April 17, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** and pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT.** Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing ballads and up-tempo blues, and on Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** will be on the stand. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Through Saturday, April 10, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will play with trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS,** saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB;** Sunday and Monday, April 11-12, jazz critic-cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** will bring in his quintet; and starting Tuesday, April 13, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and trombonist **AL GREY** will be in charge of a quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **CHARLES BROWN,** an R. & B. singer from Texas City, Texas, who was prominent in the late forties and early fifties, is making a rare New York visit. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from about nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Thursday, April 8, the Waves and Diamond DuPree; Friday, April 9, the Sound and Fernando Saunders; Saturday, April 10, **NONA HENDRYX;** Tuesday, April 13, Fine Wine and Tommy Boyce; Wednesday, April 14, Otis Telson and Pə-Dant-Iks; Thursday, April 15, the Thirteenth Street Band; Friday, April 16, No Guitars and Blotto; and Saturday, April 17, Urban Blight. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on April 12, there will be two bands, **HECTOR LAVOE'S** and **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA COMPANIA,** and one guest soloist, saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this most famous jazz club in the world. **ELVIN JONES,** the athletic drummer, is here with his quintet through Sunday, April 11, and on Tuesday, April 13, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will arrive with a quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. **BENNY WATERS,** a veteran big-band saxophonist who is still going strong, leads his quartet through Tuesday, April 13, and Wednesday through Sunday, April 14-18, guitarist Mike Peters and his sextet will present the music of Django Reinhardt. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Mireille Mathieu—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8.

Abdullah Ibrahim—With Carlos Ward. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 15, at 8.)

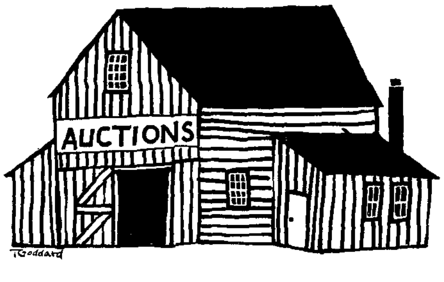
Highlights in Jazz—Teddy Wilson, Buddy Tate, Phil Bodner, Milt Hinton, Gene Bertoncini, and Oliver Jackson. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 15, at 8.)

Roland Hanna—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 16, at 6. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 10 and midnight: Peter Warren quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 10, 11:30, and 1:15: Cedar Walton quartet, with Curtis Fuller. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 10, 11:30, and 1:15: Lloyd McNeill quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1:15: Bobby Watson quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 9: Al DiMeola quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8:30 and 11:30: Chick Corea quintet. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, April 9: Kalaparusha. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10: Bob Moses & Drum Song, with Abbey Lincoln. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16: Marilyn Crispell. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17: Andrew Cyrille. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows start at 9.)



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

William Anastasi—Collage (extracts from the artist's diaries) on canvas. Through April 30. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

William Bailey—Paintings and works on paper (female nudes and still-lifes) by a realist. Through May 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Antique game boards, bronze castings of wooden mannequins, doll heads, and other old curiosity-shop items are incorporated in this artist's wall constructions. Through Saturday, April 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Large oils from the past year, done with a somewhat thinner paint and a lighter, sunnier palette. Through May 1. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Russell Gordon—Acrylic paintings that look as if layers of wallpaper, wrapping paper, decorative cardboard, and the like had been superimposed on one another. Through Saturday, April 17. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Twenty-three paintings on canvas and on paper, including examples of the artist's "Pictographs" of the forties and the "Burst" series of the sixties and seventies. Through April 22. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Fifteen large-scale semi-abstract oils incorporating nude figures. Through April 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Three-dimensional paintings. Through May 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Lester Johnson—"Groups Walking, 1981," new paintings from his ongoing series on pedestrians. Through May 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Levine—Watercolors, including street scenes of Cairo and caricatures. Through Saturday, April 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Relatively small bronzes on Biblical themes—the prodigal's return, David and Goliath, and so on. Through May 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Juan Martinez—Victims of some nameless oppression are the subjects of these paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and paper overlaid with gauze. Through Saturday, April 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Todd McKie—Recent paintings. Through May 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Joan Miró—The first public showing of thirteen gouaches the artist painted (in 1954 and 1965) for a French publisher's limited edition of the satirical play "Ubu Roi." Through April 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Etchings, aquatints, and drypoints from the artist's estate. Through May 8. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings. Through May 1. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

James Rosenquist—A mural-size painting depicting (l. to r.) an upside-down sack of groceries, a ladle of molten steel coming through a window, and a battery of lipsticks. Through Saturday, April 17. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Ruddick / Hermann Dudley Murphy (1867-1945)—Abstract compositions, some of them combining needle and thread with pen and ink. / Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Boston painter who was a quite suc-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cessful and influential academician. Through Saturday, April 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Kikuo Saito / William Roberts (1895-1980)—Abstract canvases with a twist or two of Oriental-looking calligraphy in the foreground. / Oil paintings in the Vorticist manner, including battle scenes from the First World War, by an English artist who participated in it. Through May 1. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Kendall Shaw—Large, layered abstract paintings combining a grid motif, spatterwork, and tiny mirrors. Through Saturday, April 17. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Nearly two dozen works from the past four decades, the earliest a collage dated 1941. Through Saturday, April 10. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Group Shows—At **A.M. ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by American Impressionists who worked in Old Lyme, Connecticut, during the first half of this century: Lucien Abrams, George Burr, Charles Ebert, Mary Roberts Ebert, and Will Howe Foote. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A hundred items produced at the Bauhaus studios, including graphics, publications, and watercolors and drawings by Oskar Schlemmer, Anni Albers, Paul Klee, and others. Also, a lamp designed by Gyula Pap. Through June 30. . . . **GIBSON**, 205 E. 78th St.: Ten American artists (Vito Acconci, Roger Welch, and Janet Rifkin among them) showing installation sculptures. Through April 30. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans—Whistler, Cassatt, Bellows, Marsh, Grant Wood, and others. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **MAZOH**, 13 E. 76th St.: Works by a dozen or so artists—Rothko, Dubuffet, Jasper Johns, Kandinsky, Hockney—not to mention an unbaked terra-cotta head by Picasso. Through April 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PAUL ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: A sampling of French art (1600-1900) not well known here, consisting of forty-nine paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight artists, organized by the gallery in concert with four Paris galleries. Through May 1. . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-two American artists, among them Arthur B. Carles, Mercedes Matter, and Ilya Bolotowsky. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964) / **Katherine Schmidt** (1898-1978)—Fifteen or so metal and stone sculptures, primarily female figures in the round, plus paintings and drawings. / Figure and landscape drawings. Through Saturday, April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

A. Eric Arctander—Colorful abstract pastels. Through Saturday, April 10. (Hankook, 50 W. 57th St.)

Frank Auerbach / Barbara Hepworth (1903-75)—Twenty-three oils and seven large portrait drawings. Through April 24. / Bronze outdoor sculptures from 1958-73, by the British abstract artist: a complete set of "The Family of Man" and nine single works. Through May 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leonard Baskin—Recent sculptures and watercolors with Biblical and classical themes. Through April 23. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Larry Bell—This artist-alchemist makes radiant-looking abstract drawings by vaporizing mineral elements and transferring them to sheets of paper. Through Saturday, April 10. (Goodman, in new quarters on the eighth floor at 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani / Maurice Golubov—Recent paintings and large-scale works on paper. / "The Use of White": paintings and works on paper. Through April 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-steel sculptures, several of them suggestive of birds in flight—birds with a wingspan of twelve to fifteen feet. Through Saturday, April 10. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Susan Crowder—Four sculptures in marble, plus landscape drawings in charcoal. Through April 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract sculptures: three are Corten steel, the remaining are bronzes. Also pen-and-pencil drawings. Through April 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Don Dudley—Strips of Homosote painted in various colors and nailed up in decorative arrangements. Through April 24. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

R. M. Fischer—Eight freestanding lamp-sculptures to which found objects (colanders, decorative antique pieces) have been affixed, and a stainless-steel fountain, embellished in much the same way. Through May 1. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Edward Giobbi—Bronze sculptures that have a strong kinship with African masks, plus related paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 10. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

George Grant—Just in time for Easter, heavy-duty tulips in freestanding sculptures made of wood and plaster and painted in seasonal colors, plus sculptured abstract houses decorated with other flowers, and paintings of outsize flowers. Through Saturday, April 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Caroline Greenwald—Abstractions (on translucent handmade paper) inspired by windy days on Lake Michigan. Some of them hang suspended from the ceiling. Through May 8. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—Large-scale watercolors of the woodlands surrounding Woodstock, New York, and aerial views of Manhattan. Through April 30. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jene Highstein—Vigorous pastels by a sculptor, done in bright colors on paper. Through April 24. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jess—More or less straightforward oil paintings done some years ago, before this artist settled down to the elaborate collages he is best known for. Through April 30. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Paintings, pastels, and drawings in crayon by a Photo-Realist who takes his subjects from everyday life. Through April 24. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joyce Kozloff / Robert Younger—Drawings and models for four public projects, one of them for a wall mural at the subway stop in Harvard Square. / An installation consisting of a half-scale plaster copy of the Fat Man (Hiroshima) atomic bomb; a vastly magnified human sperm, made of wood; and, filling up the ceiling, a black plywood copy of a child's paper airplane. Through April 24. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Still-lifes cut out of wood with a jigsaw, painted, and affixed to wooden panels, with corny puns lettered here and there on the works. Through April 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Huge studies of nudes by painter who works so close to his subject that odd perspectives result. Through Apri 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noo on Saturdays.)

Joel Perlman / Larry Poons—Steel and bronz sculptures of assorted geometric shapes assembled in a rectangular format. Throug May 1. / New paintings. Through April 24 (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jan Sawka—*Paintings. Through April 24* (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—Reliefs and freestanding sculptures, including a series based on Cézann still-lifes. Also, drawings and pastels Through April 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St Open Mondays.)

Saul Steinberg—Recent work: still-lifes an architecture. Through May 1. (Pace, 32 E 57th St.)

Stanley Tigerman / Siet Zuyderland—Architectural models and drawings for projects bot real and imagined. / Drawings of the wrac that washes up on the shores of Majorca, by Dutch realist. Through May 1. (Esman, 2 W. 57th St.)

Tim—About sixty drawings by a political cartoonist for *L'Express;* about a third of th works are pastiches—Gloria Steinem sittin in for the Mona Lisa, for example. Throug April 30. (French Institute-Alliance Français Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays throug Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

George Woodman—Open-ended designs worke out on paper and meant for ceramics, plu pattern paintings done on screens, all in unusually delicate colors. Through April 24 (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTIST** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Britis artists (roughly 1800 to the nineteen-forties William Blake, William Holman Hunt, Walter Sickert, Laura Knight, and others Through April 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **BLU HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Pop Art by Warho Oldenburg, and Lichtenstein. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, an prints by such Europeans as Klimt, Kollwit Schiele, Mihaesco, and others. Through Ma 15. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A fiftieth-anniversary exhibition with representative paintings by Isabel Bishop, William Palme Maurice Freedman, Philip Evergood, Pa Cadmus, and others. Through April 24. . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St., and in SoHo at 11 Greene St.: A roundup of paintings by American artists who underwent the Paris experience in the first half of this century, rangin from Henri and Stuart Davis to Olitski an Youngerman. Through April 24.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ed Baynard—New paintings. Through April 28 (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Bill Beckley / Gordon Moore—Fragments of Latin poetry (Catullus) painted on what appea to be fragments of ancient walls set off b fragments of gold-leaf frames, plus other ne works. / Shaped canvases that form tall, narrow triangles on the wall. Through Saturday April 10. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

Temma Bell—Landscapes of Iceland, most them long and narrow, depicting villages, distant mountain ranges, and the sea. Throug Wednesday, April 14. (Bowery, 121 Wooste St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Mel Bochner—Paintings on canvas (in charcoal, conté crayon, and pastel) of abstrac geometric shapes. Through April 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Fritz Bultman / Daphne Mumford—Collages fro the past decade. / Large charcoal drawing entitled "Death Dream Series," depictin nudes sleeping peacefully beside skeleton Through April 28. (Landmark, 469 Broom St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fr days, at noon Saturdays.)

Alan Cote—Seven abstract acrylics on canva Through April 28. (Cuningham, 94 Prince S Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Lucien Day—A thirteen-foot-long watercolor the Parthenon frieze, and smaller works

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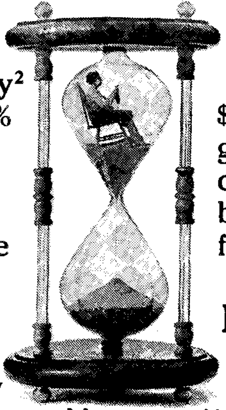

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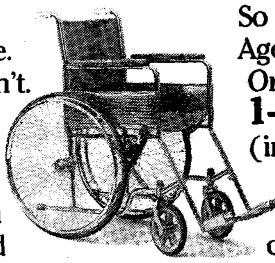

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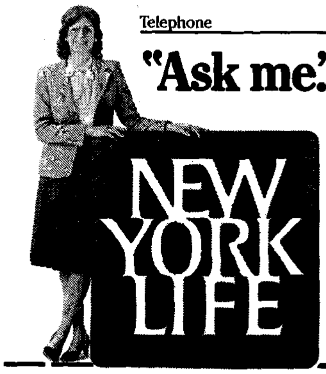

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the same medium. Through Wednesday, April 14. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Charles Garabedian—Paintings of imposing (and rather clumsy-looking) nudes in landscapes. Through April 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Paintings (color abstractions) and works on paper, all from the past year. Through April 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Shirley Gorelick—Outsize portraits of the same married couple posing together in their home, and separately in their offices. There is a nine-foot triptych of the woman. Through April 28. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jane Greengold—"Fight Grid Lock," sixty conceptual pieces (sculptures and works on paper) in mixed mediums. Through April 22. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Miyoko Ito / Ed Paschke—Abstract oil paintings by an artist whose geometric forms seem to recede deep into the picture plane. Through April 24. / Paintings of figures, most of them traversed by horizontal lines. Through Saturday, April 10. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Joseph Kosuth / Richard Serra—Photographs of northern European High Renaissance art by a conceptual artist. / A model for an outdoor sculpture and large-scale drawings. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Castelli's 142 Greene Street gallery is also showing work by Mr. Serra: Two huge (ten feet high and eighty-five feet long) Corten-steel curves placed far enough apart so that one may stroll between and around them. All three shows through April 24.

Peter Mackie—Abstract airbrush paintings on canvas which give the illusion of being three-dimensional. Through April 25. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Gerald Marcus—Landscapes of the Berkshires, executed in oil or charcoal. Through Wednesday, April 14. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Martha Margulis / Westa Delagi—Large, Impressionist landscapes with a swirl of misty action in the middleground. / Faces of children painted four or five times their normal size. Through April 18. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ Close-up color photographs of seedpods, by Harriet Gans, occupy the front gallery here.

Graham Nickson—Paintings and works on paper. Through April 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Patsy Norvell—Large glass screens etched with images of exotic plant life, among other works. Through April 24. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Milo Reice—Large paintings on this artist's usual mythological and classical themes. This time he has dealt with the likes of Santa Claus and Cupid and Psyche. Through April 24. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Wade Saunders / Ronnie Landfield—Patined- and painted-bronze sculptures. / New paintings. Through April 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Recent work. Through April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

David Loeffler Smith—Small paintings (oils on paper) of figures from mythology and from contemporary life. Through Wednesday, April 14. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

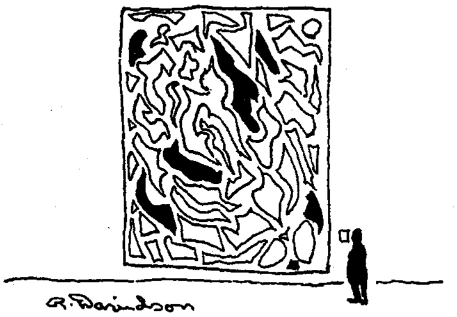
Robert Stackhouse—An installation whose components include a large latticework representing a cross-section of a serpent and a reworked canoe—both painted-wood. Through April 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Francesc Torres—Works on paper. Through April 28. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Cy Twombly—Recent works on paper. Through May 8. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jack Tworkov—Works on paper, 1933-82, by the abstract painter. Through April 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. A larger show of the artist's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth-anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have exhibited here. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **marino,** 489 Broome St.: Three-dimensional Masonite-and-acrylic paintings by Gary Bandy, paintings and drawings by Donald Cole, and photographs by Charles Hovland. Through April 28. . . . **semaphore,** 462 West Broadway: Tom Wesselmann and Mimi Gross are among the ten artists represented in a show called "Another Look at Landscape." Through Saturday, April 10.



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OTHER GALLERIES

Larry Fuente / Alexis Smith—An environmental installation commenting on nuclear annihilation. / Collages and paintings using Chinatown wares. Through May 1. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Rikuro Okamoto—Fibre-glass sculptures cast from Central Park rocks and virtually indistinguishable from them. Through April 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Giuseppe Penone—Three sculptures and a drawing based on nature. Through May 15. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Terry Rosenberg / Katharine T. Carter—Ominous-looking heavy cowhide robes topped with empty cowls and hung on the wall. / Black-and-white paintings in which basic architectural forms are rendered in gridlike squares. Through Saturday, April 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Paul Rotterdam / Alex McFarlane—Recent black-and-white abstract drawings that maintain the high standards of this slow-working, patient artist. / Imaginative architectural models (including the "Tomb of the Unknown Artist") carved from solid blocks of graphite. Through April 24. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Drawings done in Egypt in the sixties. Through May 5. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **federal hall national memorial,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, Yvonne Jacquette, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **national arts club,** 15 Gramercy Park S.: The fortieth annual Audubon Artists show of oils and sculptures. Through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through June 3. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **pratt manhattan center,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Drawings by twenty artists who have made them to illustrate movement, either for sculptures or dance—the score for Lucinda Childs' "Relative Calm" is one. Other contributors include Robert Wilson and Remy Charlip. Through May 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **visual arts,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Sculptural reliefs by John Ahearn, Jedd Garet, Robert Longo, and George Segal. Through April 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except April 9, from 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Emmet Gowin / Frank Gohlke—Photographs of Mt. St. Helens; also portraits of the artist's wife. / Post-tornado photographs of a Texas town. Through Saturday, April 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David A. Hanson—Fifty photographs (printed using nineteenth-century processes) from thirteen handmade books by this artist. The prints are mounted on the walls. Through Friday, April 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Kusakabe Kimbei—Hand-colored albumen prints by a nineteenth-century Japanese commercial photographer. Through April 22. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon.)

Ralph Weiss—Botanical wildlife (mushrooms, seedpods, vines) photographed close up. Through April 24. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of Paris from the archives of the Magnum coöperative. Only half of the hundred black-and-whites have been exhibited before. Robert Capa, David Seymour (Chim), Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Inge Morath are among the artists. . . . ¶ A second show contains photographs of Alaskan Eskimo villages taken from 1973 to 1978 by Alex Harris. Both exhibits through May 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **metropolitan museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, arranged topically and in pairs to illustrate different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café, Quartier Italie." Other twinned contributors: Kertész and Namuth, Model and Frank. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.) . . . **midtown y gallery,** 344 E. 14th St.: Three photographers—Martin Benjamin, Eric Lindbloom, and Neil Trager. Through April 25. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, except April 14, noon to 8; Fridays, except April 9, noon to 4.) . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs (plus some paintings, drawings, and graphics) on the common topic of flowers—zinnias by Naomi Savage, roses by Edward Steichen, crocuses by Paul Caponigro, and more. Through April 24. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: One work each by Sheila Metzner, Eliot Porter, Tod Papageorge, and other photographers who have exhibited here during the past five years. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **photography** Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—

Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (A complementary show is at the Nancy Hoffman Gallery, 429 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayuga Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructed here. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . ¶ New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his exhibit of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. In addition, sports memorabilia: the 1938 Maserati Wilbur Shaw drove at Indianapolis in 1939 and 1940, and Johnny Weissmuller's five Olympic gold medals. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the connoisseur-members of the Hajji Baba Club. Starts Thursday, April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads, one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily except Good Friday and Easter. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) of historical interest from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. The largest single item is a feather cloak worn by a member of the royalty of the pristine Hawaii of two hundred years ago. Through May 9. . . . ¶ More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through Sunday, April 11. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of "Ulysses" which appeared in the *Little Review*, including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920; and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial that brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through Saturday, April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Closed for Passover on Wednesdays and Thursdays, April 7-8 and 14-15. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty-five recently acquired drawings, ranging from Hieronymus Lang (1520-82) to Egon Schiele (1890-1918), and including a rare Rembrandt nude. . . . ¶ The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through April 18.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane"), and miniature mourning pins. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of fifty-five paintings and drawings by Edwin Dickinson, including "Ruin at Daphne" on loan from the Metropolitan. Through May 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighty cast-iron stoves manufactured in the Albany area in the mid-nineteenth century, when stove-making was at its zenith. Through June 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A few works apiece (the mediums vary) by thirty-two young veterans of gallery group shows. Through Saturday, April 10.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Charles Libin & Michael Shamberg (videotapes of the B-52's, Gang of Four, and other New Wave groups), Friday, April 9, at 8:30; Chicago Videotape Review, Sunday, April 11, at 8:30; David Warrilow (performance), Friday through Sunday, April 16-18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A video installation by Stuart Marshall; through April 24.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," consists of eight large-scale installations. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Performance artists Sundays from 1 to 6.

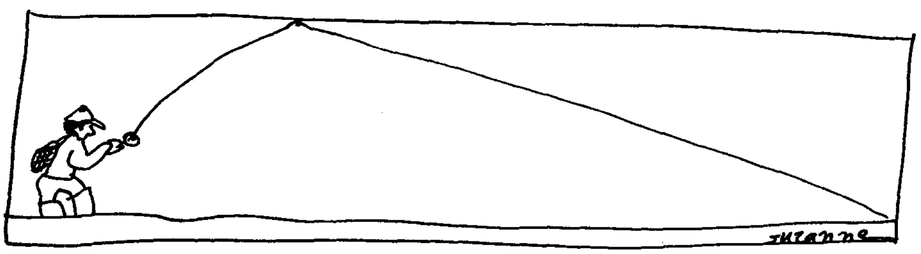
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Mariella Devia, Gwendolyn Bradley, John Alexander, Philip Creech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 7: "Parsifal," with Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Thomas Stewart, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judith Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Furruccio Furlanetto; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 12, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Mariella Devia, Gwendolyn Bradley, John Alexander, Philip Creech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 13, at 7: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Peter Hofmann, Richard J. Clark, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Eleanor Bergquist, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Angeles Gulin, Vasile Moldoveanu, Pablo Elvira, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Edda Moser, Kathleen Battle, Stuart Burrows, Philip Creech, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Thomas Stewart, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Fidelio," with Shirley Verrett, Judith Blegen, Edward Sooter, Leif Roar, and John Macurdy; Bernard Haitink. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, April 8: "I Lombardi," with Rita Shane, Garry Grice, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 9: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, Jacque Trussel, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 10:



"La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Sheryl Woods, Vinson Cole, and Stephen Dickson; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 10: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Brent Ellis, and Robert Hale; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 11: "Der Freischütz" (in English), with Ellen Shade, Nadia Pelle, David Borgeson, and David Cumberland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 11: "I Lombardi," with Rita Shane, Garry Grice, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 13: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, Jacque Trussel, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 14: "I Lombardi," with Ashley Putnam, Riccardo Calleo, Garry Grice, and Justino Díaz; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 15: The company's première of Offenbach's "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Leigh Munro, Henry Price, and James Billings; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Brent Ellis, and Justino Díaz; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17: "I Lombardi," with Ashley Putnam, Riccardo Calleo, Garry Grice, and Justino Díaz; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "La Bohème," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Sheryl Woods, Vinson Cole, and Stephen Dickson; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, May 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, April 8-10, at 8, and Tuesday, April 13, at 7:30: A Vivaldi-Britten-Mozart program, with Charles Rex, violin; Kathleen Battle, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8; Friday, April 16, at 2; Saturday, April 17, at 8; and Tuesday, April 20, at 7:30: A program of music by Vivaldi, Hindemith, Falla, and Stravinsky, with Joaquin Achucarro, piano and harpsichord, and Mr. Rex.

National Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Mstislav Rostropovich conducting four all-Tchaikovsky programs. Tuesday, April 13, at 8: Cossack Dance from "Mazeppa," Suite No. 3, and Piano Concerto No. 1; with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8: Polonaise from "Eugene Onegin," Violin Concerto, and Symphony No. 4; with Aaron Rosand, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: Coronation March, Overture from "Romeo and Juliet," and the Manfred Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: A performance of the opera "Iolanta," in concert form, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Chester Ludgin, baritone; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and Nicola Ghiuselev, bass.

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting a Weber-Rachmaninoff-Bruckner program, with Tedd Joselson, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the American première performance of Boito's opera "Nerone," in concert form, with Rosario Andrade, soprano; Klara Takacs, mezzo-soprano; Krunoslav Cigoj, tenor; Pablo Elvira, baritone; James Morris, bass; the United States Coast Guard Academy Chorale; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8.)

Mannes Wind Ensemble—Per Brevig conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, April 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of music by Bach, Beethoven, Scarlatti/Lees, and Mendelssohn, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 17, at 8, and Sunday, April 18, at 3.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with April Evans, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; David Montefiore, tenor; Michael Burt and Jay Willoughby, basses; and John Challener, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8.)

RECITALS

Marisa Robles—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Josef Suk and Ida Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas and Warren Lash, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8, and Sunday, April 11, at 5.)

Parnassus—A Stravinsky-Carter program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

Jessye Norman and Garrick Ohlsson—Soprano and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 3.)

International Chamber Artists—Sara Lambert Bloom, oboe; Joaquín Valdepeñas, clarinet; and the Muir String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Peter Katin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 12, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Robert Beaser and Daniel Asia conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of contemporary music, with Mary Feinsinger, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Robert Dick, flute. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 13, at 8.)

Lydia Orias—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, April 13, at 2.)

Music from Ravinia—The last in a series of programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one performed by Kathleen Battle, soprano; James Buswell, violin; Michael Ouzounian, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; Michelle Zukovsky, clarinet; and James Levine, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of French baroque music. With guest artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 15, and Saturday, April 17, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 16, at 8.)

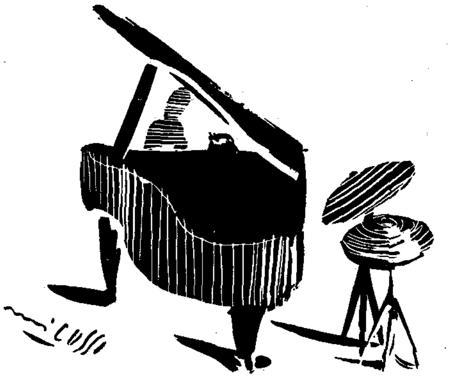
Aulos Ensemble—A program of baroque music played on original instruments. With Anner Bylsma, cello. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, April 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

American String Quartet—With Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 18, at 2.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 3.)

Adolovni Acosta—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, April 17, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)



Frans Brueggen, Anner Bylsma, and John Gibbons—Recorder/baroque flute, baroque cello, and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday April 17, at 8.)

Minna Pöllänen—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Apri 17, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Robert Miller—Among the participants honoring the late pianist Robert Miller will be Charles Wuorinen, Alan Feinberg, Bethany Beardslee, Ursula Oppens Harvey Sollberger, and Joel Krosnick. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 14, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Thursday, April 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Chicago Friday, April 9, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia (first Nationa League games here), Tuesday through Thursday, April 13-15, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Montreal Friday, April 16, at 8:05, and Saturday April 17, at 1:35.

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 8:35): Knicks vs. Boston Thursday, April 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets Tuesday, April 13. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago Thursday, April 15. . . . **byrne meadowland arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, April 7. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Saturday, April 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs Washington, Wednesday, April 14. . . . ¶ Net vs. Boston, Friday, April 16. (Games begin a 7:35.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 17.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup preliminary playoffs—Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, April 7, at 7:35 and Thursday, April 8, at 1:35, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 13, at 1:35.) . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 8:05, and, if necessary Tuesday, April 13, at 8:05.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; throug Monday, May 17. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 9; the Excelsior Handicap Saturday, April 10; and the Wood Memoria Saturday, April 17.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Jun 16. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8 through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexingto Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Apr 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ Robert Fitzgerald readin from his own works. (Top of the Park, Loe Student Center, Washington Sq. S. an LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, April 13, at 8. N tickets necessary.)

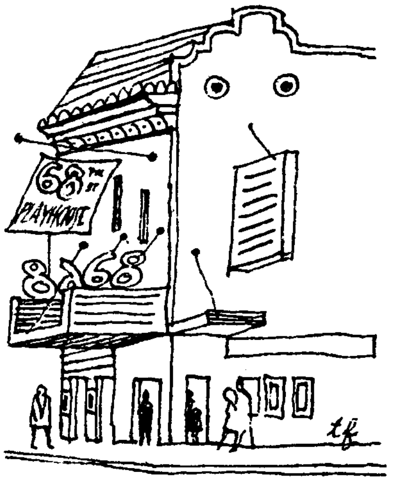
Lecture—Lukas Foss speaking about new American music. (Vanderbilt Hall, New Yor University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Thursday, April 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—The annual Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botani Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Tuesday through Fridays, 10 to 4, and Saturdays an Sundays, 11 to 4; through Sunday, April 18.

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd S (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Good Friday, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, April 14, at 2, and Thursday, April 15 at 10:15 and 2: English and Continenta silver, plus watches, clocks, *objets de vertu* and chess sets. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. a 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays throug Saturdays, except Good Friday, 10 to 5 Wednesday, April 7, at 10 and 2: America paintings and drawings, including works b Rubens Peale, Eugene Berman, and Andrew Wyeth. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 10 an 2: Contemporary prints.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

ittle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 8: "Alicia" (†) and "Giselle" (†).
From April 9: "Era Notte a Roma" ("It Was Night in Rome;" 1960; directed by Roberto Rossellini; in English, Italian, Russian, and German), with Leo Genn, Giovanna Ralli, and Sergei Bondarchuk.

.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

t. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 8: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.
From April 9: To be announced.

ramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

ay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Deathtrap" (†).

oews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 3: "Quest for Fire" (†).

4th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

astside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Three Brothers" (†).

utton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Deathtrap" (†).

otham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"I Ought to Be in Pictures" (Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.

laza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through April 15: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
From April 16: "Diva" (Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhemenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.

anhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

aronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 10: "Personal Best" (†).
From April 11: "Grendel Grendel Grendel" (Alexander Stitt), an Australian animated film.

inema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

emini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw. From April 16: "Garde a Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

eekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Missing" (†).

.oews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
Theatre 2: "Quest for Fire" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

.oews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 8: "Atlantic City" (†).
April 9-15: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From April 16: "Ragtime" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Penitentiary II" (Jamaa Fanaka), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Deathtrap" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Health" (directed by Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.
Theatre 2: Through April 13: "The Stud Farm" (András Kovács; in Hungarian). April 14-17: "The American Friend" (†) and "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through April 8: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson. From April 9: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.
Theatre 2: Through April 8: "Atlantic City" (†). From April 9: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through April 8: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov. From April 9 (tentative): "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 8: "On Golden Pond" (†). From April 9 (tentative): "Three Brothers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Missing" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Victor/Victoria" (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and James Garner.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 15: "Diner" (†).
From April 16: "New Directors / New Films," a thirteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through April 8: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). From April 9: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.
Theatre 2: "Three Brothers" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through April 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian). April 9-15: "Oblomov" (1981; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei. From April 16: "An Autumn Marathon" (Georgy Danelia; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 15: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios. From April 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 8: "Personal Best" (†). From April 9: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 3: Through April 15: "Deathtrap" (†). From April 16: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through April 15: "Missing" (†). From April 16: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
Theatre 3: Through April 8: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov; and "The Mirror Crack'd" (1980; Guy Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury. From April 9: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 4: Through April 15: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw; and "Endless Love" (†). From April 16: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†) and "Body Heat" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "I Ought to Be in Pictures" (di-

rected by Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: "Deathtrap" (†).
Theatre 3: "Missing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 5: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Reds" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 3: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D.
Theatre 4: "Ragtime" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
Theatre 2: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (750-7262)
"Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version of the Disney studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Cat People" (Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw. From April 16: "Lunch Wagon Girls."

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).
Theatre 2: "Penitentiary II" (Jamaa Fanaka), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.

R.K.O. Century R.K.O. National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunkhorst.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 11: "My Life to Live" ("Vivre sa Vie;" 1962; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Une Simple Histoire" (1958; Marcel Hanoun; in French).
April 12-15: "Madame X—An Absolute Ruler" (1977; in German, no English subtitles), "Laokoon and His Sons" (1972-74; in German), and "The Infatuation of the Blue Sailors" (1975; in German), all directed by Ulrike Ottinger.
From April 16: "Ticket of No Return" (1979; Ulrike Ottinger).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 7: "Girl Friends" (1978; Claudia Weill), with Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner; and "The Rain People" (1969; Francis Ford Coppola), with James Caan, Shirley Knight, and Robert Duvall.
April 8: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
April 9-10: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
April 11: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans; and "The Knack . . . And How to Get It" (1965; Richard Lester), with Rita Tushingham, Ray Brooks, Michael Crawford, and Donal Donnelly.
April 12: "L'Atalante" (†); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).
April 13: "Iryasu Tokugawa—The First Shogun" (1965; Daisuke Ito; in Japanese); and "Lord Nobunaga's Early Days" (1959; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese).

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April 14-15: "Gal Young Un" (1981; Victor Nunez), with David Peck; and "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter" (1981; Connie Field), a documentary.
April 16-17: "L'Age d'Or" (†) and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 7: "The Mattei Affair" (1973; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte; and "The Confession" (1970; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand and Simone Signoret.
April 8-10: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971; *Luchino Visconti*), with Dirk Bogarde.
April 11-13: "Nashville" (†).
April 14-15: "Ticket of No Return" (1979; Ulrike Ottinger).
April 16-17: "S.O.B." (†); and "Darling Lili" (1970; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and Rock Hudson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 8: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
April 9-10: "Greaser's Palace" (1972) and "Chafed Elbows" (1967), both films directed by Robert Downey.
April 11-13: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery; and "Thunderball" (†).
April 14-15: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery as James Bond.
April 16-17: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; *Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the* late afternoon.)
April 7: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and two other John Waters films.
April 8: "Polyester;" and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.
April 9: "Polyester;" and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine.
April 10: "Polyester;" and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.
April 11: "The Street Fighter" (1975), "Return of the Street Fighter" (1974), "Sister Street Fighter," and "The Street Fighter's Last Revenge," all with Sonny Chiba.
April 12-13: "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979; Roger Graef); and "The Cars That Ate People" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film).
April 14: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Shadowman" (1974; Georges Franju), with Gayle Hunnicutt, Gert Frobe, Josephine Chaplin, and Jacques Champreu.
April 15: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre;" and "The Eyes of Hell" (1961; Julian Roffman), with Paul Stevens.
April 16: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre;" and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a concert film.
April 17: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre;" and "Massacre at Central High" (1976; Renee Daalder), with Derrel Maury, Andrew Stevens, and Bob Carradine.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through April 10: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
April 11-13: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "The Gold Rush" (†).
April 14-17: "Death Wish" (†); and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through April 10: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
April 11-13: "Ivanhoe" (1952; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders; and "Knights of the Round Table" (1954; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, and Mel Ferrer.
April 14-17: "Diamonds Are Forever" (†) and "Live and Let Die" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A festival of Frank Capra films:
April 7: "Ladies of Leisure" (1930), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves, Marie Prevost, and Lowell Sherman; and "American Madness" (1932), with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, and Kay Johnson.
April 8-10: "Meet John Doe" (1941), with Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward Arnold; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.
April 11-12: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (†); and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
April 13-14: "Forbidden" (1932), with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolph Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Rain or Shine" (1930), with Joe Cook, Louise Fazenda, and Joan Peers.
April 15-17; "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (†) and "State of the Union" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 7: "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow" (1981), a documentary on Nostradamus; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.
April 8: "Born to Kill" (1947; Robert Wise), with Claire Trevor, Walter Slezak, and Lawrence Tierney; "Mystery Street" (1950; John Sturges), with Ricardo Montalban and Sally Forrest; and "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson.
April 9-10: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.
April 11: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
April 12: "Fort Ti" (1953; William Castle), with George Montgomery and Joan Vohs; and "Gun Fury" (1954; Raoul Walsh), with Rock Hudson and Donna Reed. Both in 3-D.
April 13: "Soldier of Orange" (1979; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch and English), with Rutger Hauer, Jeroen Krabbé, and Belina Meuldijk.
April 14: "The Damned Don't Cry" (1950; Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford and David Brian; and "Harriet Craig" (1950; Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey.
April 15: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; "The Hidden Room" (1950; Edward Dmytryk), with Robert Newton

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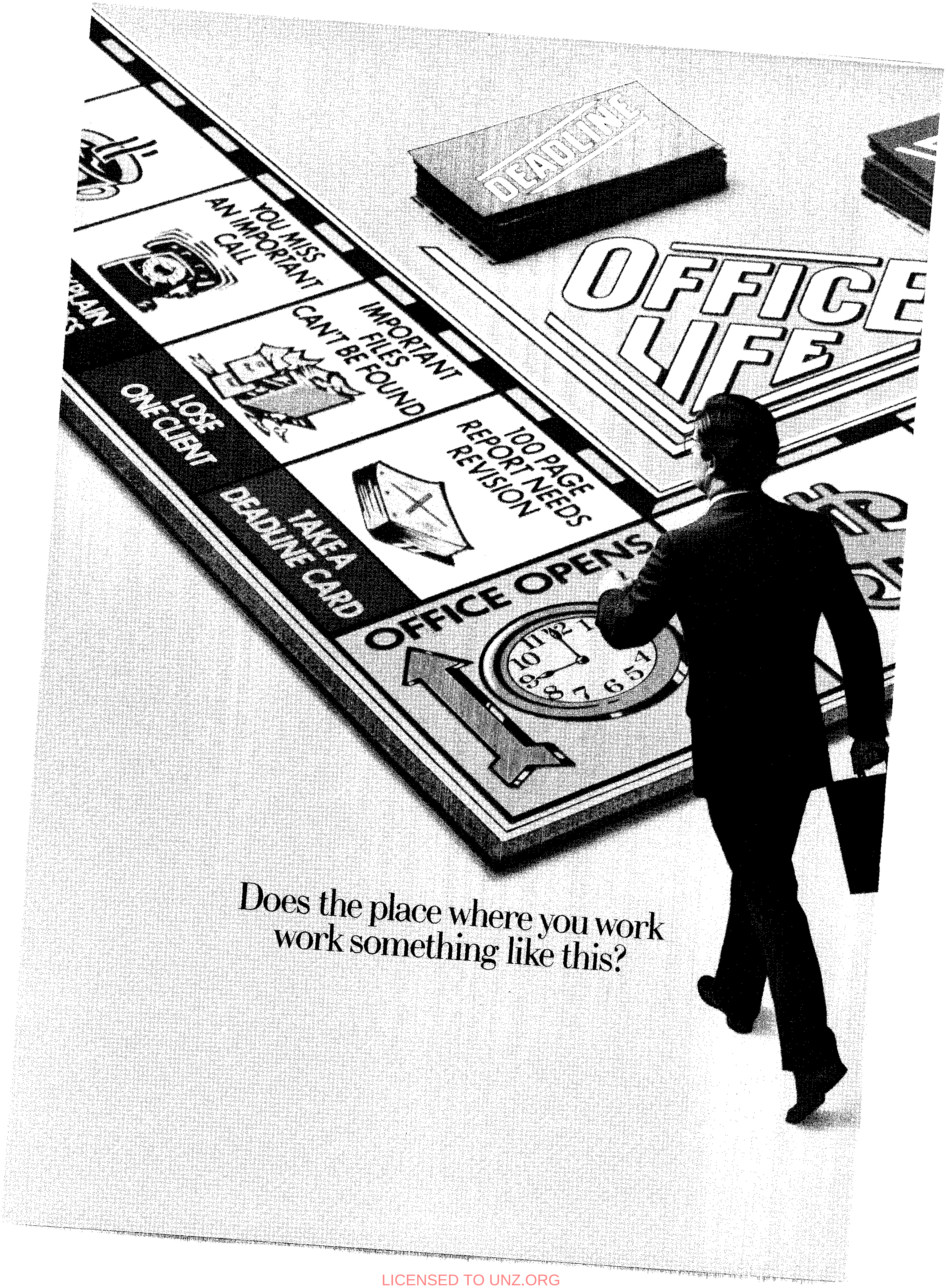
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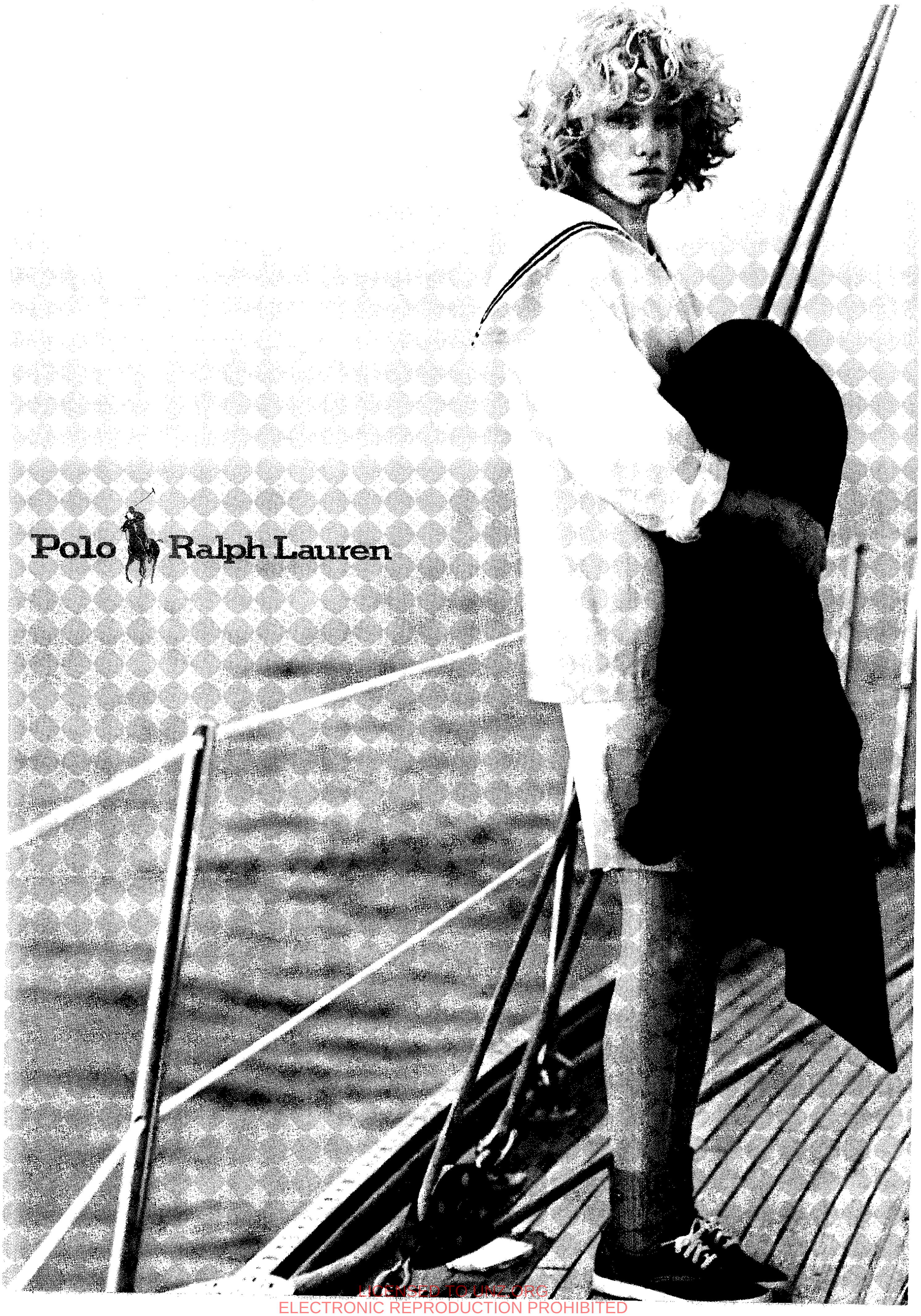
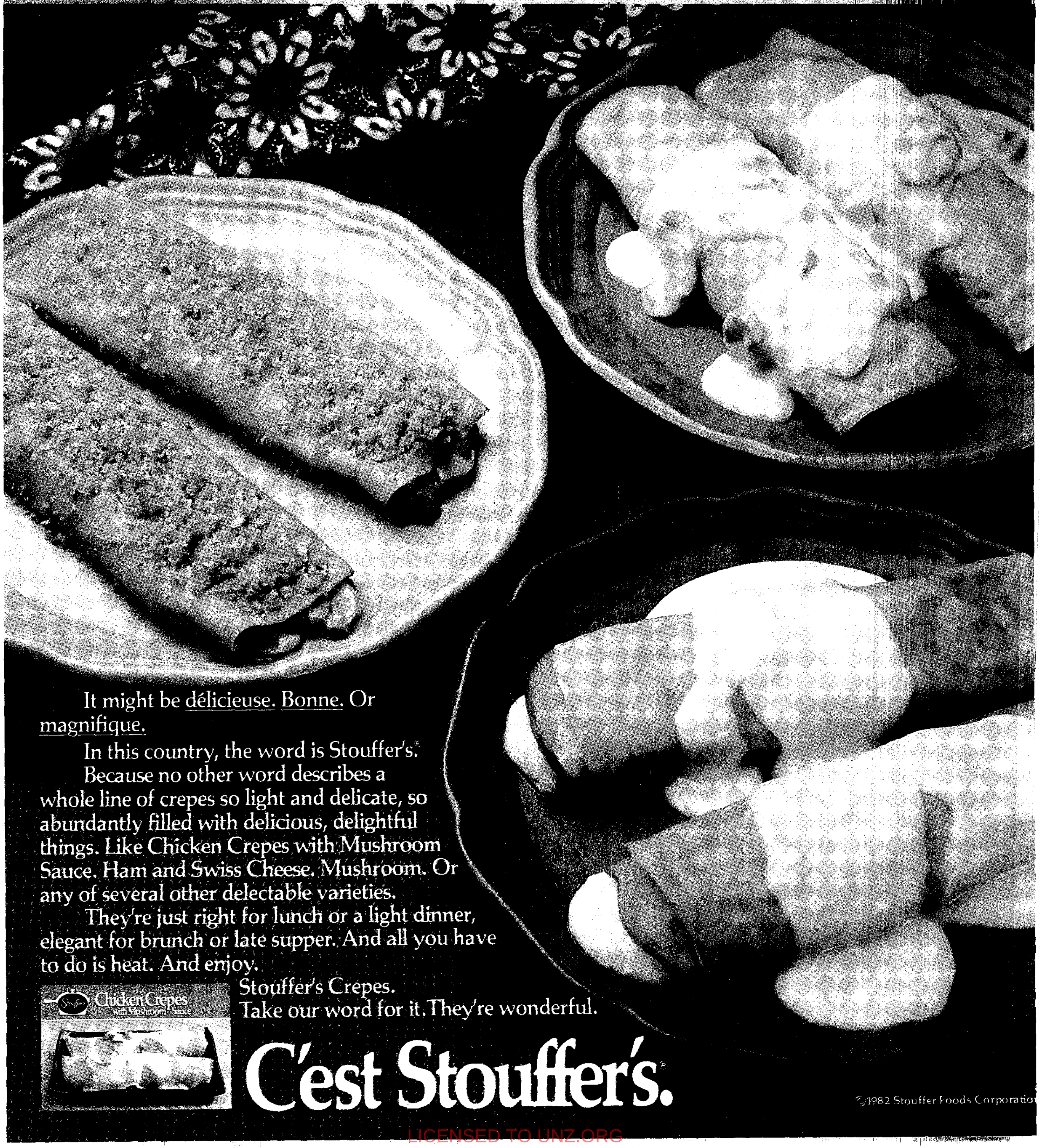

Polo Ralph Lauren

The French have a word for it.



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and Sally Grey; and "Impact" (1949); Arthur Lubin), with Brian Donlevy and Ella Raines.

April 16-17: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†).

HEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 7: "Lilith" (1964; Robert Rossen), with Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg, and Peter Fonda; and "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty.

April 8: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

April 9-10: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

April 11: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "The Rage of Paris" (†).

April 12: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin), with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

April 13: "The Old Dark House" (†) and "Wives Under Suspicion" (†).

April 14: "Three Wise Girls" (1932; William Beaudine), with Jean Harlow and Mae Clarke; and "Platinum Blonde" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes.

April 15: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöstrom, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Shame" (†).

April 16-17: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

NEW DIRECTORS/NEW FILMS—The first programs in a thirteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the Festival Theatre, 6 West 57th St.—April 16 at 6: "Dan's Motel" (United States; Jerry R. Barrish).... ¶ April 16 at 8:30 and April 17 at 1: "Smash Palace" (New Zealand; Roger Donaldson).... ¶ April 17 at 3:30: "Dan's Motel."... ¶ April 17 at 6: "Neige" (France; Juliet Berto and Jean-Henri Roger).... ¶ April 17 at 8:30: "Muddy River" (Japan; Kohei Oguri). (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through April 11: The second of a two-part retrospective of the works of Robert Drew. At noon, "Mooney vs. Fowle" (1961); at 1:30, "Jane" (1962); at 3, "The Chair" (1962); at 4:45, "Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment" (1963) and "Faces of November" (1964). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 7 at 8: "Film Portrait" (1971; Jerome Hill).... ¶ April 8 at 8: "No. 12 (Heaven and Earth Magic)" (1958-61; Harry Smith).... ¶ April 9 at 8: "Bells of Atlantis" (1952; Ian Hugo), "The End" (1953; MacLaine), and "The Old House, Passing" (1966; Larry Jordan).... ¶ April 10 at 2: A video program by T. Brooks Shepard and Deborah Von Moser.... ¶ April 10 at 8: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches" (1963/68; Jonas Mekas).... ¶ April 11 at 8: A program of films by René Clair, Fernand Léger, Dimitri Kirsanoff, Humphrey Jennings, and Levitt, Agee, and Loeb.... ¶ April 13 at 8: A program of films by George Landow.... ¶ April 14 at 8: A program of films by Sidney Peterson.... ¶ April 15 at 8: A program of films by Stan Brakhage.... ¶ April 16-17 at 8: A program of films by Slavko Vorkapich.... ¶ April 17 at 2: A video program by Sally Shapiro.

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

'AGE D'OR (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 16-17.)

LICIA (1977)—In this Cuban-made documentary, homage to Alicia Alonso gets lost in a jumble of excitable graphics, cheering audiences, and clips from ballets filmed, for the most part, during the declining phase of her career. In Spanish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 8.)

HE AMERICAN FRIEND (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Film Forum; April 14-17.)

RTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Criterion Theatres.)

ATALANTE (1934)—Jean Vigo, who died in his twenties, made only this one feature-length film—a sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who marries and takes his bride with him; after a quarrel she runs off and they lose each other. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand who finds her and brings her back. It's a wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. It's also a strange film—much slower and more consciously dreamlike than Vigo's short works. In some ways it's more pleasurable in the memory than while you're seeing it. Its surreal lyricism was described by Elie Faure: "The spirit of Jean Vigo's work is classical, almost violent and always tormented, fevered, overflowing with ideas and with fantasy; truculent; a virulent and even demonical romanticism that still remains humanistic." With Louis Lefèvre. (Not released in the U.S. until 1947.) In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12.)

ATLANTIC CITY—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (72nd Street East, and Waverly; through April 8.)

BODY HEAT—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson, and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad; starting April 16.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

DEATHTRAP—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. It's set in the East Hampton home of a once successful playwright (Michael Caine) who specializes in thrillers; he plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play "Deathtrap." Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit, which is in its fifth year on Broadway, is all twists and reversals, and it's designed to be played frivolously and artificially, by slick, easy actors. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and, at the end, the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. Except for the shouting, which has become *de rigueur* in a Lumet film, the actors don't disgrace themselves. But their skill gives one no pleasure. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (Murray Hill, Sutton, R.K.O. Century R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 15.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that the laxity of American gun laws has produced good old frontier individualism in a vigilante, who manages to kill any number of muggers. Directed by Michael Winner. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 14-17.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—Tired Bond picture (it was the seventh) that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery (he didn't appear in the sixth, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service"). Connery's Bond is less lecherous than before and less foppish—and he's better this way. In this one, Bond is attacked by two Amazons named Bambi and Thumper. With Charles Gray as Blofeld, Jill St. John as Tiffany Case, Jimmy Dean as a Howard Hughes-like character, and Bruce Cabot as Saxby. Directed by Guy Hamilton. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 14-17.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Festival; through April 15.)

Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The love that was endless was a physical addiction. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly; they went at each other like battle-scarred veterans of the sex wars. And the boy's passionate love resulted in his being sent to an insane asylum. Even in the fifties, when movies were full of misunderstood young heroes, no boy had ever suffered so much for love. Zeffirelli has turned this love into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Maybe teen-agers will be touched by the sensitivity and devotion of the pair; adults may go a little giggly-crazy, especially since the parents are a quartet of leches and bores—reminiscent of the parents in "Splendor in the Grass," where a passionate girl (Natalie Wood) was packed off to the loony bin. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. When David and Jade are at the Planetarium and he says, "I'm going to name a star after you," a voice in the theatre piped up, "Brooke Shields is already a star." (Olympia Quad; through April 15.)

Anne Burgess

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Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great spare, tonic style, but the domesticated surrealism of this picture has no sting and no aftereffect. The film drifts out of your head before it's over. The actors come on in relays: the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Thalia; April 16-17.)

Giselle (1964)—Except to her fans, Alicia Alonso's Giselle isn't greatly distinguished—just remarkably enduring. It has survived on two of the strongest legs and feet the old classic can ever have seen. In this black-and-white film of her production for the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, Alonso's Albrecht is Azari Plisetsky, Maya Plisetskaya's brother, and Hilarion is Fernando Alonso, Alicia's husband; Myrtha is Mirta Plá. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 8.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—He enters "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. In 1958, an international jury at Brussels selected this film as the second greatest film of all time (after "Potemkin"). With Mack Swain as Big Jim, Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin; the assisting directors were Charles Riesner and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast; the cinematographer was Rollie Totheroh. (The snowy exteriors were filmed in Nevada.) Silent; some prints have a musical track. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 11-13.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director Alain Tanner and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Film Forum; April 14-17.)

Live and Let Die (1973)—The late Ian Fleming's James Bond is played rather dully by Roger Moore, but the stunts and the harmlessly inhuman jokes are stunning. The film is really just a rope of clever tricks strung together, helped by the presence of very few characters who are less than wooden, such as a funnily peevish Louisiana sheriff. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 14-17.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 15.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Frank Capra-style folk humor is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours and the pace could be quicker), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment of his homey fantasy demonstrating the triumph of small-town values over big-city cynicism. Gary Cooper (Longfellow Deeds) is the sincere greeting-card poet from New England who comes to New York; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. The film culminates in a courtroom sequence that introduced the word "pixilated" to just about every American home, and set people to examining one another's casual scribbles or sketches—their "doodles." Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Budington Kelland *SatEvePost* story "Opera Hat." The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Raymond Walburn, Warren Hymer, Walter Catlett, Mayo Methot, and Jameson Thomas as the twitcher. Capra took the Academy Award for Best Director. (Regency; April 11-12.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Frank Capra's attempt to repeat the country-boy-defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "Mr. Deeds" succeeded commercially, but this one has more of the heartfelt in it than is good for the stomach, and it goes on for *over* two hours. James Stewart is the naïve small-town hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur is the cynical young secretary who is at first horrified by his simplicity. When the young Senator's illusions are shattered, he stages a filibuster, defeats the villains, and reëstablishes the whole government on a firm and honorable basis. No one else can balance the ups and downs of wistful sentiment and corny humor the way Capra can—but if anyone else should learn to, kill him. Sidney Buchman wrote the screenplay, from a story by Lewis R. Foster. The cast includes Claude Rains as a corrupt senator, Guy Kibbee as a venal governor, Beulah Bondi as Ma Smith, Edward Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Ruth Donnelly, and Eugene Pallette, who gets stuck in a phone booth. Members of the U.S. Senate were so outraged about the picture that there was actually talk of a retaliatory bill against the movie interests; the storm blew over when it became apparent that the public loved the film. (Regency; April 15-17.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

ASHVILLE (1975)—Robert Altman's movie is at once a *Grand Hotel*-style narrative, with twenty-four linked characters; a country-and-Western musical; a documentary essay on Nashville and American life; a meditation on the love affair between performers and audiences; and an Altman party. The basic script is by Joan Tewkesbury, but the actors have been encouraged to work up material for their roles, and not only do they do their own singing but most of them wrote their own songs—and wrote them in character. The songs distill the singers' lives, as the mimes and theatrical performances did for the actors in "Children of Paradise." With Ronee Blakley as a true folk artist and the one tragic character, and David Arkin, Barbara Baxley, Ned Beatty, Karen Black, Timothy Brown, Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Robert Doqui, Shelley Duvall, Allen Garfield, Henry Gibson, Scott Glenn, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Harris, David Hayward, Michael Murphy, Allan Nicholls, Dave Peel, Cristina Raines, Bert Remsen, Lily Tomlin, Gwen Welles, and Keenan Wynn. Also with Richard Baskin (who arranged and supervised the music) and Elliott Gould and Julie Christie (who do bits as themselves). Cinematography by Paul Lohmann. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11-13.)

HE OLD DARK HOUSE (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman, Elspeth Dudgeon.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted," this camp comedy-fantasy was adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

N GOLDEN POND—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres.)

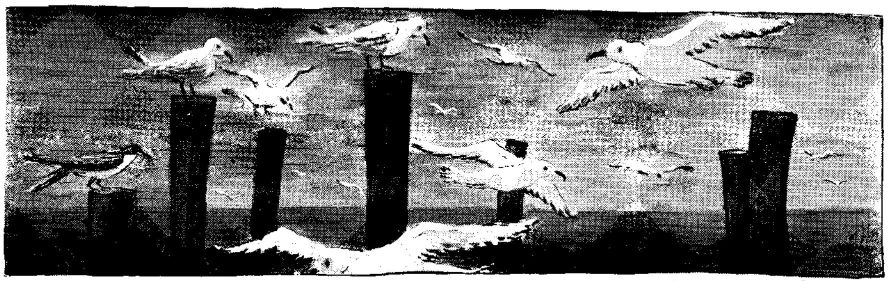
ERSONAL BEST—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is physically charged. This is a very smart and super-subtle film in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Loews 83rd Quad; through April 8. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through April 10.)

QUEST FOR FIRE—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Hollywood's attempt to make an American star of the rapturously beautiful young Danielle Darrieux—it's easy to see why it failed. In this innocuous bedroom farce, the arch frilliness of Universal's conception of a *jeune fille* robs her of any depth. She is cast as a poor French girl working as a model in New York; financed by Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer, she sets out to capture a millionaire. Under the direction of Henry Koster (who, after leaving Germany, had made his reputation here with the Deanna Durbin musicals), Darrieux pouts relentlessly, and after many misadventures wins Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11.)

RAGTIME—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York City Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 16.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK—Steven Spielberg di-



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rected this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; April 9-15. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting April 9, tentative.)

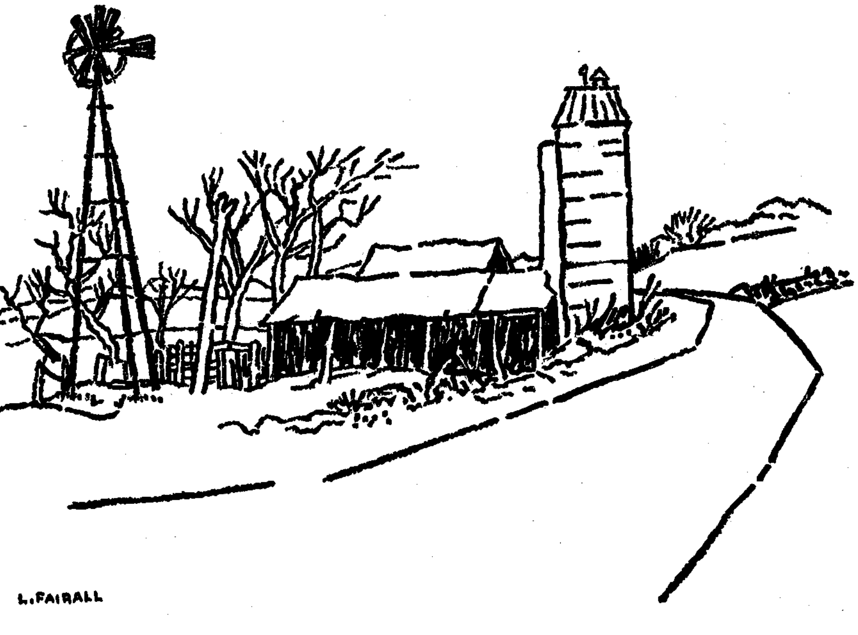
Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the movie-making is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Coronet, and Embassy 1.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Richard Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts; he's snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 16-17.)

State of the Union (1948)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a large, expensive political melodrama with satirical and romantic overtones, based on the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and directed by Frank Capra. Tracy is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and she's his estranged wife, who agrees to come home for appearance's sake to help him win the election. It's a shallow but generally entertaining show, with lots of devious characters (such as Angela Lansbury and Adolphe Menjou) doing dirty deeds. Hepburn is wasted in her pillar-of-rectitude role, but she's still a dervish of a performer, and more fun to watch than just about anybody else who might have played it. Van Johnson, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Walburn are in the cast, along with such troupers as Marion Martin and Tom Pedi. If you want to see what Arthur O'Connell looked like when he was younger, watch for the reporter who turns up. (Regency; April 15-17.)

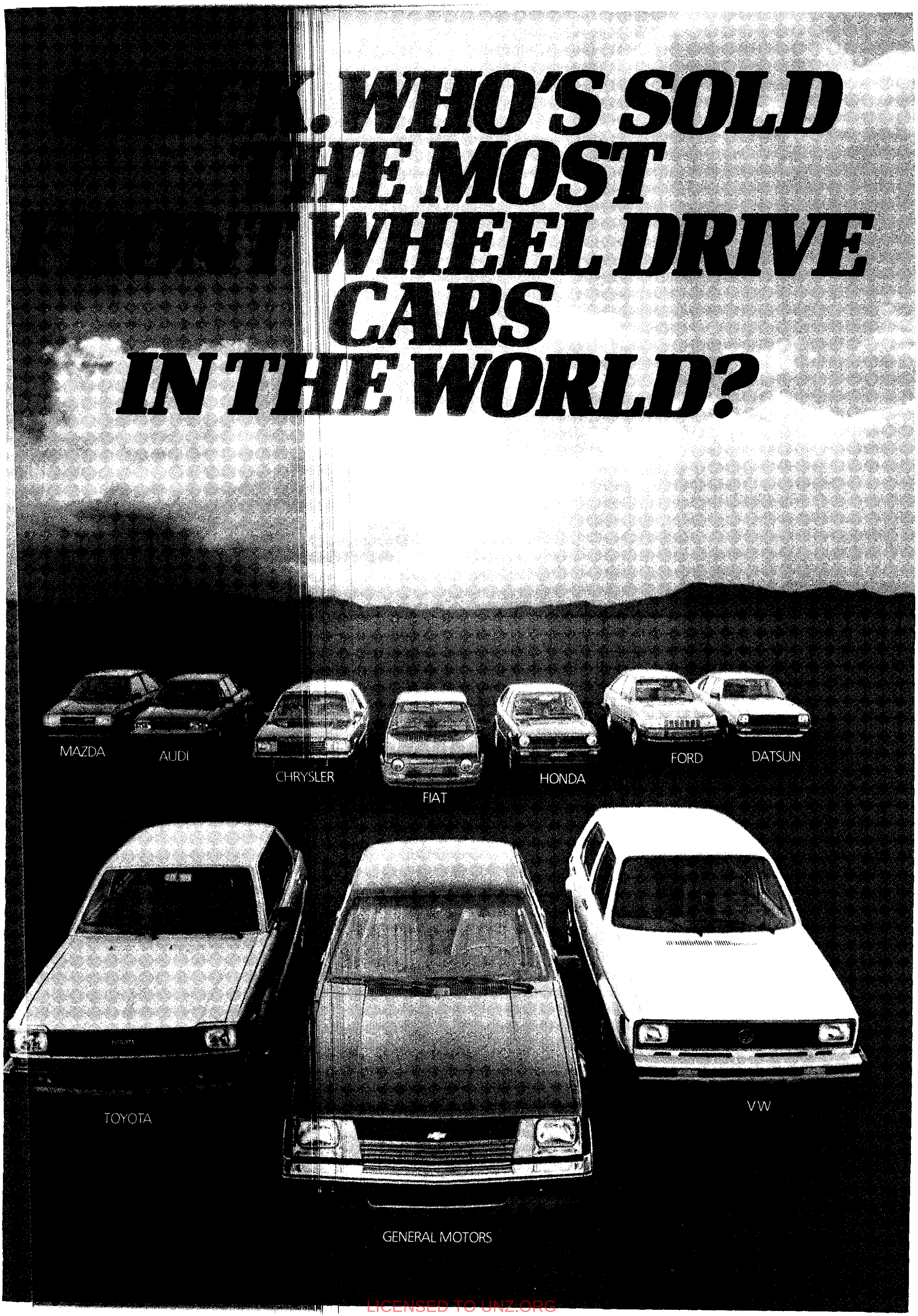


Three Brothers—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. The modern-folktale structure is somewhat schematic, but it's a wonderful film that moves on waves of feeling. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the country. That's the underlayer: it's about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. It's about ideas, yet it's saturated with emotion. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. The father has his place in the larger ritual; when the sons come back, they realize they've lost their place. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi, who has one of the greatest compositional senses in the history of movies, keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. Grateful for its intelligence, you sink into it. You're led by the camera—something more is always going to be revealed. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Eastside Cinema, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 9, tentative.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, playing the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. With Claudine Auger and Luciana Paluzzi, and, of course, Bernard Lee and Lois Maxwell. The script was written by Richard Maibaum and John Hopkins. (Cinema Village; April 11-13).

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on a father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The father remains passive and the movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Bertolucci's vision is grayed out here and mediocre at heart. There's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing; it's like an old man's movie. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi. In Italian. (3/8/82) (Olympia Quad; starting April 16.)

Wives Under Suspicion (1938)—Gail Patrick and Warren William in a negligible melodrama about a district attorney, jealous husbands, murder, and a kiss before a mirror, which is analyzed at some length. James Whale directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)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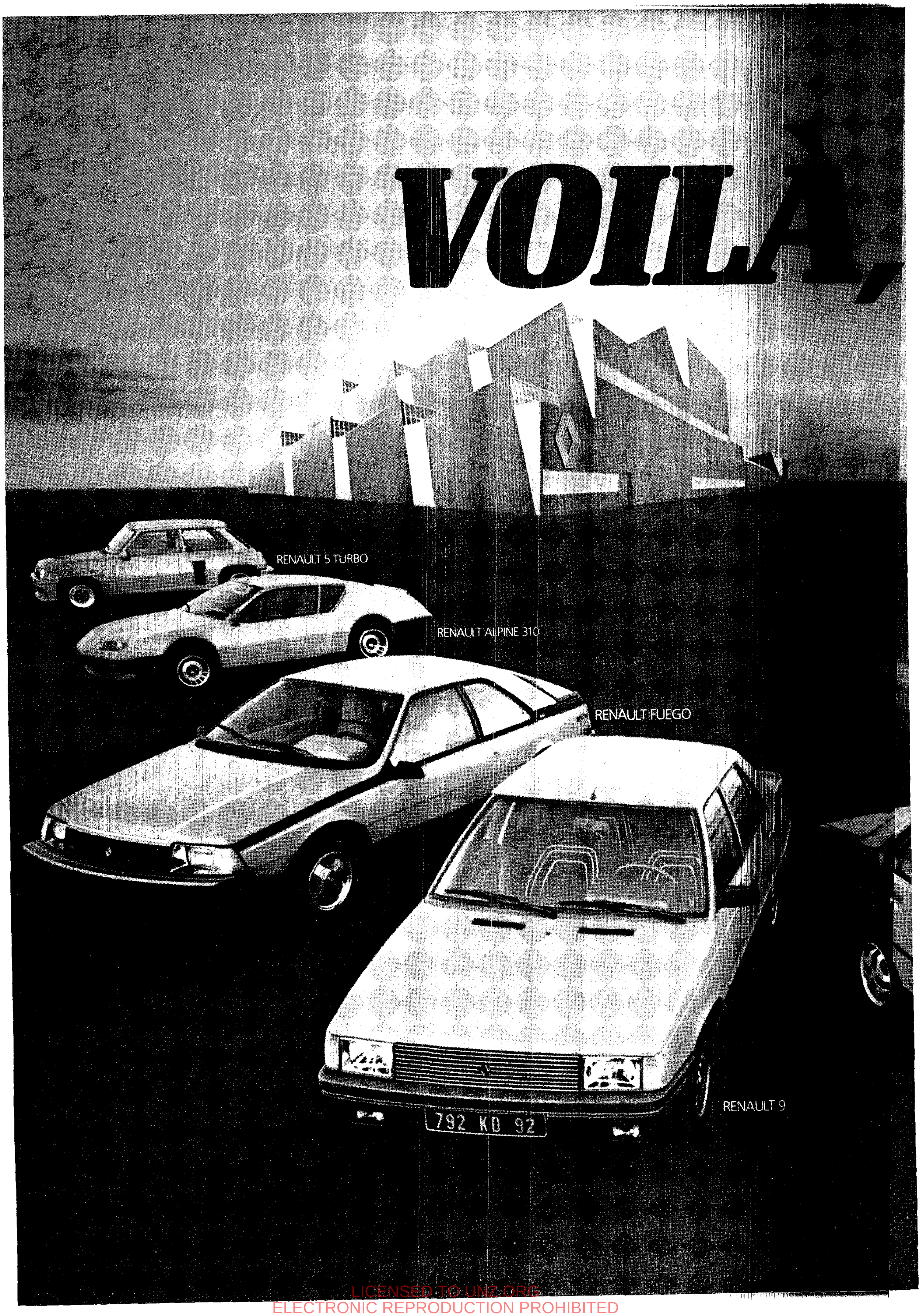
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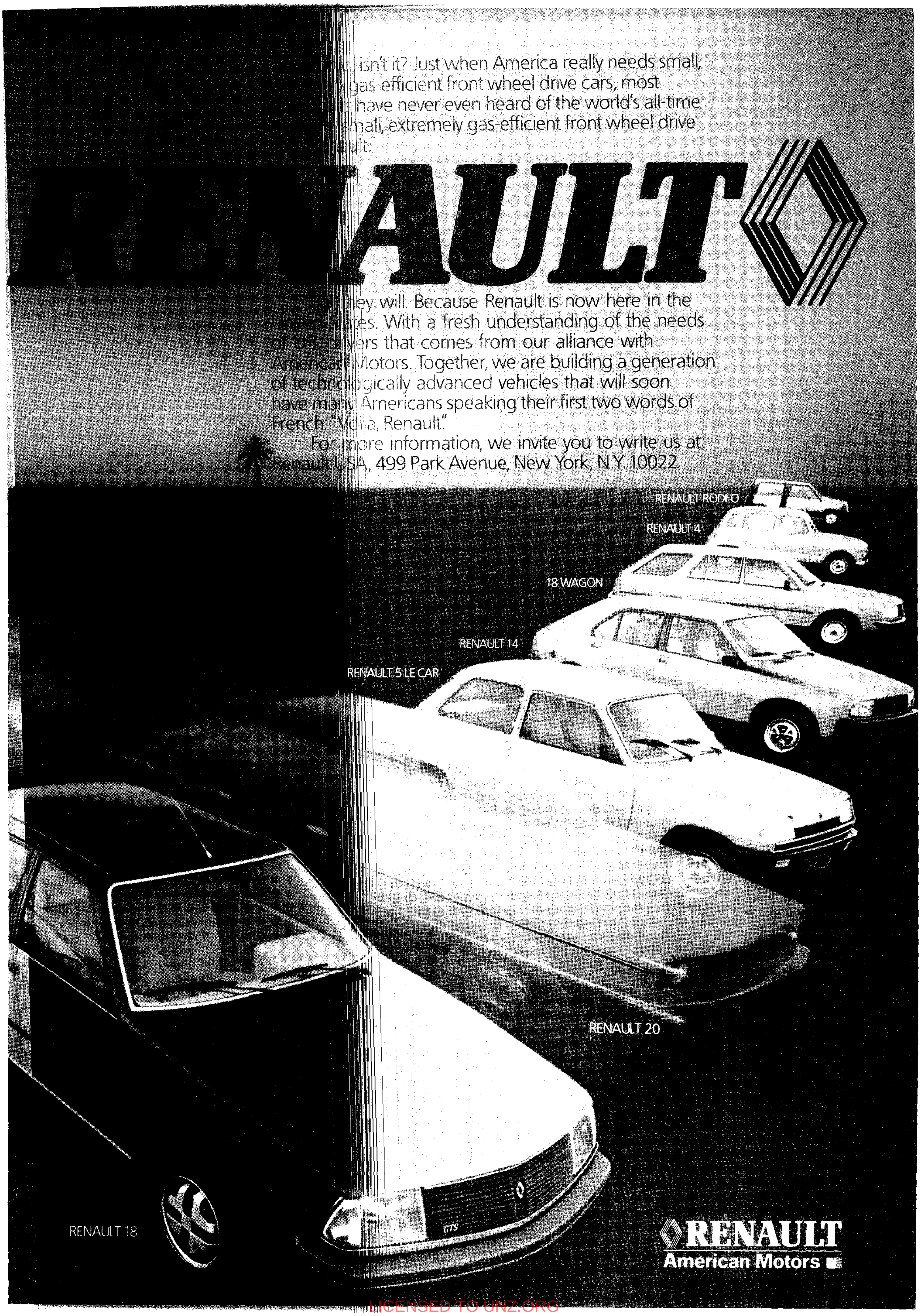
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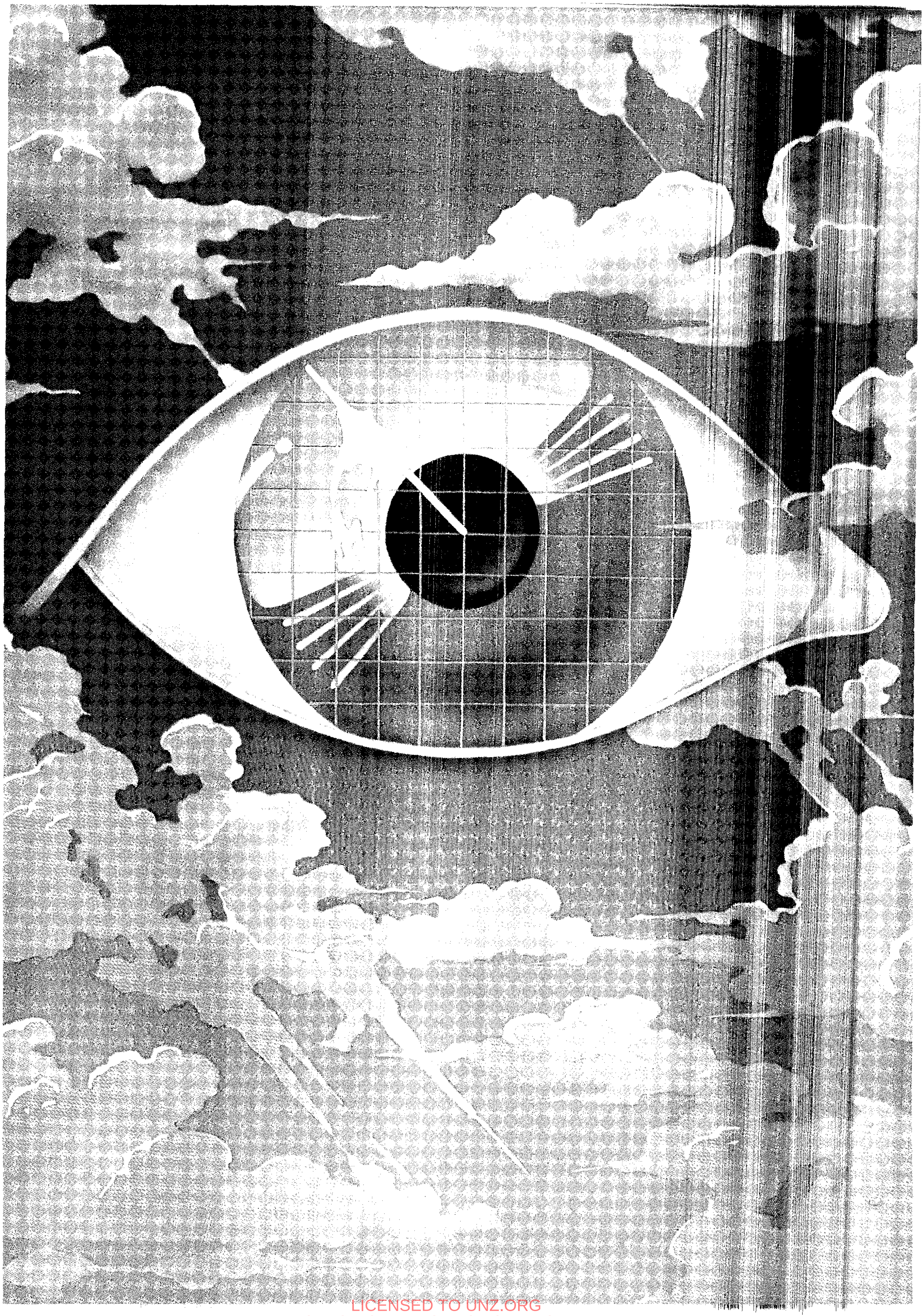

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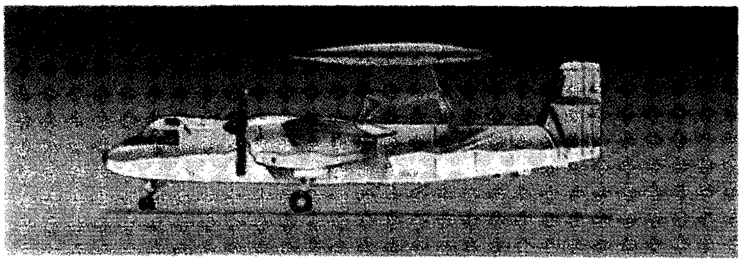

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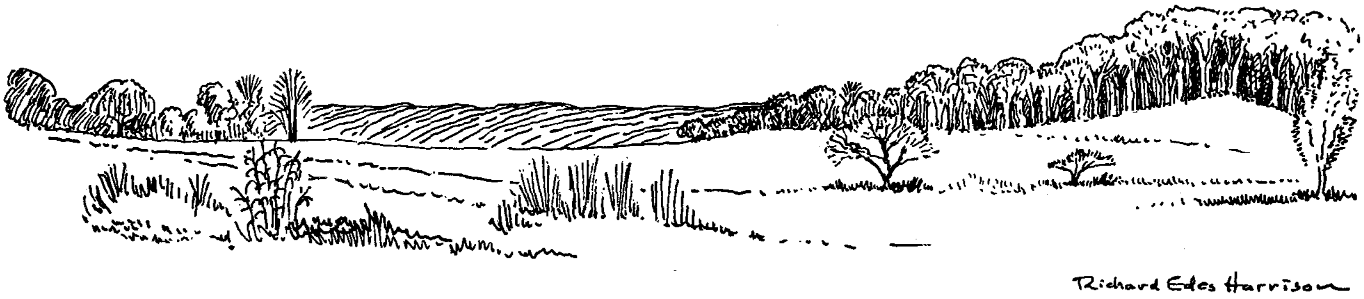
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE cat on the roof below is hunting, her tawny coat puffed out against the cold so that her tail is nearly as thick as a raccoon's. A cold, dark day in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a little bit darker than the same kind of day in Manhattan. The damp chill cuts a little bit more deeply, and the draw of a warm, bright interior is more than a little bit stronger. This subtle difference in regional climate is thrilling in a small way, yet a way that is more profound than the spectacular contrasts to which we have become accustomed—even inured. The small gradation yields a physical sense of the earth which makes the experience of, say, boarding a plane in a blizzard and alighting in the tropics superficial by comparison. The cat is hunting birds, though more out of habit than out of hope, for the nearby branches are as barren as a wire coat hanger. Her body moves slowly under her pelt, as if it were separate—movements that convey a completely composed, unobstructed attentiveness. This is obscure Cambridge, local Cambridge, which was built in the nineteenth century between old Cambridge and Boston, and is still known as Cambridgeport. The three-story wooden Victorian houses sit under the low and sombre sky like large hens who get pleasure and comfort out of being close to each other as they privately brood. From the third floor of one of the houses, we can see Hastings Square—a rectangular green that is now white with old snow—and the houses that face on the green, with their sense of special importance, even vigilance, as though they were the appointed guardians of the green, as though the green were not just an open space but represented what the households hold in common, and as though it were therefore in a way consecrated, and the houses around it were proud of their role in guarding it and felt themselves to be different from their sisters sitting in orderly rows along the narrow streets that branch out from the square. There is something about the way the houses sit under the sky which makes one aware that they might not be here at all—that people came and built them in a place that was then largely a fen, and that the houses are still in a sense active in maintaining this achievement. It's a feeling of something gained, something limited but solid. It's a modest, pragmatic quiet feeling, unelevated by the mythiness of old Cambridge. Old Cambridge retains the concentrated feeling of a small, ambitious group of people establishing civilization where there was none. Here, in contrast, the feeling is of a larger, more random group of people seeking a place for themselves in a society that was already established: a place to work, raise a family, keep a cat. The cat skulking along the ridgepole below so embodies this quietness that she could be a deity in disguise who secretly endows the neighborhood with its character.

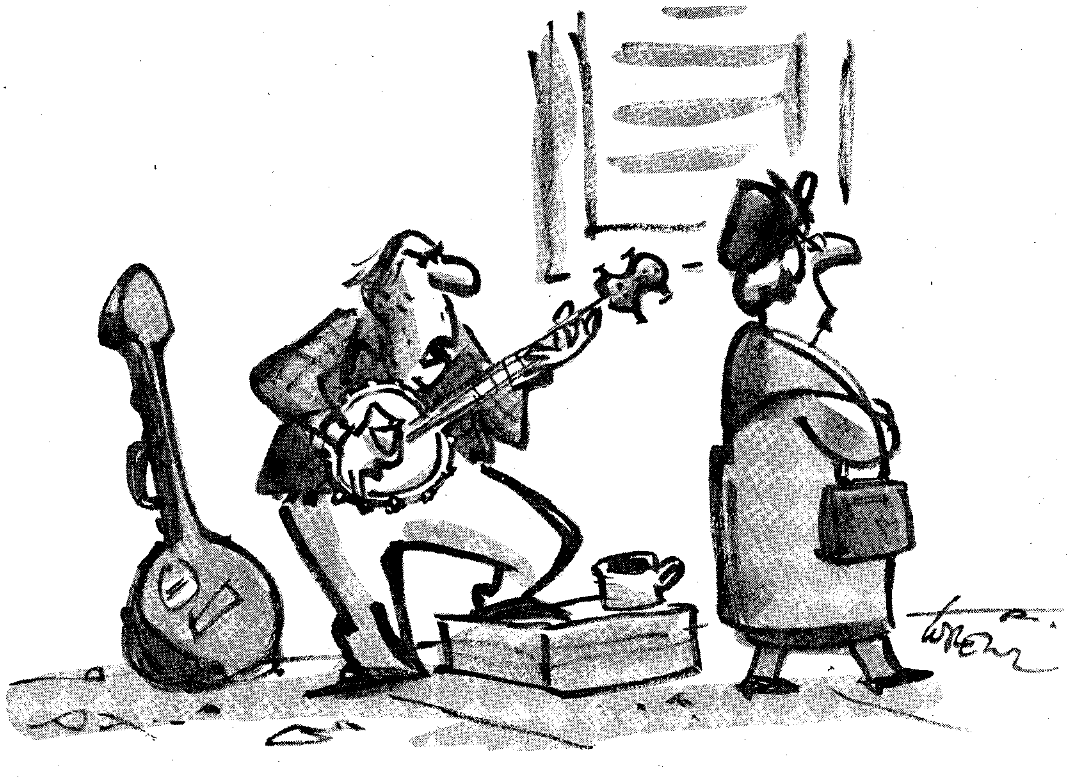
In New England, and especially in these parts, the four centuries exist discretely and in contrast to each other, so that one almost feels that one can see each of them turning separately and at its own pace yet interlocking with the others, like the cogwheels in a clock. The seventeenth century is in Boston largely in spirit, represented by a few buildings but far more powerfully by place-names that awaken history in that intimate form in which history lives in the heart. One feels the energy of the seventeenth century everywhere, as of a spring hidden in the works. For example, though many Beacon Hill houses were actually built in the early nineteenth century, and though the mood of the place is distinctly eighteenth century, at the same time it is almost impossible to forget that Beacon Hill is the creation of a seventeenth-century idea. Images have been imprinted upon many cities after they have come into existence, but is there anywhere else a city that so exactly corresponds to an image forged in advance? "We shall be as a city upon a hill," said John Winthrop to his shipmates on the voyage across the Atlantic. From across the river (from Cambridgeport), the sight of Beacon Hill, as round as a dome, as dense as a beehive, its roofs and windows flashing gold in the setting sun, corresponds so exactly to the mystical resonance of that simple



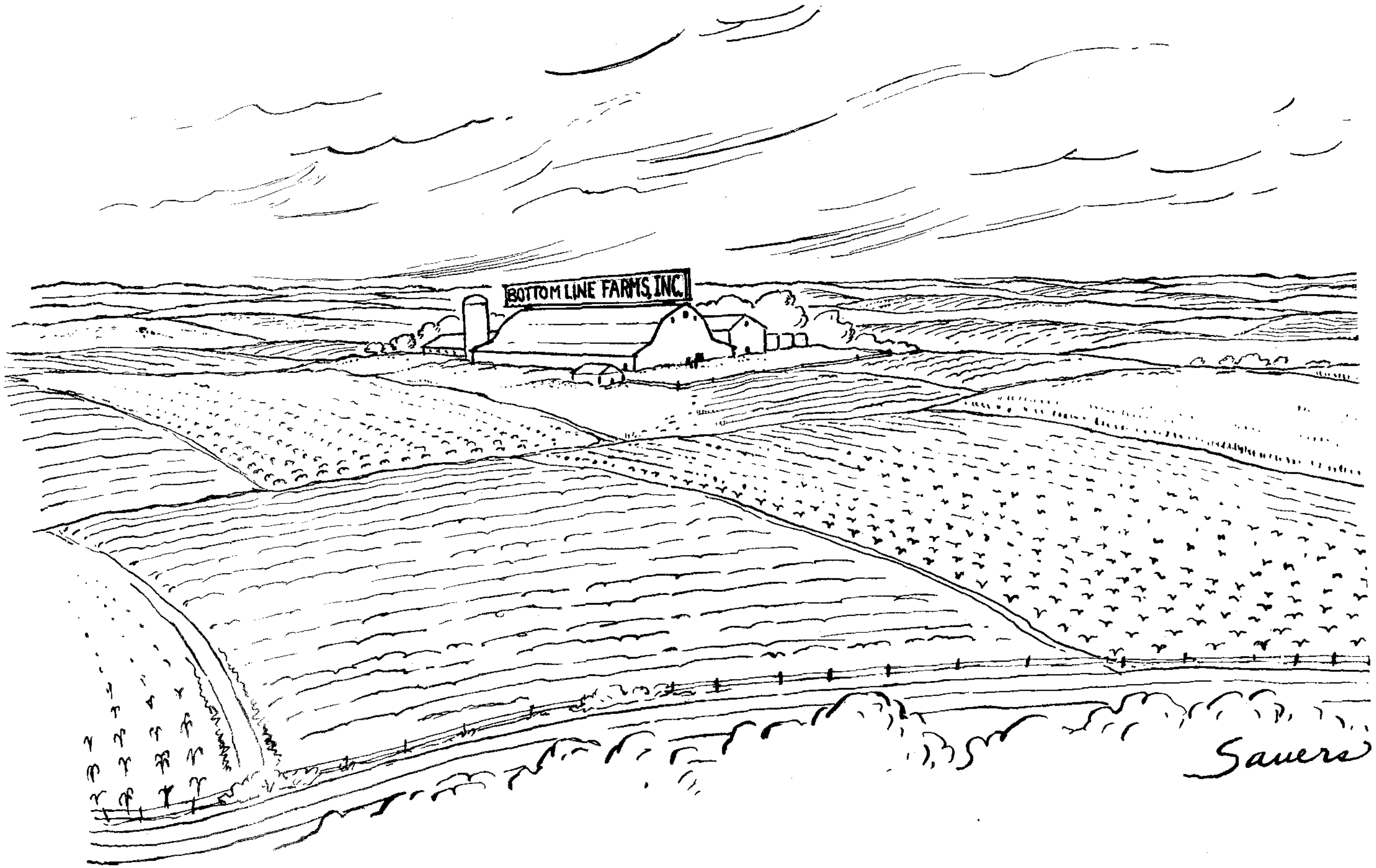
phrase that one feels that reality has usurped what is properly the province of the imagination. Viewed from across the river, Beacon Hill is a showstopper. It's a showstopper in spite of the twentieth-century towers of downtown Boston that, though built below the hill, and more distant, loom far above it. Indeed, instead of dwarfing the hill the towers accentuate its epic prominence, for they have none of the evolved density of the older section. By comparison, they are inarticulate images, and, despite their size, are oddly ephemeral and lightweight. They no more dwarf the hill than a giant box of cornflakes would dwarf a small icon. Viewed from across the river, Beacon Hill is also a heartbreaker. It's a heartbreaker because it is a single, powerful, complete image, in which one can see the inspiration, the action, the accomplishment, and the legacy of a farfetched, utopian idea—all in one. Perry Miller has observed that one reason the settlers of New England were undaunted as they sailed toward unknown shores, and undiscouraged by the hardships they suffered once they arrived, was that they believed that all of human history led up to their enterprise, that their mission lay at the heart of the design of Providence. Beacon Hill is a heartbreaker because it shows what faith can do. Beacon Hill is a religious image in a secular time. Beacon Hill is almost as unrelated to twentieth-century America as a scene from ancient China—not quite, though: it is not quite alien, it is not quite no longer a part of us.

On a cold, dark day, there is the same extra darkness in the sky above the neighborhood of Harvard Square that there is above Hastings Square, but where in the latter the grade of difference from the New York sky suggests the curve of the earth, both in its wideness and in its comforting limits, the effect in Harvard Square is not that this is a grade in a series of grades but that this is the only grade: that this is *the* place. In Harvard Square, the rest of the world seems extraordinarily unimportant. The oldest building at Harvard, Massachusetts Hall, was built in the eighteenth century, and there are many twentieth-century additions, but, over all, the mood of Harvard is nineteenth-century. To be more exact, it is eighteenth-nineteenth, just as Beacon Hill is seventeenth-eighteenth, Cambridgeport is nineteenth-twentieth, and the skyscrapers are twentieth-twenty-first. Even though the city has grown up for miles around Beacon Hill, there is something about the hill that suggests that it is alone. One has no difficulty at all in imagining a wilderness around it. Its very density suggests the quality of a fortress, and its emphatic civilizedness suggests its barbarous opposite. Harvard Square is also dense, but with a different effect. The style is so strong, so assured, so integrated that when you are there it's hard to imagine that any other place exists at all. Very often, the spirit of place is something that one perceives by paying special attention, something that one does not automatically notice but has to work for. In Harvard Square, however, the spirit of place is totally overwhelming, impossible to resist or challenge, because it offers no leverage outside itself. The force is in a way alarming, as it might be alarming to find yourself in a revival tent, not only surrounded by people shouting Hallelujah and getting reborn but visited by a suspicion that at any moment you yourself might be swept away in this mass irrational mood.

The tone of Harvard Square, of course, is not at all irrational or emotional. Quite the opposite. It is brainy and cultured; its seductions are not those of the mob but those of aristocracy—and not intellectual aristocracy alone. The other kind, the aristocracy of class and old money, seems to be as inextricably a part of the place as its very bricks—setting the uncontested style, redeeming itself from pure snobbery by its connection to intellectual excellence. There is a sense in which this redemption of the snobbish aspect of Harvard seems to be a trick, a sleight of hand, an uncanny and unexpected checkmate of one's democratic attitudes. There is a sense in which Harvard seems to eat its cake and have it, too. Present-day Beacon Hill, for example, is purely snobbish. It is lineage and money, the best taste, the most expensive real estate. The gap between its historical undertones and its present-day role is wide enough so that there is no confusion between the two. They offer themselves for reflection separately; they can be connected only by an artificial effort of imagination. Not so Harvard, where, although all four centuries make their presence felt, it



"Who do you expect for two bits, lady—Yo-Yo Ma?"



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is the nineteenth century that seems to express itself most vividly. The completeness of the mood suggests a nineteenth-century assurance, a nineteenth-century belief in an innate hierarchy in which social values, values of taste, moral values, and intellectual values all combine in a self-evident pattern. It's a nineteenth-century feeling of being right and open-minded at the same time, of being at once well bred and progressive (more progressive than the churlish masses). And because the feeling is alive and actively seductive—so that the impulse to resist seems to amount to a pointless crankiness—and also, perhaps, because its source is in a time immediate to our own (as the historical spirit of Beacon Hill is not), its palpable dignity seems in a way to be outrageous. It outrages that twentieth-century dignity founded on a grim acceptance of fragmentation, relativity, and meaninglessness. It offends the twentieth-century pride in existential agony. It disturbs the twentieth-century assumption that heritage is not a real, independent force but a mere ember that glows only as long as we blow on it with the artificial breath of nostalgia. This is a salutory reprimand. But there's something else. Although belief in the value of thought is the Presence that gives life to the square and the yard, there is a sense in which the atmosphere crowds out thought. It's as though all that thought amounted to a kind of noise that makes it difficult to think—or it might be more accurate to say difficult to contemplate, difficult to let reality come to you rather than to process it. One might possibly see a cat hunting there—not in the square proper but perhaps in Harvard Yard—yet the sight would not have the same meaning that it has in Cambridgeport. One would feel no particular respect for the cat—much less awe. In the neighborhood of Harvard Square, a cat could never manifest divinity of place. There the dimension of existence accessible only through silence is beyond reach.

Looking at the four centuries as they exist and contrast side by side in the Boston area, we were struck by the thought that as a country we have perhaps reached a point of historical perspective that was not attainable before and will dissolve as time goes on. We have a past now; we are far too old to go on pretending that we are a pastless country. But our most distant past is not yet so remote as to be abstract. It is close enough to have a spontaneous meaning for people alive today—though perhaps only just. We can look back over our four centuries with a natural glance. We can contemplate ourselves. We are a whole; somehow we know that, disparate as the elements in our makeup are, we are nevertheless a whole. And it could be that we are in an especially favorable position now to understand how those parts make a whole.

• •

Maple Sugar

WHILE New Englanders were heading into the sugar bush for their annual rendezvous with the sugar maple, we took the subway to the Bronx the other day for the same reason. At Wave Hill, a city-operated environmental center of twenty-eight acres at 252nd Street and the Hudson, we made our way across a great lawn to a majestic, though leafless, tree—*Acer saccharum*—with a couple of hooded metal pails hanging from its trunk. The sugar maple was surrounded by a company of rather little people—Joan Valentine's first-grade class, from Community Elementary School 236, in the South Bronx. By way of preparation, the class had adopted four trees in Crotona Park and had been visiting them regularly.

After getting answers to the question "What do you think this tree needs to live?" two adults—Talbert Spence, Wave Hill's director of education, and María Cabán, a naturalist from the South Bronx who is outdoor-education instructor at Wave Hill—began accepting volunteers to play the sun, the rain, the soil, the air, and a maple seed. (They turned down a boy who kept saying "I wanta be syrup.") The Wave Hill arbor drama went like this:

CABÁN: What does a tree need before it can start growing?

KIDS: A seed.

CABÁN: Seed, you're asleep. O.K., soil, cover her up.

SPENCE: Who's water? Get your hands out and just rain on her. We need sunlight. Sun, get your head over the seed and give her some rays.

CABÁN: Now, what's missing? It's all around us.

KIDS: Grass! Houses!

ONE KID: Air.

SPENCE: Wake up, seed. Start growing. (*The seed, Kyia Mobley, looks quite worried but grows rapidly.*)

CABÁN: Here is our baby tree. It's popped out of the soil. What's in the soil?

KIDS: Syrup!

CABÁN: No, roots. They help take in water and keep the tree standing.

SPENCE: With the leaves, the tree makes more food than it needs. What kind of food does it make? It's something you put on cereal.

KIDS: Milk!

SPENCE: The tree makes sugar.

CABÁN: The tree has something that's sort of like blood running through it. It's called sap. In the wintertime, it's too cold, so the sap goes down to the roots.

SPENCE: When it's springtime, the tree is waking up. The sapwood is like a pipeline for the sap, all the way to the top. Here we take a little bit of the sap.

KIDS: Does it hurt the tree?

SPENCE: No, because it has plenty of extra, and the most we put on a tree is three taps. (*Spence demonstrates an auger, drills a new hole on the south side of* Acer saccharum, *and inserts a small metal spile, and the sap quickly attains a flow rate of ninety drips per minute.*)

SPENCE: The faucet is on. Now, how are we gonna change this clear sap into maple syrup?

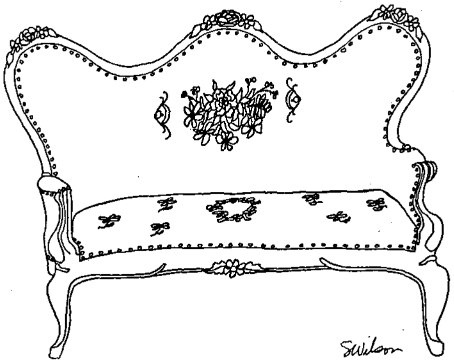
ONE KID: We'll broil it!

SPENCE: Well, we'll *boil* it.

(*The children resume their customary personas and crowd around the new spile to catch sap drops in uplifted palms. They exclaim that it looks like water.*)

Spence explained that the sap is from ninety-two to ninety-seven per cent water, and that about forty gallons of it has to be boiled away to get one gallon of syrup. Before taking a trail south to the Wave Hill Sugar Camp, Spence placed a yoke ("fashioned out of just another piece of maple") over the shoulders of a young volunteer and attached two empty sap buckets to it, to demonstrate the Colonial way. Nowadays, commercial sugaring operations connect the trees straight to the sugarhouse with blue plastic tubing.

At the Sugar Camp, a clearing in the woods near a brook, a large iron caldron was hanging on a chain from a sort of wooden tepee, over a hot fire. An animated senior citizen, Louis Carroll, in straw cowboy hat and bush jacket, welcomed the children and launched into the legend of how the Indians first made maple syrup. Mr. Carroll works at the camp as a volunteer. "Of course, it was an accident," Mr. Carroll said. "It happened many, many moons ago, in New York State." The legend concerned the culinary doings of an Indian hunter, Woksis, "who was a great New York hero, just like Reggie Jackson is a great, mighty baseball hero," and his wife, Nini Mushen. "She was an extremely beautiful woman. The more she ate, the more beautiful she became, until she was round and beautiful like a barrel." After a series of mishaps, Nini Mushen began collecting her cooking water out of a gash that Woksis had made in a tree. When he tasted the resulting mush, he went wild with delight and ordered her thenceforth to cook *only* with the water from the tree. Mr. Carroll, a retired ABC lab technician and magician known as Lou the Magnificent, played all parts, tramping through the primeval New York State woods, shouldering a deer, and even dancing a jig.



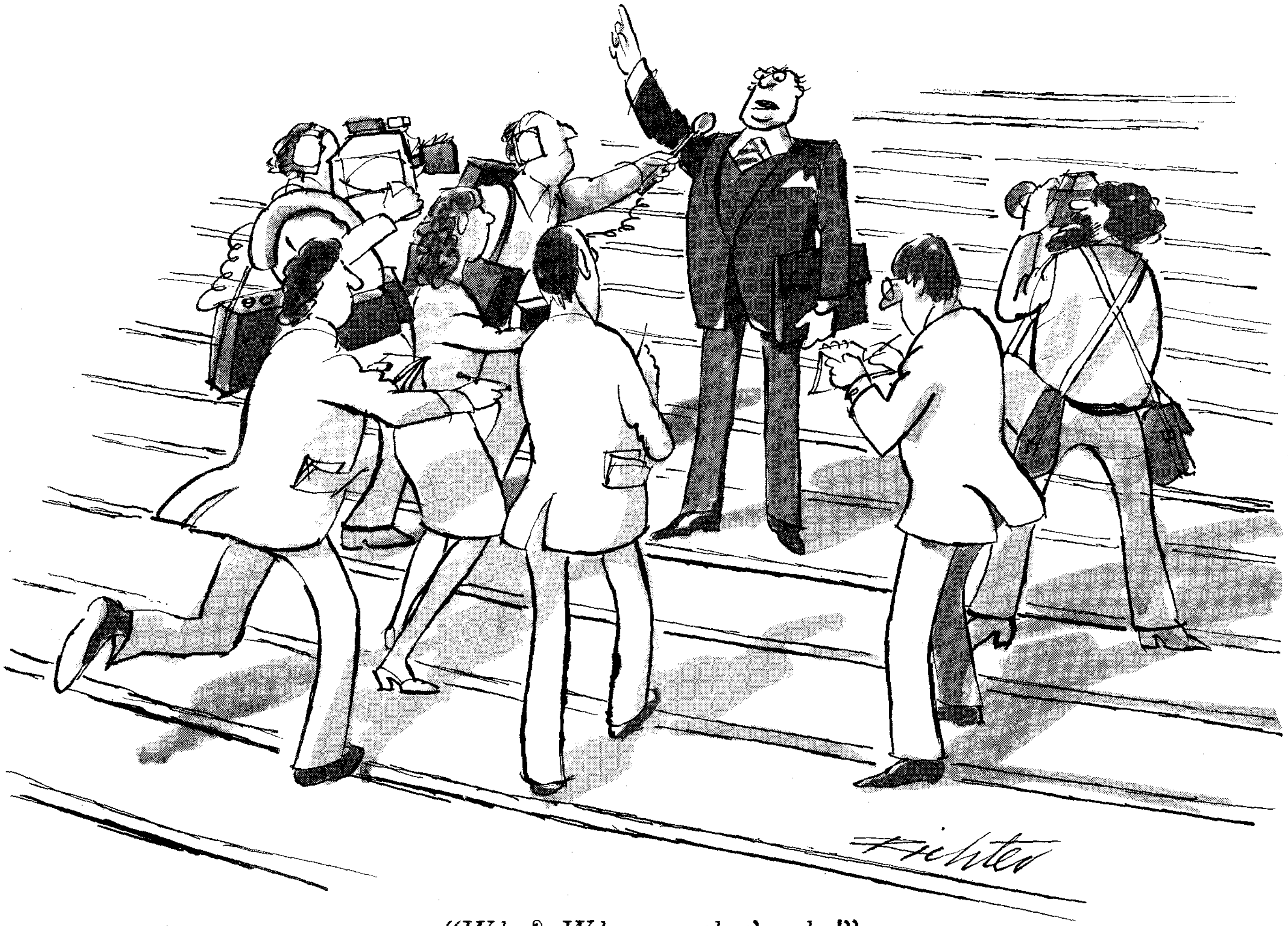
The legend told, another volunteer, Irving Randel, who is a retired high-school biology teacher, explained the Indian syrup-making method while Mr. Carroll demonstrated it. He poured sap into an Indian log pot, pulled a hot rock out of the fire with tongs, and dropped it in. There was a sizzling sound, and then caramel-scented steam filled the air. Mr. Carroll held out the log pot so that the children could examine the Indian method, which appeared to produce equal parts of grit, dirt, ash, and syrup. Meanwhile, the sap boiled over the top of the Colonial iron pot (brought along from Europe), and María Cabán observed that the colonists' method of syrup-making was a definite improvement over the Indian log-pot-and-hot-rock method. Holding up a large candy thermometer, she explained that at 219½° "officially the sap becomes syrup." Mr. Carroll thereupon passed out tongue depressors and invited everybody to dip one into a taste pot of hot, finished maple syrup. Pure essence of tree.

As the only maple-sugar camp in New York City broke up, there was much talk of flapjacks, waffles, and French toast.

Launch

T MINUS eight hours and holding, 7 P.M. Sunday, sixteen hours before the spacecraft Columbia will leave Earth for a third time: Five hundred photographers form a phalanx about three hundred yards southeast of Launch Pad 39A, at the Kennedy Space Center. Only a decade ago, men walked across the same concrete slab here to climb aboard a rocket that carried them to the moon, and it is as if our technicians had made this a holy place, testifying to the awesomeness of travelling at such speeds and covering such distances. Few words are spoken; there is a cathedral hush as the cameras, most of them mounted on tripods, are aimed at Columbia, oddly suspended in a state of motionless silence, nose pointed up at a sliver of conquered moon and a star-lashed sky. Shutters snap. Nothing changes. Xenon lamps cover the space shuttle in harsh white light and slice two silver spikes into the balmy heavens.

T minus nine minutes and counting: The million and a half eyes of the nearby spectators are on this red-white-and-black symbol. An Italian



"Why? Whereas, that's why!"

• •

journalist in a beige jacket types furiously on his Olivetti; a Japanese woman in a white kimono listens to her Walkman; Amy Carter has a thirty-five-millimetre Olympus poised for a snapshot; a man holds a red parasol over the head of his wife; a butterfly hovers over a viewing stand; a half-dozen helicopters beat the air.

T minus two minutes: Much clapping.

T minus one minute: An intensity of focus, relieved by loud clapping and cheering.

Ignition: A plume of gray-white steam, a burst of yellow flame.

T plus seven seconds: Columbia disappears into a cloud, which is illuminated eerily by the ship's twin four-hundred-and-fifty-foot-long booster flames.

T plus twenty-four seconds: A sound wave, which churns and pops like an intense aerial bombardment, hits the closest spectators, who are three miles from the launch pad. They start.

T plus one minute and ten seconds: The shuttle disappears behind its own wavy exhaust-plume water vapor, which has frozen into tiny ice particles that are now dispersed in the heavens. Startled herons fly about, raising their cries as if to protest the roar of the rocket.

T plus three hours and forty-five minutes: Three men on a patch of grass in front of a viewing stand are piling green plastic garbage bags on a blue Dodge dump truck. Not far off, a crew of movers is lifting potted plants that were used to frame the screen for NBC's television coverage of the shot. Herons dart across a cloudless blue sky. On the grass, a young woman in a black bathing suit is sunning herself beside a twelve-foot-wide electronic display that counts off the seconds into the mission. No other human beings are visible.

Sonny Greer

THE longer Duke Ellington's musicians stayed in the band, the younger they seemed to become. Perhaps this Fountain of Youth effect came about from their having to keep up with Ellington's voluminous composing, from their constantly having to cope with new music. Perhaps it stemmed from their inexhaustible, inborn originality: many were great American primitive artists. Perhaps it could be explained by the mystique of elegance and excellence that bound them together. Sonny Greer, Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Cootie Williams, Harry Carney, Ray Nance, Russell Procope, Ellington himself—all invariably looked ten or twenty years younger than they were. This was particularly true of Greer, who, seemingly in his fifties, died two weeks ago at the age of seventy-eight.

Greer had been a co-founder of the Ellington band, in the early twenties, and he remained Ellington's drummer and unofficial co-captain for almost thirty years. (Worn out by being on the road and by Ellington's relentless brass, he left the band in 1951 with a splinter group headed by Hodges and including Lawrence Brown. Hodges and Brown returned to the band permanently several years later, but Greer never went back.) Greer's appearance

Gypsy Camp

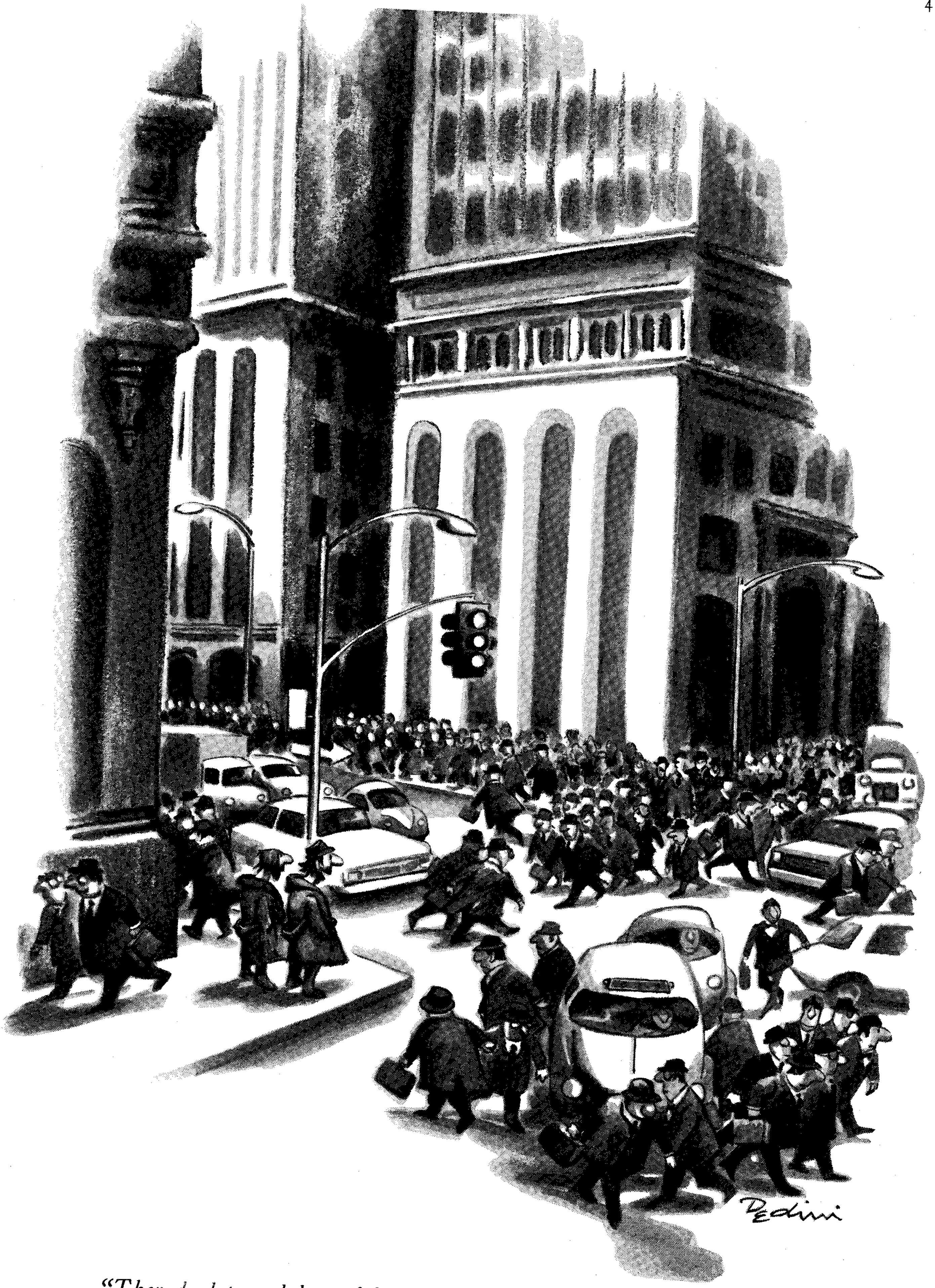
• •

and his playing were inseparable, and they helped to permanently establish the band's high tone and cool assurance. He was a thin, handsome, dapper, concave man with a wide smile and a smooth cap of black hair. His eyes, which he often popped, matched his hair, and he had a drummer's long fingers. His rich, quick speech gave him an Ancient Mariner insistence. Greer came up in the vaudeville tradition, and he was a consummate showman. He encircled himself in the thirties and forties with a forest of white drums that included a snare drum, tomtoms, a bass drum, and timpani. These were lit by cymbals, chimes, and gongs, and decorated by temple blocks, wood blocks, and cowbells. He even had a vibraphone. Often dressed in white, he sat at the center of this gleaming array and, his trunk motionless, allowed his Shivalike arms to dart and dance among his cymbals and drums. He would snap his head from side to side on the beat, his chin slightly lifted, and smile brilliantly. He would lunge at a cymbal or spin a stick into the air. He would loose a heavy mock frown. He was an incomparable accompanist, who would launch a Ben Webster tenor-saxophone solo by tapping a cowbell, fill an ensemble pause with a couple of eighth notes on a timpani, make his Chinese cymbal hiss beneath a Tricky Sam Nanton muted-trombone solo, place easy, clicking, pushing rimshots on the afterbeat behind a Rex Stewart cornet solo. He cooled the band when it grew frenzied, and heated it when it was too cool. He once described his methods: "I learned how to keep my drums crisp, to tune them so they had an even, clear sound. I knew about showmanship, about how audiences eat it up—that it ain't what you do but how you do it. Things like hitting three rimshots and opening and closing one side of my jacket in time. I always strove for finesse. I always tried to shade, and make everything sound beautiful. It was my job to keep the band in level time, to keep slow tempos from going down and fast tempos from going up. Those things meant more to me than solos, which I rarely took." But when he did solo—for four or eight, or even twelve, bars—the solo was fresh and surprising and glinting. It sounded like the first drum solo ever played.

Greer was born William Alexander Greer, Jr., in Long Branch, New Jersey. His father was an electrician with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and his mother was a modiste. He had an older sister and a younger sister and brother. He didn't waste a minute of his childhood. He caddied, peddled fish, delivered newspapers, became a master pool player, and learned how to sing and play the drums. He said that he had learned most of his music from a tall, elegant drummer named Eugene (Peggy) Holland, who once played the Keith Theatre in Long Branch for two weeks with J. Rosamond Johnson. Ellington, sly and jocose, saw Greer's beginnings as a drummer somewhat differently. He wrote in his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress," "Instead of following in his father's footsteps, Greer . . . [banged] on his mother's pots and pans, and he developed his own style of drumming from those bim-banging beginnings. . . . A natural supporting artist with his pots and pans, he kept time with horses trotting, people sweeping, and people digging ditches. He didn't indulge in such activities himself, but he kept time with those who did . . . and he dug the value of teamwork all the way back. By adding his own embellishments, he developed what was later to be his forte. Everything in his life, I think, has always been done in a happy way, even though not according to Hoyle." What Ellington meant at the end of his tribute was that Greer was an old-fashioned opportunist, who always had his eyes peeled, his tongue ready, his cue in hand. He developed a set of homilies that supported his view of life:

> When you're getting ready to lie, don't smile.
>
> Pool is like the violin—you've got to play an hour every day.
>
> Bread cast upon the sea comes back buttered toast.
>
> I always had an ambition to make money and not have money make me.
>
> If there are three people going that way and only two people this way, then there *must be more happening that way* than this way, so I'm going that way, too.
>
> Retired people lie under a tree and play checkers, and first thing you know they're gone.

So Greer didn't retire. (He lived on the West Side, with his wife, Millicent, a Cotton Club dancer he was married to for over fifty years. They had a daughter and grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and even great-great-grandchildren.) From the mid-seventies on, he played dates with his friend Brooks Kerr, a pianist and Ellington scholar, and with the Ellington clarinettist and alto saxophonist Russell Procope. After Procope died, Greer and Kerr kept going. He sat at his drums in the same erect, poised way he had when he was with Ellington, and it was not hard (at Gregory's or the West End Café, or at some private party) to summon up from Greer's playing alone the rest of the band. He and the band were indivisible; Ellington, sampling drummer after drummer through the years, never replaced him.



"They do lots and lots of hard work. We should never forget to give them credit for that."

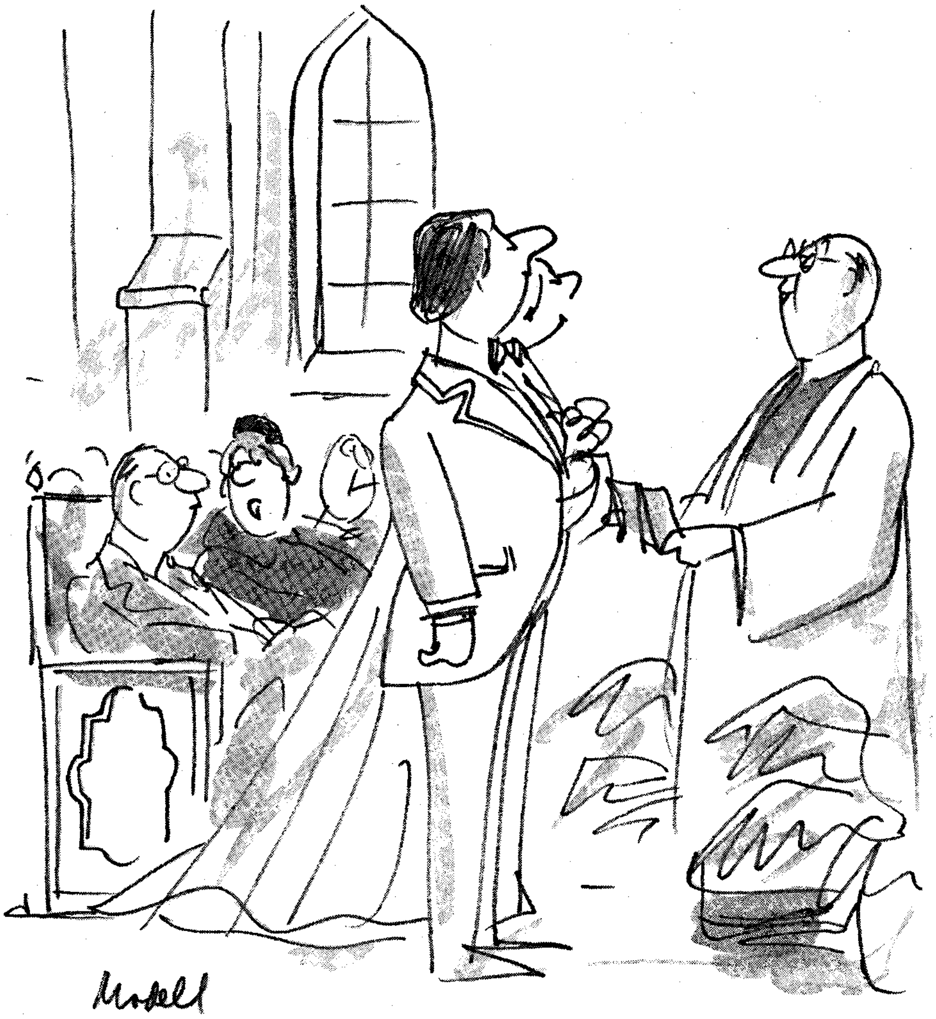
THE FISHERMEN

WASTING my youth on the banks of Dargal Water was not a disagreeable experience. Sometimes, of course, I wish I had squandered myself in dance halls and billiard saloons, but at the time I was the same as everyone else and mad on fishing.

When I was courting my wife, Sophie, it was often along the banks of Dargal Water that we walked. She would come up from Glasgow at weekends, after we had known each other long enough for my parents not to consider that unduly progressive. We would wave to the fishermen, who would return our greetings. These were the fine summer dusks of the nineteen-fifties. Only now do I realize that my friends and neighbors, as they stood there with rod and line, or waded in quick water, expected me to return to them once I had married. Courting and study in another town signified to many of them, in their own amiable and contented ways, absence from the sport of the riverbanks.

I did not return as they expected. Instead, I settled in a city, because the parish I come from already had its dentist, who was a long way from retiring and whose dedication to rod and line made it unlikely he would move elsewhere. Fishing is now a pastime I perform on visits home, and these become rarer and rarer. There is too much to do. My wife sees the place in which I grew up as part of my memory, and therefore visits to my parents are best left to myself. "It's better if you go by yourself," she says. "I'll see your parents when they come to us at Christmas. And you know how you enjoy going out to fish with your brother. You'll spend half your time in the pub, anyway, chattering to your cronies about your childhoods."

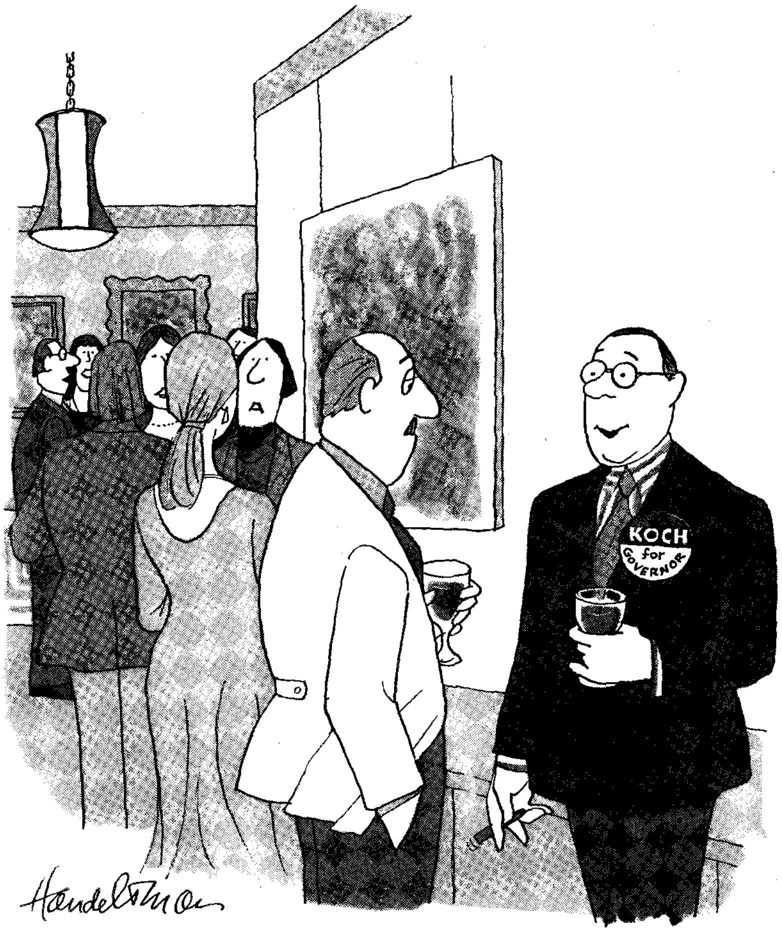
My brother and I are not particularly close. David is a year and a half older than I, and yet, to my eyes, to my understanding, he behaves like someone several years younger. He is lean, tall, a constant and expert angler, a competitive golfer, and a bachelor of forty-two. On the other hand, I am short of stature, plump, married, with two children; and whatever perfections I once showed off with rod and line have disintegrated into the ineptitude of a man from the city. Imagining how my parents see us, as we stow our gear in the back of David's shooting brake before we drive off to the river, I admit we must look fraternal. We must look like old times—two brothers, on good terms with one another, setting off for an evening on Dargal Water. Waving to them as they see us off from the front door is for me one of these moments ripe with the unspectacular significance of our family. I would not miss the moment for anything, although I would much rather that David and I were driving straight to the Plover Inn and that for once he might give the trout a rest.



"She had the Jordache look, and he had the Ralph Lauren look, and they collided."

ONE evening a few minutes after we had arrived, we were standing by the bank when John Henderson and Phil McGeoch turned up. They were on their way to the pub after an energetic day's fishing. "Kenneth! Well, well—you're a stranger! How's tricks?" Henderson, who talks like that, was an inseparable of David's and mine when we were younger. He put his hand on my shoulder and looked closely at my face. "You're looking well," he said before he began patting me on the back as if I had swallowed something that wouldn't go down. "Long time no see!" he said enthusiastically, shaking my hand. David looked suspicious of this passionate welcome. I was pleased to see Henderson, but I was not all that pleased. David, I imagined, was wondering if Henderson's delight would take more practical forms—namely, a suggestion that we all go to the pub immediately and have a drink for old time's sake.

"Good to see you," said Phil McGeoch drearily. "Still drilling holes in folks' teeth?" he asked. I had a curious feeling that there was something different about McGeoch's appearance. It was a few years since I'd come across him, but his mouth did not look the same as I remembered it. Probably my efforts to get a closer look were too professional, because McGeoch immediately bared his teeth at me in a way that made it clear he was less than pleased with a new set of dentures. "They don't *fit* me," he said,



"I don't care much for him, but I feel strangely drawn to Carol Bellamy."

• •

accusing me and all my fellow-practitioners. David was amused at this riverside consultation, but he did not stop his work—lining up his tackle and picking through his boxes of flies and hooks.

"You've been allowed out late tonight," said David.

"I've three fat trout in here," said Henderson, patting his bag. "That'll excuse any drinkie-winkies I get up to."

"She's got you on a short leash?"

"Not at all," said Henderson.

McGeoch looked up at the sound of this lie and then looked at his watch.

"All the best, Kenneth," said Henderson, shaking my hand again. "All the very best. And remember to pop into the Plover if you've a chance."

"Keep up the good work," said McGeoch, with grim sarcasm.

They disappeared along the path and were soon out of sight. "That man McGeoch gets up my nose," said David, passing his line coolly through the eye of a hook. "And Henderson's wife? Talk about punctuality? They say she charges him a fine every time he's late by so much as a minute. She chased him up the street with a bread knife. Did you hear about it? Do you know why?" David laughed as he thought about it.

"No, I haven't heard."

"She sent him into Kilfarran to get their car resprayed." David smirked and chuckled. "A few days later John goes and collects it. He comes home in a blue car. 'Bronze, I said! Bronze, you fool!' She chased him up the street with the bread knife. Didn't give him a chance to explain."

"Explain?"

"The car wasn't ready, so they loaned him another car until the bronze paint was delivered. A bread knife!"

David began walking toward a spot where his experience told him fish were likely to be. A figure called out to us, and as this was Paterson, the bank manager, David was obliged to wait until he arrived. Paterson was out of breath and puffing noisily. His face was as blotched as ever. His nose was scarlet and lumpy. He wore the same tweed hat covered in flies and hooks and was the same caricature of an angler he had always been.

"How *are* you?" He shook my hand vigorously.

"Oh, very well, Mr. Paterson."

"Ah, yes. Good. No point in complaining, is there? The financial institutions have us over a barrel," he said confidingly. "Lovely evening. *Lovely* evening!"

"Mrs. Paterson keeping well, I hope?"

"Chirpy. Very chirpy. In the pink. Would you care for a dram?" he asked in a mischievous whisper.

"If you've got one," I said, pretending to be surprised, which I wasn't, and looking delighted, which I was.

Paterson produced a hip flask from his fishing bag and threw off a quick drop himself before passing it to me. There was nothing in it. Not wanting to embarrass the old man, I handed it back to him, saying it was just what I needed. He passed it to David, who struggled with what, clearly, he was pretending had been a larger gulp of the hard stuff than he had bargained for. He smacked his lips, sighed, coughed, and handed the flask back to Paterson.

"Have another," he offered.

"No. That was fine," I said.

"Might see you?" he asked. "Ah, yes, I might see you later, then, in the Plover."

"We'll be going into the Plover, won't we?"

"We might be," said David, without looking up.

"All the very best for now, then," said Paterson, shaking my hand once more. "Your wife, I hope, is keeping well?"

"Oh, very well," I said.

"Ah, yes, there will be no dental problems in your family, Kenneth."

"Aye," said David, "and no money worries in yours, eh, Mr. Paterson?"

The bank manager laughed. "The benefit of a profession," he said, "is expert advice to oneself. Well, give my very best to your wife."

As he walked away, we could hear his puffing and blowing when he came to the first incline on the path.

"His flask was empty," I said as Paterson, now some way off, stopped and hoisted back an imaginary dram from his flask.

"I know."

"You pretended."

"You pretended as well," said David. "He took a cure."

"But he was drunk. He's *usually* drunk."

"You're out of touch." David chuckled. "He was kidding on. One more binge and Paterson's a corpse. Some cure, eh? He gave up everything except the action of his right hand and carrying a flask. Look, I'm getting myself over there before anyone else comes." A few yards away he turned round and said, "Mrs. Paterson died three years ago. Or don't you remember? And he hasn't managed the bank for five years. They sacked him. You don't seem to know anything about this place any longer."

FOR a half hour I stood by myself in the gathering dusk, watching the river, and although I had a line in the water, it was entirely for the sake of keeping up appearances. David, I could see, was engaged in expert casts about two hundred yards from me. His proficiency, the deftness of his movements, even at that distance, gave me the impression that he was ahead of the fish and that he knew more about Dargal Water than they did. As a man of few words, he is suited to the solitude of angling. He looks in harmony with water and weather.

A few moments later I was startled by Bill Jamieson. He had padded up to my back on the soft shoes that he always wears without my knowing he was there until the moment when he cleared his throat. The fright of it almost made me jump in the river. Turning round to recognize him was no improvement, for I had a vague recollection of my mother saying on the telephone that Jamieson had died.

"East, west, hame's best," he whispered, in his gruff, throaty voice. "Now, is that not a fact, young Kenneth?"

"The fish," I said, "still seem a bit on the uncoöperative side, even here."

Jamieson looked disapprovingly at my preposterously dangling line. "David," he said, pointing to the indistinct presence of my brother, "takes it seriously." We looked in my brother's direction for a minute or two. The water was darker now. Noises of the stream were louder against the silence of the late dusk. The trees had shaded into dark smudges against the sky, from which the last pink and red were departing. An inevitable grayness was draining the green out of grass and leaves.

"So," said Jamieson, "you're back. They all come back, sooner or later. Your wife with you this time?"

"Not this time, Bill."

"I didn't think so."

"Too busy," I explained, not liking the sound of his remark.

"Och, my wife's the same. Hankers after the big city. Shops and cinemas and all the rest of it. If I don't see you before you go, all the best. All the best," he said vanishing quietly into the growing darkness on his delicately shod paws, a stealthy individual.

For another fifteen minutes I was alone. I sat down and had a smoke. Sound carries on the water at night, of course, and I could hear what I thought was David coughing farther downstream. Realizing it was someone much closer, I stood up and in the dark was bumped into by Dr. Fullerton, the minister.

He peered closely at me, and as he recognized me and I recognized him, he burst out with eager greetings. We talked for a few minutes, and then I was aware of how he was standing with his feet apart, shuffling on the path, and a sound of water running into the river. A man of the cloth, I thought, ought to have had the decency to wait until he was no longer in

AFTER A STORM

When I come back I find
a place that was never there

once I stood where
the poplar as big as the house
shimmered with streetlight and moonlight
years before
outside the window
by my bed in the first room
and there is no tree there
and the room has no door

again amazed to be alone so young
one time in the country I climbed a hill
to see the night pasture
in the afternoon in spring
and the hollow and deep woods
beyond the bright grass

lying on the white boards
of the leaky boat
that I had dragged up from the lake bottom
after lifting the stones out
and then dried in the sun
and caulked and tarred
and found a mast for in spring
I went on looking up
at the sky above the mast
no breath of wind no cloud
lake water lapping the painted chamber

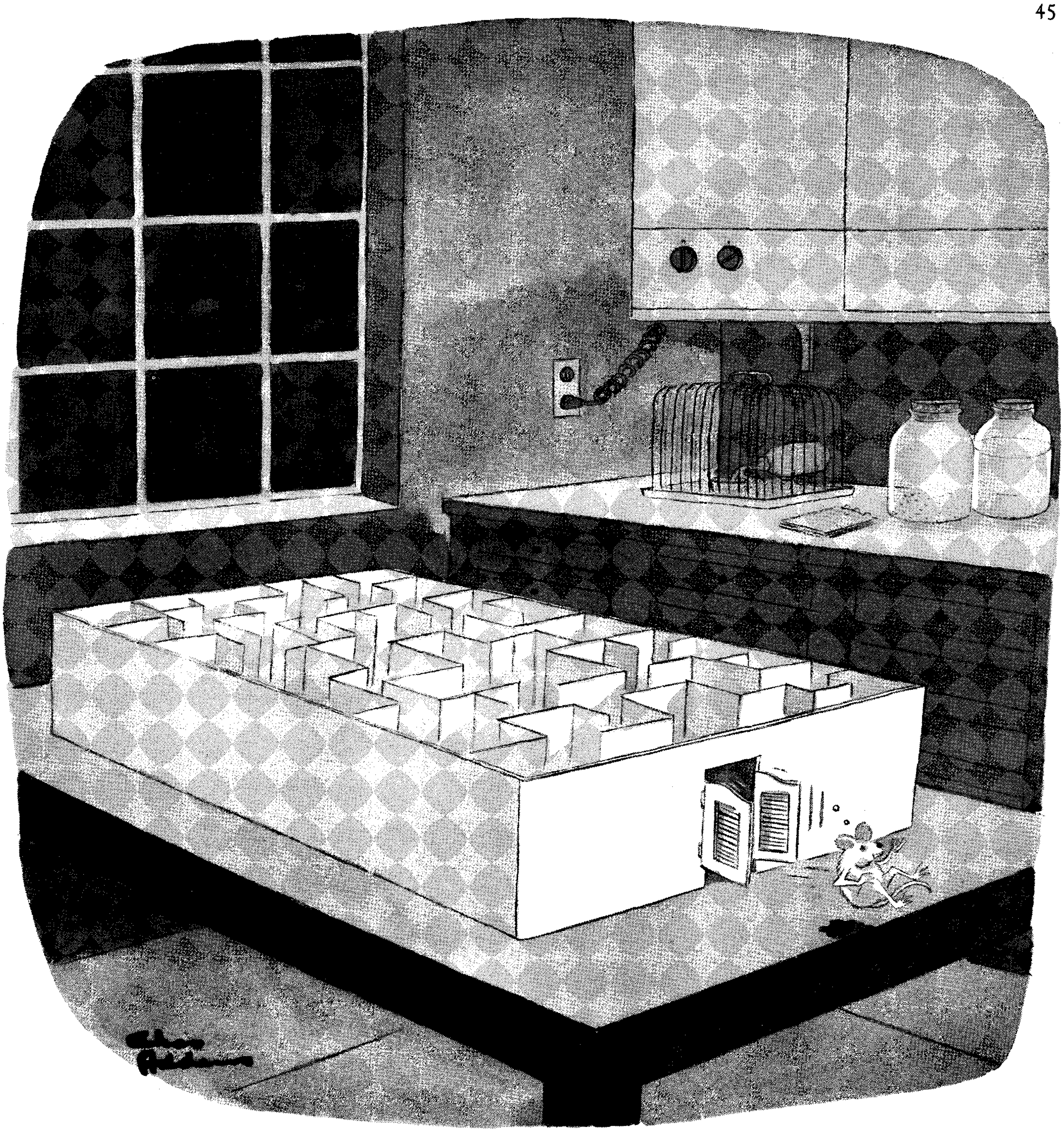
not even the last to go
are water sounds
wild brooks in the woods
clear streams full of beings
unknown flowers
the doors of water
are not even the last to close
the bells of water not yet the last bells

there are the doors of no water
the bells of no water
the bells of air
if I could take one voice
with me it would be
the one I hear every day

—W. S. MERWIN

• •

TOMATOES
CARROTS
BEETS
BEANS



company instead of piddling by someone's side. He sighed and readied himself for more conversation. "My, ye probably don't know it, boy, but you were a landmark in my ministry."

"Me?"

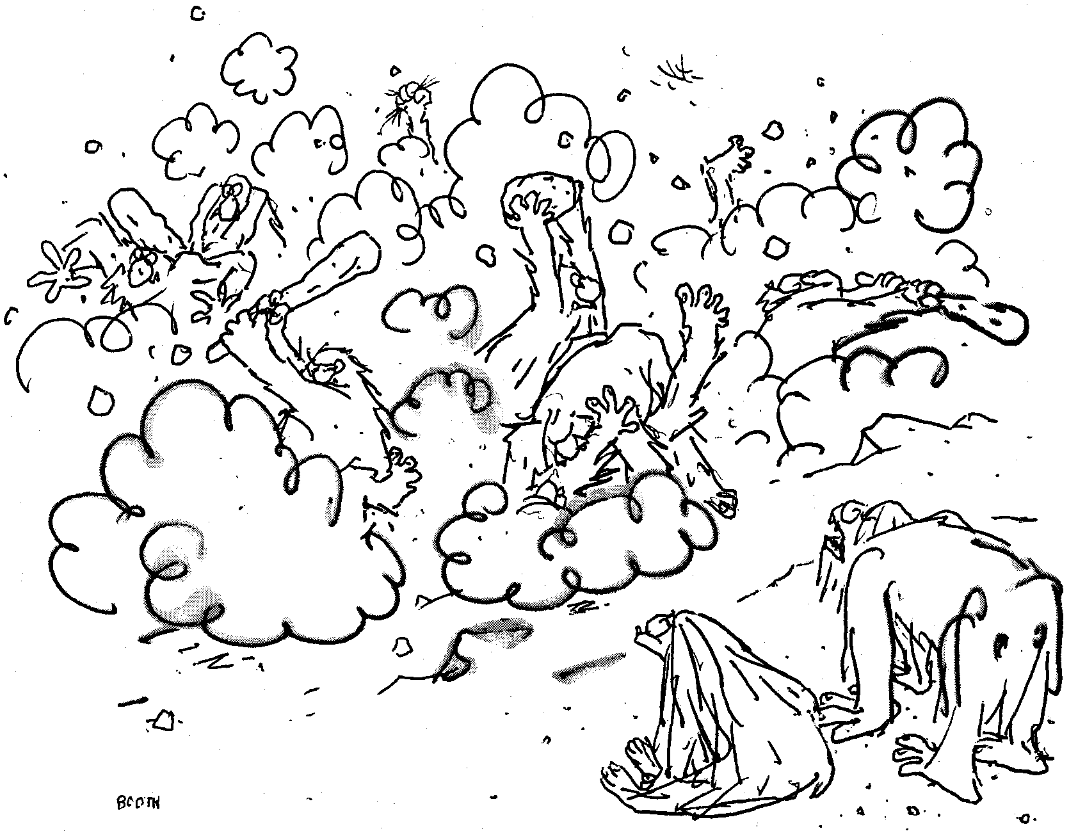
"Forty years've dawdled on by since I dipped your heid in the holy wash-hand basin. Now, am I right?" Dr. Fullerton speaks in a homespun version of braid Scots. His humbler parishioners consider it an affectation, while the more respectable consider it a lovable eccentricity, for he comes from one of the best families of Scotland and was educated at Fettes, at the University of St. Andrew's, and at Balliol College, Oxford. Why he came here is a mystery. "I never forget a baptism, and you were one o' the very furst I ever did. You might even have been the furst o' aw the babbies I've douked in the holy sink." He thrust his feet against the ground, squaring himself up against the evening. "Grand night. It's a *grand* night," he said, grinding the "r" between his teeth as if he meant to remove it from the alphabet once and for all. "You were wedded in ma kirk. My, my, birth an' weddin' an' all. An' so the grand design o' the Kirk is carried on. Your wife, Kenneth, is she well?"

"Fine an' dandy," I said, because Dr. Fullerton's idiom is catching.

"That's grand. That's *grand*," he said, roaring with a resonance that was louder than his age should have permitted.

"Mrs. Fullerton?"

"As is unfortunately well known,



"The start of a new season is a welcome time for all of us. Winter gives way to spring, and pleasant childhood memories are revived. Play ball!"

• •

son, Mrs. Fullerton is a first-rate pain in the neck."

When a man is so disturbingly candid about his wife, there is little you can say in reply—at least to a minister.

"Aye," he said, "but it flows gently, does it not? Well, commune with it while ye've the chance, son. It never changes, but it's aye glad to see ye back, I'm sure. I'll no keep ye, then. The malt's waitin' on me doon-bye in thon Plover, an' as I always say, it's auld enough without me keepin' it waitin' any longer. God bless ye, boy."

BY then I'd had enough. Everyone, it seemed, was heading for the Plover except me. I went up the hill to the track where David had parked his shooting brake. David was soon beside me. "This place," he said angrily, "is for fishing. It's a river. My permit cost me money. And it's like a street."

"Did you catch anything?"

"Two."

"Two what?"

"You don't even remember what folk catch in this river."

"Oh, shut up," I said. "You can hardly expect me or anyone else to be as dedicated as you are."

"That's been a wasted night. It was like listening to a wireless down there." He slammed the rear door of the brake.

"It couldn't have been that bad. It didn't stop you catching two," I said.

Before we got into the brake, McGeoch's eldest son and his fiancée strolled past us. "Good evening, Mr. Fraser," he said to me. "Good evening," said his girlfriend.

"Oh . . . ah, good evening, Forbes."

"Andrew," my brother whispered.

"Good evening, Andrew," I said, louder.

They strolled on, arm in arm.

"Get that," I said. "Phil McGeoch's son, and he calls me Mr. Fraser. That sort of thing puts years on a man."

"As far as he's concerned, you're just as old as his father." He started the engine. He switched on the headlights, which cast yellow beams over the uneven track. I remembered how many times I had seen that before.

"Dad said earlier that he'd see us in the Plover."

"Did he say if he'd drive there?" David asked.

"You don't think he'd walk it?"

"No, you're right. You'll not need me, then."

"What?"

"Early night," he explained. "I've a long weekend ahead. Golfing."

"Right, then," I said, disappointed. "Suit yourself, but you can let me out at the pub."

"What's up with you now?"

"It's a bit thick, David, standing up to your own father. You know how he looks forward to having a drink with the both of us, among all that company."

"You'll be there," he said. "I see Dad every day."

"It's not often he sees us both together," I protested.

"Whose fault is that, then?"

A few minutes later he stopped opposite the Plover. Dr. Fullerton was just going in. Before the door swung shut behind him on its slow hinges, I could see my father, Jamieson, Henderson, McGeoch, and several others I recognized. Paterson was sitting on the bench outside the pub, leaning against the wall, cured of drink and with no thirst for it, but irresistibly drawn to his damaging oasis.

"I'll be leaving early," David said as I got out of the brake. "So I probably won't see you in the morning."

"Just one drink. Surely that isn't keeping you back?"

"I'm leaving at five," he said, tapping his watch. "And Kenneth, don't let Dad get carried away in there and drink too much. You drive back."

David's consideration took me by surprise.

"All the best, then. I'll see you next time," I said.

"Sure. All the very best," he said, his hand reaching out across the passenger seat.

—DOUGLAS DUNN

•

There are still some mysteries left in the U.S. economy.—*The NBER Digest, published by the National Bureau of Economic Research.*

Another illusion shattered.

VICTROLA

"SIT!" said Bundy, although the dog already sat. His knowing what Bundy would say was one of the things people noticed about their close relationship. The dog sat—not erect, like most dogs, but off to one side, so that the short-haired pelt on one rump was always soiled. When Bundy attempted to clean it, as he once did, the spot no longer matched the rest of the dog, like a cleaned spot on an old rug. A second soiled spot was on his head, where children and strangers liked to pat him. Over his eyes the pelt was so thin his hide showed through. A third defacement had been caused by the leash in his younger years, when he had tugged at it harder, sometimes almost gagging as Bundy resisted.

Those days had been a strain on both of them. Bundy had developed a bad bursitis, and the crease of the leash could still be seen on the back of his hand. In the past year, over the last eight months, beginning with the cold spell in December, the dog was so slow to cross the street Bundy might have to drag him. That brought on spells of angina for Bundy, and they would both have to stand there until they felt better. At such moments the dog's slantwise gaze was one that Bundy avoided. "Sit!" he would say, no longer troubling to see if the dog did.

The dog leashed to a parking meter, Bundy walked through the drugstore to the prescription counter at the rear. The pharmacist, Mr. Avery, peered down from a platform two steps above floor level—the source of a customer's still pending lawsuit. His gaze to the front of the store, he said, "He still itching?"

Bundy nodded. Mr. Avery had recommended a vitamin supplement that some dogs found helpful. The scratching had been replaced by licking.

"You've got to remember," said Avery, "he's in his nineties. When you're in your nineties, you'll also do a little scratchin'!" Avery gave Bundy a challenging stare. If Avery reached his nineties, Bundy was certain Mrs. Avery would have to keep him on a leash or he would forget who he was. He had repeated this story about the dog's being ninety ever since Bundy had first met him and the dog was younger.

"I need your expertise," Bundy said. (Avery lapped up that sort of flattery.) "How does five cc.s compare with five hundred mg.s?"

"It doesn't. Five cc.s is a liquid measure. It's a spoonful."

"What I want to know is, how much Vitamin C am I getting in five cc.s?"

"Might not be any. In a liquid solution, Vitamin C deteriorates rapidly. You should get it in the tablet." It seemed clear he had expected more of Bundy.

"I see," said Bundy. "Could I have my prescription?"

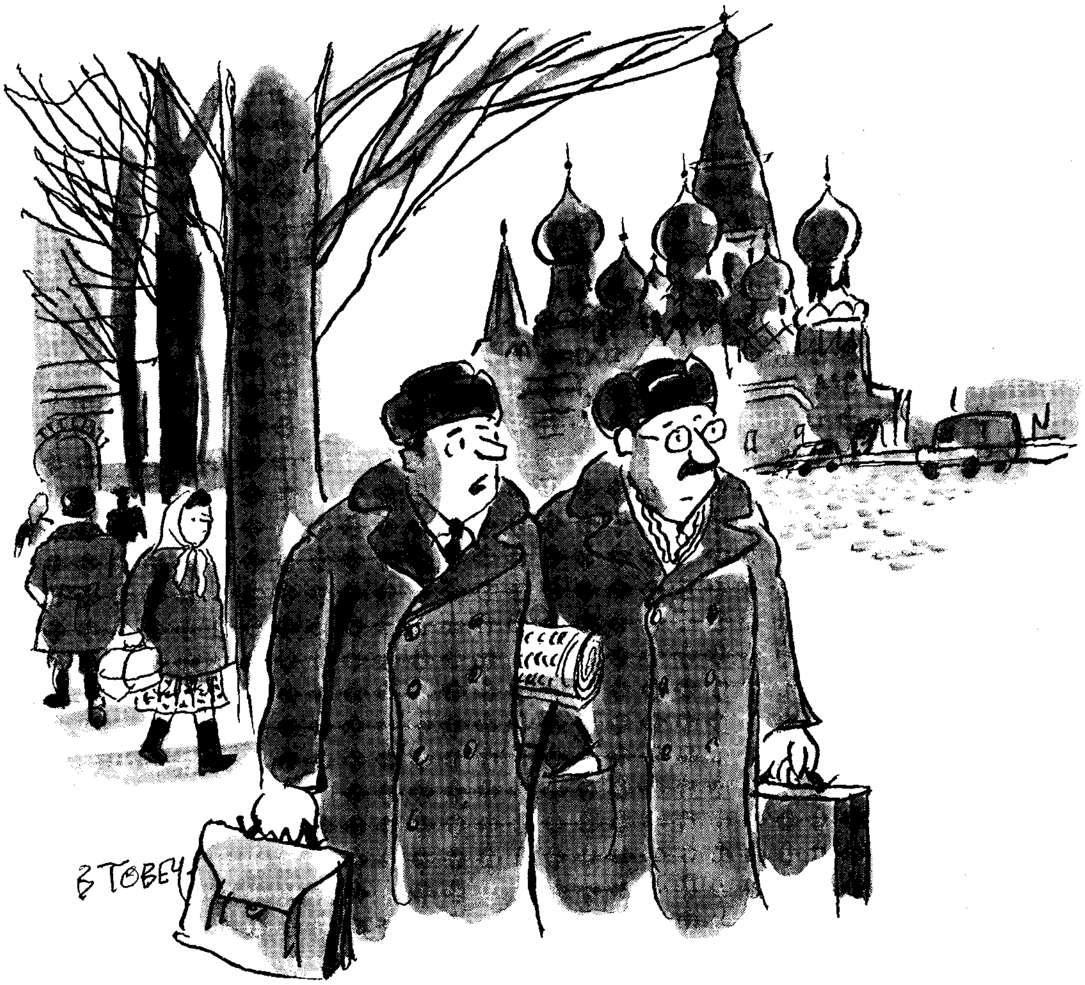
Mr. Avery lowered his glasses to look for it on the counter. Bundy might have remarked that a man of Avery's age—and experience—ought to know enough to wear glasses he could both see and read through, but having to deal with him once a month dictated more discretion than valor.

Squinting to read the label, Avery said, "I see he's upped your dosage." On their first meeting, Bundy and Avery had had a sensible discussion about the wisdom of minimal medication, an attitude that Bundy thought was unusual to hear from a pharmacist.

"His point is," said Bundy, "since I like to be active, there's no reason I shouldn't enjoy it. He tells me the dosage is still pretty normal."

"Hmm," Avery said. He opened the door so Bundy could step behind the counter and up to the platform with his Blue Cross card. For the umpteenth time he told Bundy, "Pay the lady at the front. Watch your step as you leave."

As he walked toward the front Bundy reflected that he would rather



"Search me, Boris. All I know is what I read in 'Izvestia.'"

A WOMAN

Thirty years ago: gulls keen in the blue,
Pigeons mumble on the sidewalk, and an old, fearful woman
Takes a child on a long walk, stopping at the market

To order a chicken, the child forming a sharp memory
Of sawdust, small curls of droppings, the imbecile
Panic of the chickens, their affronted glare.

They walk in the wind along the ocean: at first,
Past cold zinc railings and booths and arcades
Still shuttered in March; then, along high bluffs

In the sun, the coarse grass combed steadily
By a gusting wind that draws a line of tears
Toward the boy's temples as he looks downward

At the loud combers booming over the jetties,
Rushing and in measured rhythm receding on the beach.
He leans over. Everything that the woman says is a warning,

Or a superstition; even the scant landmarks are like
Tokens of risk or rash judgment—drowning,
Sexual assault, fatal or crippling diseases:

The monotonous surf; wooden houses mostly boarded up;
Fishermen with heavy lines cast in the surf;
Bright tidal pools stirred to flashing

From among the jetties by the tireless salty wind.
She dreams frequently of horror and catastrophe—
Mourners, hospitals, and once, a whole family

Sitting in chairs in her own room, corpse-gray,
With throats cut; who were they? Vivid,
The awful lips of the wounds in the exposed necks,

Herself helpless in the dream, desperate,
At a loss what to do next, pots seething
And boiling over onto their burners, in her kitchen.

They have walked all the way out past the last bluffs,
As far as Port-au-Peck—the name a misapprehension
Of something Indian that might mean "mouth"

Or "flat" or "bluefish," or all three: Ocean
On the right, and the brackish wide inlet
Of the river on the left; and in between,

Houses and landings and the one low road
With its ineffectual sea-wall of rocks
That the child walks, and that hurricanes

Send waves crashing over the top of, river
And ocean coming violently together
In a house-cracking exhilaration of water.

In Port-au-Peck the old woman has a prescription filled,
And buys him a milkshake. Pouring the last froth
From the steel shaker into his glass, he happens

To think about the previous Halloween:
Holding her hand, watching the parade
In his chaps, boots, guns, and sombrero.

A hay-wagon of older children in cowboy gear
Trundled by, the strangers inviting him up
To ride along for the six blocks to the beach—

Her holding him back with both arms, crying herself,
Frightened at his force, and he vowing never,
Never to forgive her, not as long as he lived.

—Robert Pinsky

• •

be a little less active than forget what he had said two minutes earlier.

"We've nothing but trouble with dogs," the cashier said. "They're in and out every minute. They get at the bars of candy. But I can't ever remember trouble with your dog."

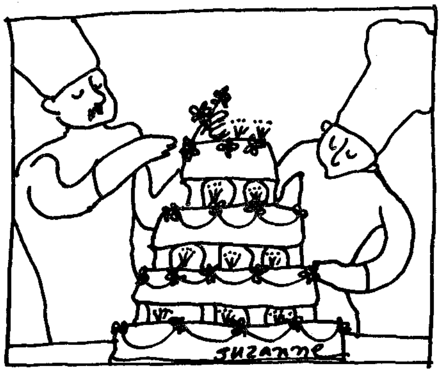
"He's on a leash," said Bundy.

"That's what I'm saying," she replied.

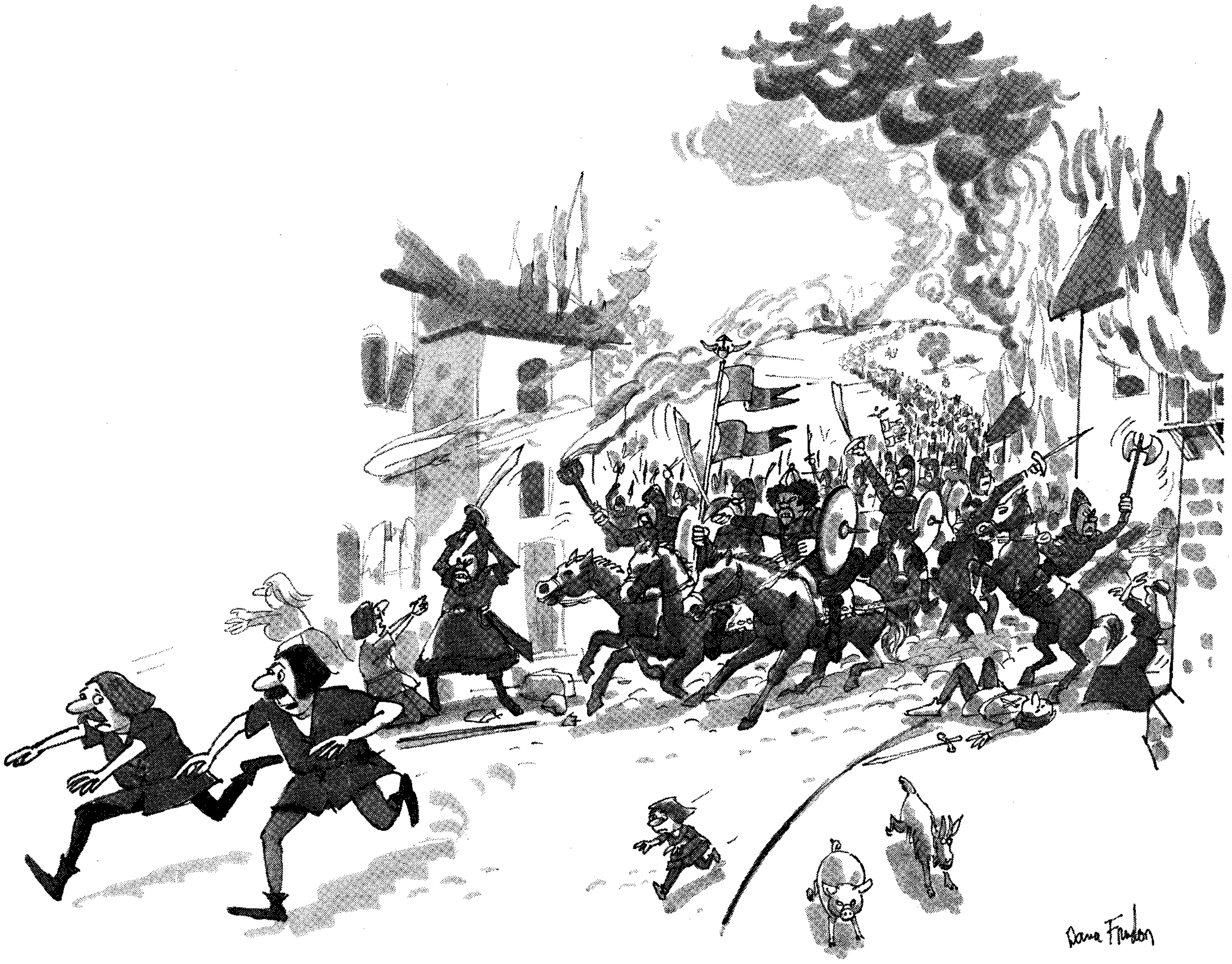
When Bundy came out of the store, the dog was lying down, but he made the effort to push up and sit.

"Look at you," Bundy said, and stooped to dust him off. The way he licked himself, he picked up dirt like a blotter. A shadow moved over them, and Bundy glanced up to see, at a respectful distance, a lady beaming on the dog like a healing heat lamp. Older than Bundy—much older, a wraithlike creature, more spirit than substance, her face crossed with wisps of hair like cobwebs—Mrs. Poole had known the dog as a pup; she had been a dear friend of its former owner, Miss Tyler, who had lived directly above Bundy. For years he had listened to his neighbor tease the dog to bark for pieces of liver, and heard the animal push his food dish around the kitchen.

"What ever will become of him?" Miss Tyler would whisper to Bundy, anxious that the dog shouldn't hear what she was saying. Bundy had tried to reassure her: look how spry she was at eighty! Look how the dog was overweight and asthmatic! But to ease her mind he had agreed to provide him with a home, if worst came to worst, as it did soon enough. So Bundy inherited the dog, three cases of dog food, balls and rubber bones in which the animal took no interest, along with an elegant cushioned sleeping basket he never used.



Actually, Bundy had never liked biggish dogs with very short pelts. Too much of everything, to his taste, was overexposed. The dog's long muzzle and small beady eyes put him in mind of something less than a dog. In the years with Miss Tyler, without provocation the animal would snarl at Bundy when they met on the stairs, or bark wildly when he opened his mailbox. The dog's one redeeming feature was that when he heard someone pronounce the word "sit" he would sit.



"One thing I'll say for him. He does have a coherent foreign policy!"

• •

That fact brought Bundy a certain distinction, and the gratitude of many shop owners. Bundy had once been a cat man. The lingering smell of cats in his apartment had led the dog to sneeze at most of the things he sniffed.

TWO men, seated on stools in the corner tavern, had turned from the bar to gaze out into the sunlight. One of them was a clerk at the supermarket where Bundy bought his dog food. "Did he like it?" he called as Bundy came into view.

"Not particularly," Bundy replied. Without exception, the dog did not like anything he saw advertised on television. To that extent he was smarter than Bundy, who was partial to anything served with gravy.

The open doors of the bar looked out on the intersection, where an elderly woman, as if emerging from a package, unfolded her limbs through the door of a taxi. Sheets of plate glass on a passing truck reflected Bundy and the notice that was posted in the window of the bar, advising of a change of ownership. The former owner, an Irishman named Curran, had not been popular with the new crowd of wine and beer drinkers. Nor had he been popular with Bundy. A scornful man, Curran dipped the dirty glasses in tepid water, and poured drops of sherry back into the bottles. Two epidemics of hepatitis had been traced to him. Only when he was gone did Bundy realize how much the world had shrunk. To Curran, Bundy had confessed that he felt he was now living in another country. Even more he missed Curran's favorite expression, "Outlive the bastards!"

Two elderly men, indifferent to the screech of braking traffic, tottered toward each other to embrace near the center of the street. One was wearing shorts. A third party, a younger woman, escorted them both to the curb. Observing an incident like this, Bundy might stand for several minutes as if he had witnessed something unusual. Under an awning, where the pair had been led, they shared the space with a woman whose gaze seemed to focus on infinity, several issues of the *Watchtower* gripped in her trembling hands.

At the corner of Sycamore and Poe Streets—trees crossed poets, as a rule, at right angles—Bundy left the choice of the route up to the dog. Where the sidewalk narrowed, at the bend in the street, both man and dog prepared themselves for brief and unpredictable encounters. In the cities, people met and passed like sleepwalkers, or stared brazenly at each other, but along the sidewalks of small towns they felt the burden of their shared existence. To avoid rudeness, a lift of the eyes or a muttered greeting was necessary. This was often an annoyance for Bundy: the long approach by sidewalk, the absence of cover, the unavoidable moment of confrontation, then Bundy's abrupt greeting or a wag of his head, which occasionally startled the other person. To the young a quick "Hi!" was appropriate, but it was not at all suitable for elderly ladies, a few with pets as escorts. To avoid these encounters, Bundy might suddenly veer into the street or an alleyway, dragging the reluctant dog behind him. He liked to meet strangers, especially children, who would pause to stroke his bald spot. What kind of dog was he? Bundy was tactfully evasive; it had proved to be an unfruitful topic. He was equally noncommittal about the dog's ineffable name.

"Call him Sport," he would say, but this pleasantry was not appreciated. A smart-aleck's answer. Their sympathies were with the dog.

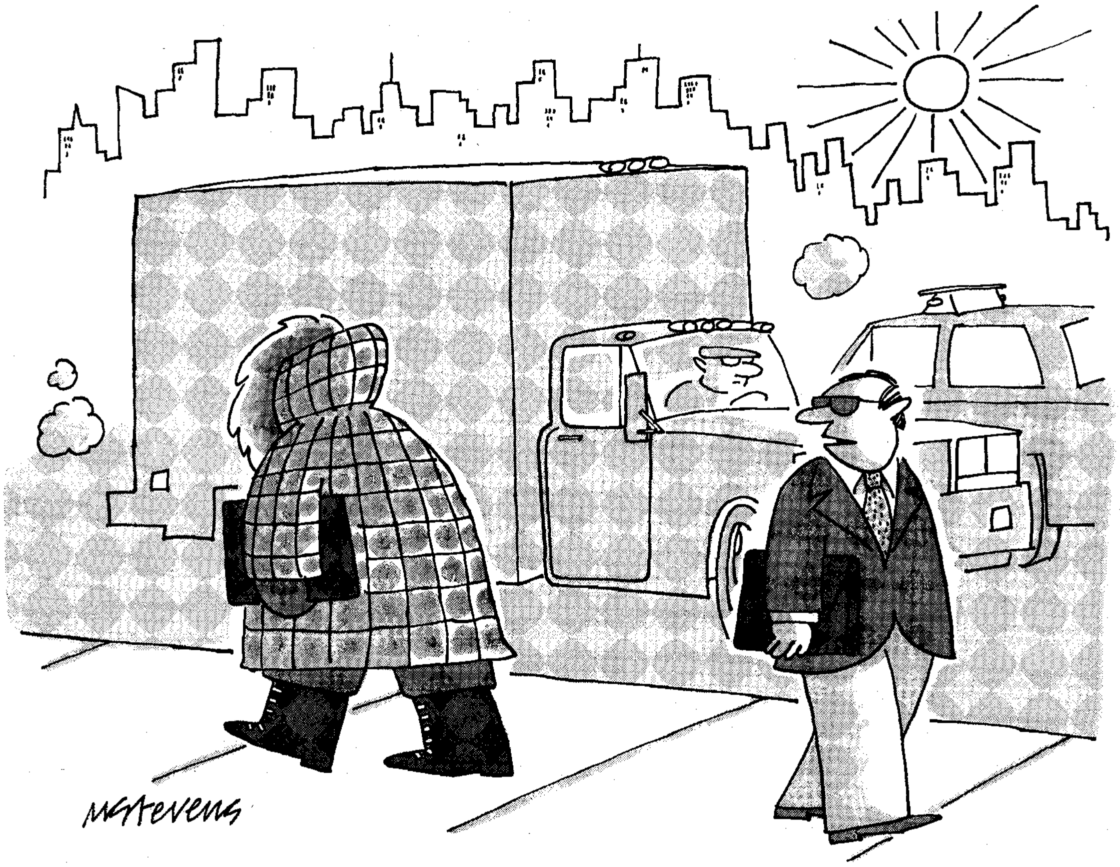
To delay what lay up ahead, whatever it was, they paused at the barnlike entrance of the local van-and-storage warehouse. The draft from inside smelled of burlap sacks full of fragrant pine kindling, and mattresses that were stored on boards above the rafters. The pair contemplated a barn full of junk being sold as antiques. Bundy's eyes grazed over familiar treasure and stopped at a Morris chair with faded green corduroy cushions cradling a carton marked "FREE KITTENS."

He did not approach to look. One thing having a dog had spared him was the torment of losing another cat. Music (surely Elgar, something awful!) from a facsimile edition of an Atwater Kent table-model radio bathed dressers and chairs, sofas, beds and love seats, man and dog impartially. As it ended the announcer suggested that Bundy stay tuned for a Musicdote.

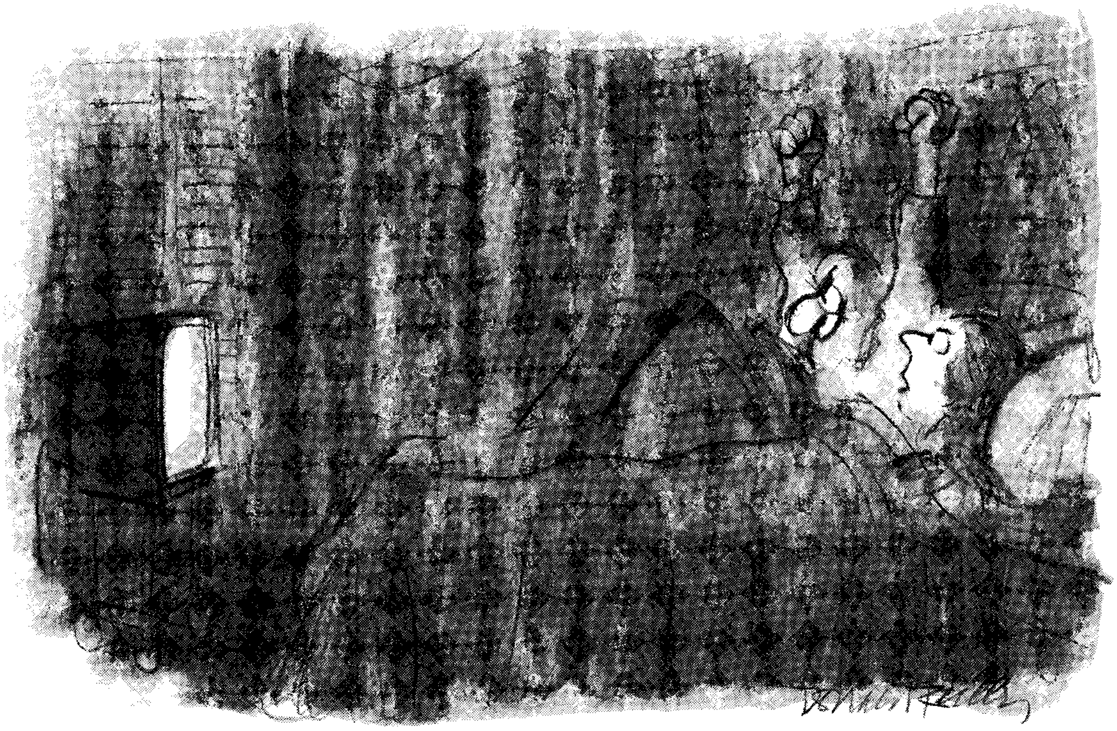
Recently, in this very spot—as he sniffed similar air, having paused to take shelter from a drizzle—the revelation had come to Bundy that he no longer wanted other people's junk. Better yet (or was it worse?), he no longer *wanted*—with the possible exception of an English mint, difficult to find, described as curiously strong. He had a roof, a chair, a bed, and, through no fault of his own, he had a dog. What little he had assembled and hoarded (in the garage a German electric-train set with four locomotives, and three elegant humidors and a pouch of old pipes) would soon be gratifying the wants of others. Anything else of value? The cushioned sleeping basket from Abercrombie & Fitch that had come with the dog. That would sell first. Also two Italian raincoats in good condition, and a Borsalino hat—*Extra Extra Superiore*—bought from G. Colpo in Venice.

TWO young women, in the rags of fashion but radiant and blooming as gift-packed fruit, brushed Bundy as they passed, the spoor of their perfume lingering. In the flush of this encounter, his freedom from want dismantled, he moved too fast, and the leash reined him in. Rather than be rushed, the dog had stopped to sniff a meter. He found meters more life-enhancing than trees now. It had not always been so: some years ago he would tug Bundy up the incline to the park, panting and hoarsely gagging, an object of compassionate glances from elderly women headed down the grade, carrying lapdogs. This period had come to a dramatic conclusion.

In the park, back in the deep shade of the redwoods, Bundy and the dog had had a confrontation. An old tree with exposed roots had suddenly attracted the dog's attention. Bundy could not restrain him. A stream of dirt flew out between his legs to splatter Bundy's raincoat and fall into his shoes. There was something manic in the dog's excitement. In a few moments, he had frantically excavated a hole into which he could insert his head and shoulders. Bundy's tug on the leash had no effect on him. The sight of his soiled hairless bottom, his legs mechanically pumping, encouraged Bundy to give him a smart crack with the end of the leash. Not hard, but sharply, right on the button, and before



"*Hey, pal—it's over!*"



“*Please, can’t we get through just one edition of ‘Eyewitness News’ without you yelling ‘Hats off!’ to him or her?*”

• •

he could move the dog had wheeled and the front end was barking at him savagely, the lips curled back. Dirt from the hole partially screened his muzzle, and he looked to Bundy like a maddened rodent. He was no longer a dog but some primitive, underground creature. Bundy lashed out at him, backing away, but they were joined by the leash. Unintentionally, Bundy stepped on the leash, which held the dog’s snarling head to the ground. His slobbering jowls were bloody; the small veiled eyes peered up at him with hatred. Bundy had just enough presence of mind to stand there, unmoving, until they both grew calm.

Nobody had observed them. The children played and shrieked in the schoolyard as usual. The dog relaxed and lay flat on the ground, his tongue lolling in the dirt. Bundy breathed noisily, a film of perspiration cooling his face. When he stepped off the leash the dog did not move but continued to watch him warily, with bloodshot eyes. A slow burn of shame flushed Bundy’s ears and cheeks, but he was reluctant to admit it. Another dog passed near them, but what he sniffed on the air kept him at a distance. In a tone of truce, if not reconciliation, Bundy said, “You had enough?”

When had he last said that? Seated on a school chum, whose face was red with Bundy’s nosebleed. He bled too easily, but the boy beneath him had had enough.

“O.K.?” he said to the dog. The faintest tremor of acknowledgment stirred the dog’s tail. He got to his feet, sneezed repeatedly, then splattered Bundy with dirt as he shook himself. Side by side, the leash slack between them, they left the park and walked down the grade. Bundy had never again struck the dog, nor had the dog ever again wheeled to snarl at him. Once the leash was snapped to the dog’s collar a truce prevailed between them. In the apartment he had the floor of a closet all to himself.

AT the Fixit Shop on the corner of Poplar, recently refaced with green asbestos shingles, Mr. Waller, the Fixit man, rapped on the glass with his wooden ruler. Both Bundy and the dog acknowledged his greeting. Waller had two cats, one asleep in the window, and a dog that liked to ride in his pickup. The two dogs had once been friends; they mauled each other a bit and horsed around like a couple of kids. Then suddenly it was over. Waller’s dog would no longer trouble to leave the seat of the truck. Bundy had been so struck by this he had mentioned it to Waller. “Hell,” Waller had said, “Gyp’s a young dog. Your dog is old.”

His saying that had shocked Bundy. There was the personal element, for one thing: Bundy was a good ten years older than Waller, and was he to read the remark to mean that Waller would soon ignore him? And were dogs—reasonably well-bred, sensible chaps—so indifferent to the facts of a dog’s life? They appeared to be. One by one, as Bundy’s dog grew older, the younger ones ignored him. He might have been a stuffed animal leashed to a parking meter. The human parallel was too disturbing for Bundy to dwell on it.

Old men, in particular, were increasingly touchy if they confronted Bundy at the frozen-food lockers. Did they think he was spying on them? Did they think he looked *sharper* than they did? Elderly women, as a rule, were less suspicious, and grateful to exchange a bit of chitchat. Bundy found them more realistic: they knew they were mortal. To find Bundy still around, squeezing the avocados, piqued the old men who returned from their vacations. On the other hand, Dr. Biddle, a retired dentist with a glistening head like an egg in a basket of excelsior, would unfailingly greet Bundy with the words “I’m really going to miss that mutt, you know that?,” but his glance betrayed that he feared Bundy would check out first.

BUNDY and the dog used the underpass walkway to cross to the supermarket parking area. Banners were flying to celebrate Whole Grains Cereal Week. In the old days, Bundy would leash the dog to a cart and they would proceed to do their shopping together, but now he had to be parked out front tied up to one of the bicycle racks. The dog didn't like it. The area was shaded and the cement was cold. Did he ever sense, however dimly, that Bundy too felt the chill? His hand brushed the coarse pelt as he fastened the leash.

"How about a new flea collar?" Bundy said, but the dog was not responsive. He sat, without being told to sit. Did it flatter the dog to leash him? Whatever Bundy would do if worst came to worst he had pondered, but had discussed with no one—his intent might be misconstrued. Of which one of them was he speaking? Impersonally appraised, in terms of survival the two of them were pretty much at a standoff: the dog was better fleshed out, but Bundy was the heartier eater.

Thinking of eating—of garlic-scented breadsticks, to be specific, dry but not dusty to the palate—Bundy entered the market to face a large display of odorless flowers and plants. The amplitude and bounty of the new market, at the point of entrance, before he selected a cart, always marked the high point of his expectations. Where else in the hungry world such a prospect? Barrels and baskets of wine, six-packs of beer and bran muffins, still warm sourdough bread that he would break and gnaw on as he shopped. Was this a cunning regression? As a child he had craved raw sugar cookies. But his euphoria sagged at the meat counter, as he studied the gray matter being sold as meat-loaf mix; it declined further at the dairy counter, where two cartons of yogurt had been sampled, and the low-fat cottage cheese was two days older than dated. By the time he entered the checkout lane, hemmed in by scandal sheets and romantic novels, the cashier's cheerfully inane "Have a good day!" would send him off forgetting his change in the machine. The girl who pursued him (always with pennies!) had been coached to say "Thank you, sir!"

A special on avocados this week required that Bundy make a careful selection. Out in front, as usual, dogs were barking. On the airwaves, from the rear and side, the "Wang Wang Blues." Why wang wang, he wondered. Besides wang wang, how did it go? The music was interrupted by an announcement on the public-address system. Would the owner of the white dog leashed to the bike rack please come to the front? Was Bundy's dog white? The point was debatable. Nevertheless, he left his cart by the avocados and followed the vegetable display to the front. People were huddled to the right of the door. A clerk beckoned to Bundy through the window. Still leashed to the bike rack, the dog lay out on his side, as if sleeping. In the parking lot several dogs were yelping.

"I'm afraid he's a goner," said the clerk. "These other dogs rushed him. Scared him to death. He just keeled over before they got to him." The dog had pulled the leash taut, but there was no sign that anything had touched him. A small woman with a shopping cart thumped into Bundy.

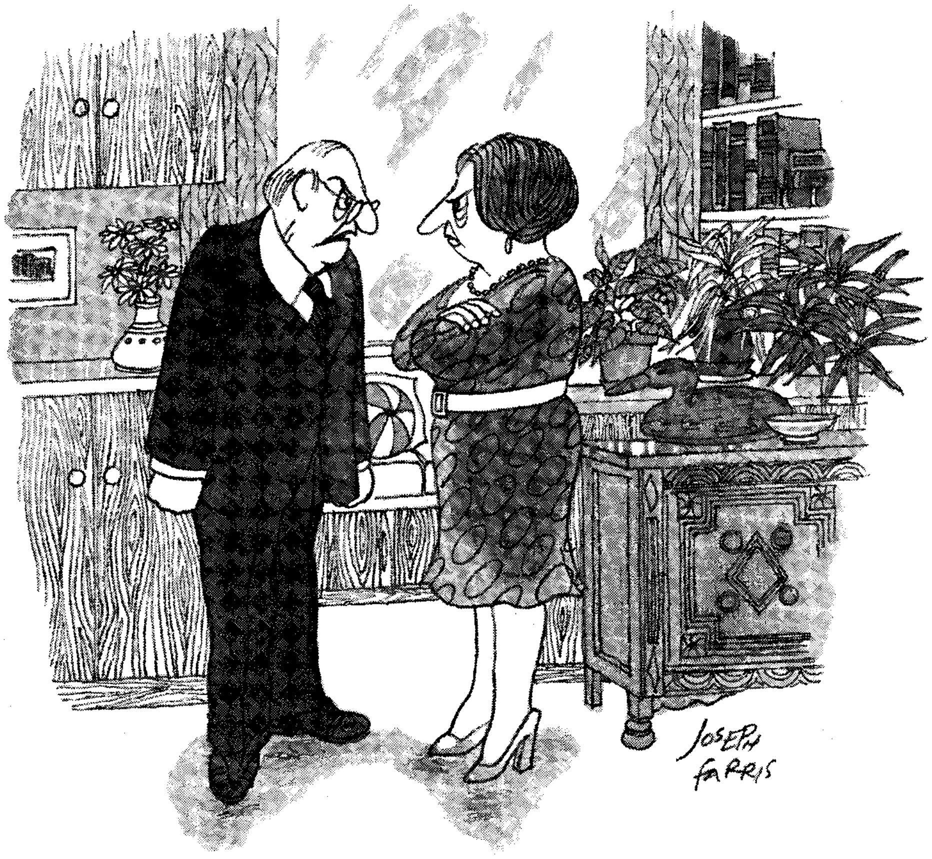
"Is it Tiger?" she said. "I hope it's not Tiger." She stopped to see that it was not Tiger. "Whose dog was it?" she asked, peering around her. The clerk indicated Bundy. "Poor thing," she said. "What was his name?"

Just recently, watching the Royal Wedding, Bundy had noticed that his emotions were nearer the surface: on two occasions his eyes had filmed over. He didn't like the woman's speaking of the dog in the past tense. Did she think he had lost his name with his life?

"What was the poor thing's name?" she repeated.

Was the tremor in Bundy's limbs noticeable? "Victor," Bundy lied, since he could not bring himself to admit the dog's name was Victrola. It had always been a sore point, the dog being too old to be given a new one. Miss Tyler had felt that as a puppy he looked like the picture of the dog at the horn of the gramophone. The resemblance was feeble, at best. How could a person give a dog such a name?

"Let him sit," a voice said. A space was cleared on a bench for Bundy to sit, but at the sound of the word he could not bend his knees. He remained standing, gazing through the bright glare at the beacon revolving on the police car. One of those women who buy two frozen dinners and then go off with the shopping cart and leave it somewhere let the policeman at the crosswalk chaperon her across the street. —WRIGHT MORRIS



"Achieving a consensus is not my style. When I'm right, I'm right."

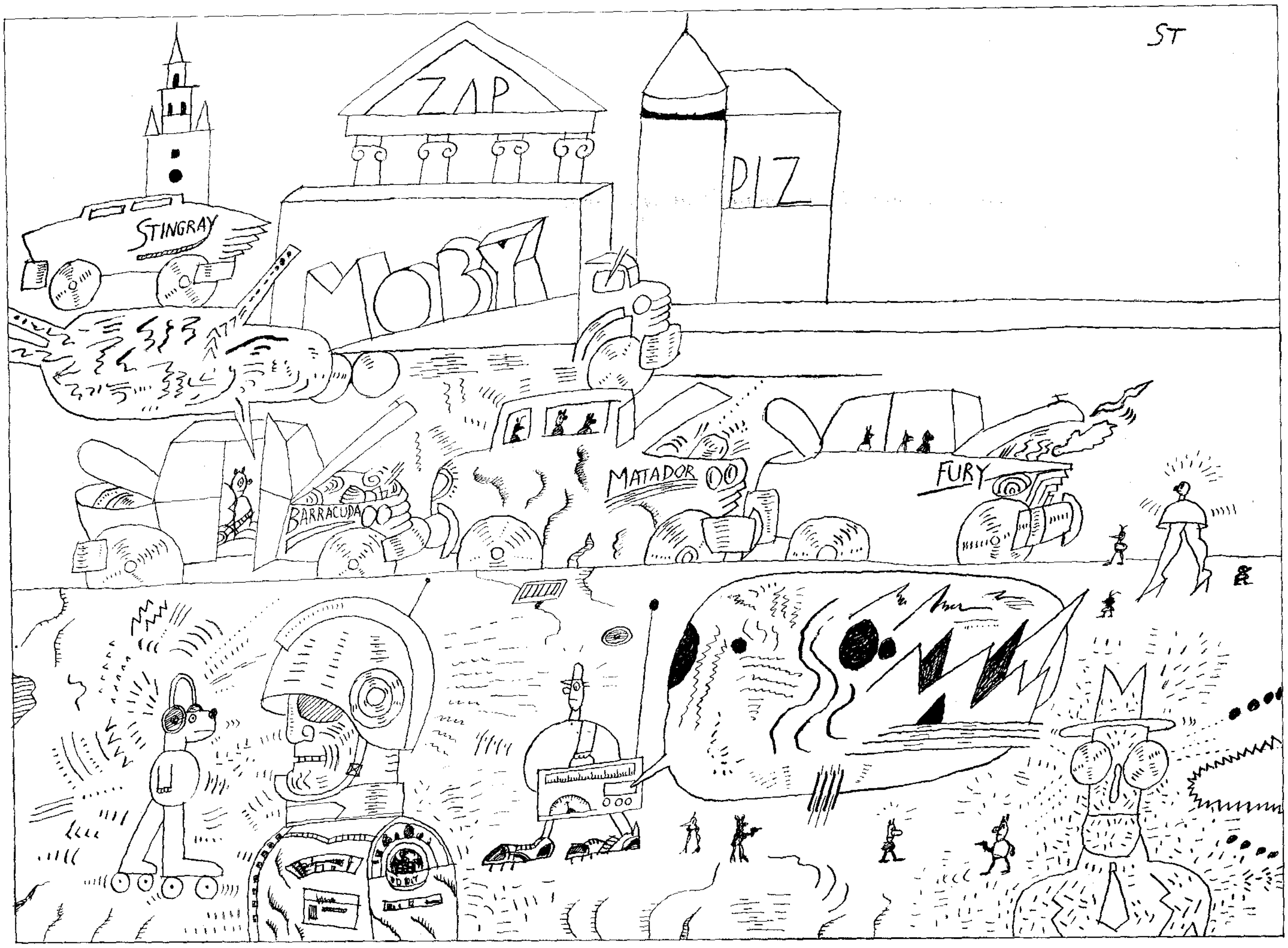
•

TURNING A NEW LEAF: North Carolina's Sen. Helms, an archfoe of food stamps, has asked the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment to study the feasibility of extracting liquid protein from tobacco. The protein, the tobacco-state Senator suggests, could be distributed to the needy.—*Wall Street Journal.*

He's all heart, that Helms.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AMERICAN JOURNEY—II



IN July of 1831, more than two months into his nine-month journey through the United States in search of what he later called "Democracy in America," Alexis de Tocqueville arrived at the edge of what he most wanted to see—the American wilderness. The young Frenchman and his companion, Gustave de Beaumont, left the only village of any size in the Michigan Territory, Detroit, on their way to Saginaw Bay.

"We couldn't possess ourselves for joy at finally knowing a place not yet reached by the torrent of European civilization," he wrote in an essay that was not part of his great work and was not published in full until a century later. They set out on horses, riding along what is now Woodward Avenue and then through tiny settlements called Pontiac and Flint, and they followed the same route back through the virgin pine forests between the bay and Detroit. The day they returned, they boarded a steamboat, the Superior, which was scheduled to make a ten-day excursion around the lower peninsula of Michigan—up the St. Clair River and north on Lake Huron to Lake Michigan, then across to Fort Howard, at a place called Green Bay.

Bad weather kept them two days at Fort Gratiot (it became the small city of Port Huron, Michigan), where the St. Clair River connects Lake Huron and Lake St. Clair. On Lake Huron, the passengers amused themselves by watching the crew throw potatoes overboard and seeing them drop slowly forty feet and more through the clear water. When I was there, in June of 1979, retracing Tocqueville's travels as he recorded them in his original notes, the water was not so clear, but I was told again and again that it was much better than it had been fifteen years before, when poor management of the fish stocks and pollution had taken their toll. In that time, the federal government had undertaken (and largely financed) projects that local and state governments had resisted—the construction of sewage-treatment plants along the Great Lakes—and fishermen were catching coho salmon and trout in the lake and walleye in the St. Clair and Saginaw Rivers.

When the two Frenchmen travelled around the lakes, their most engaging companion was a zealous Roman Catholic priest named James Ignatius Mullon, who planned to stop off at Michilimackinac Island, in the strait connecting Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, to debate a Presbyterian minister—something he dearly loved to do. "These Presbyterians are wicked as vipers," Father Mullon said to Beaumont. "You crush their heads and they rise on their tails." Catholicism, the priest said, was thriving under this democracy. "All religious beliefs are on the same footing here," he said. "The government neither sustains nor persecutes anyone; and doubtless there is not a country in the

BOOKS
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"Just browsing, thanks."

• •

world where the Catholic religion counts adherents more fervent and proselytes more numerous. I repeat, the less religion and its ministers are mixed with civil government, the less part will they take in political dissensions, and the more power religious ideas will gain."

"At bottom as intolerant as they have ever been, as intolerant in a word as people who believe," Tocqueville had written of his fellow-Catholics after meeting a few of them during his first days in the United States. That impression hadn't been shaken in Detroit, where he had talked with Father Gabriel Richard, who was the founder of the first newspaper in Michigan and a territorial delegate to Congress. "Their sects are without number," the priest said of the Protestant majority. "There are now 450 of them, they don't believe in anything at all, they are neither Episcopalians nor Methodists nor Presbyterians: they are *rienists!*"

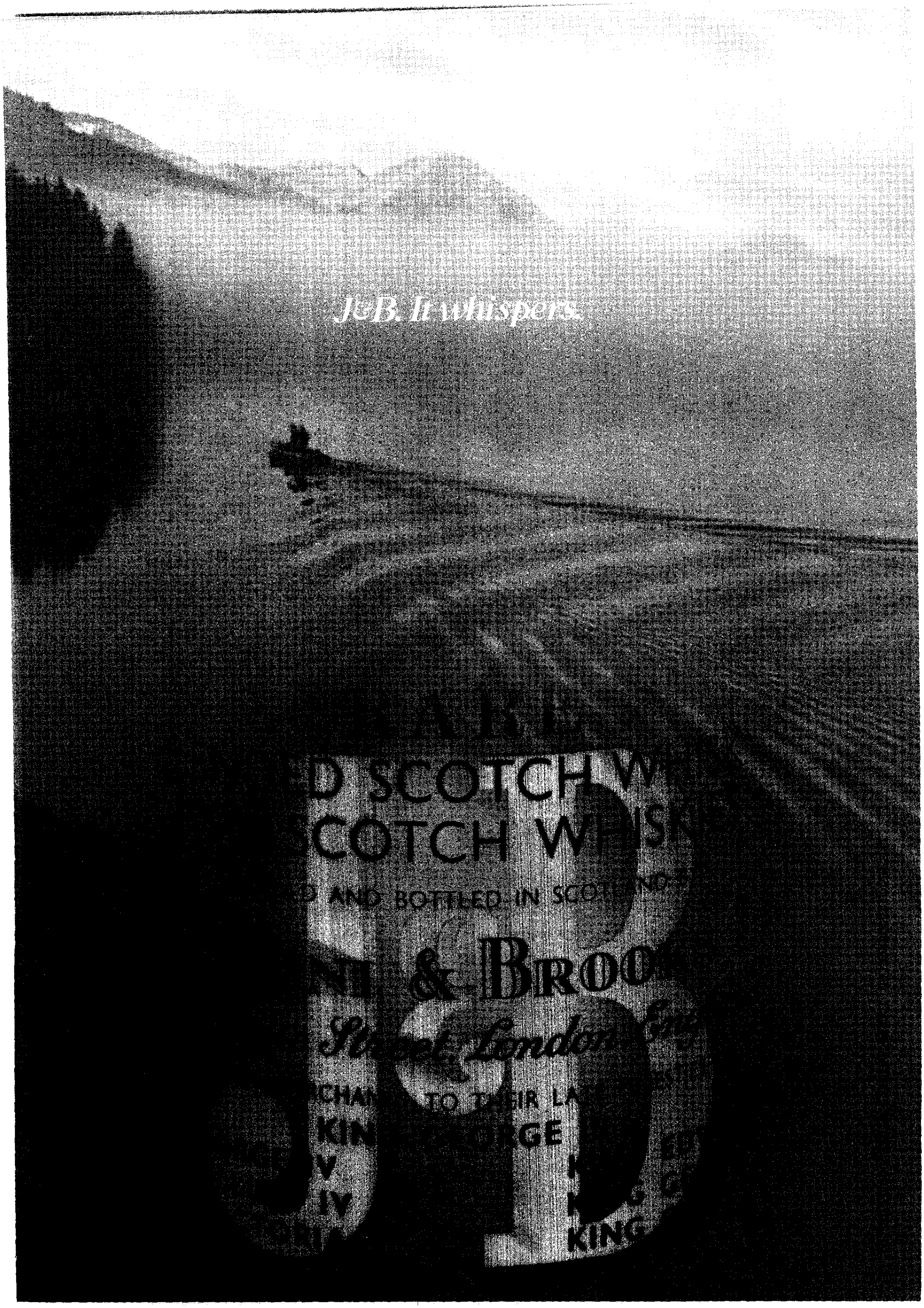
But the Protestants whom Tocqueville challenged about the growth of Catholicism reacted without passion. In Boston, Joseph Coolidge, Jr., a shipping merchant and the husband of a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, told him, "We are not afraid of Catholicism in the United States, because we are persuaded that here it will modify itself so that it will have no influence on our political *mœurs*." Tocqueville doubted that. So did I. I had not been raised a Catholic, but I had been raised in a Catholic city—Jersey City, New Jersey—and even though I had not been to Mass in twenty years, I remembered, as I walked into St. Agnes Church in Green Bay, Wisconsin, the soaring darkness of the Catholic churches I knew and the fear and guilt of my Catholic friends.

From the outside, St. Agnes Church was a pleasant building of brick and glass in a neighborhood of modern one-family houses. Inside, I was struck by the light: sunlight streamed through high windows onto more than a thousand worshippers. Some were in polo shirts and slacks, some in shorts—the costumes of America in summer. The yellow brick, the light, and the casual crowd reminded me of a high-school gymnasium. Someone was playing a xylophone. Three young people were strumming guitars. We stood and sang a song—a bouncy little number whose words went, "The spirit is a-moving all over, all over the world." In the church, there were only four statues (if they could be called that)—simple wooden representations of Christ on the Cross, Mary, Joseph, and St. Agnes, the patron saint of the church. At the rear of the sanctuary, which was really just a platform, there was a bright-colored banner with a dove and a cross in a jumbled pattern of almost childlike letters that spelled "We Are One in the Spirit of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

The priest, who seemed very young and smiled as he spoke, had an enormous blond Afro—the kind that is shaped in a hair salon—and he wore a bright-red chasuble and a stole decorated with two doves. The church bulletin, complete with two pages of advertisements for restaurants, insurance agencies, travel agencies, A & W Root Beer, and Budweiser, offered these thoughts: "Think you've been shortchanged in life? . . . Look at the bright side: you have the Spirit. Whatever else you don't have, the Spirit more than makes up for it. The Spirit caused a public sensation one day two thousand years ago in Jerusalem. The same Spirit can cause a sensation in your life today. Don't hold yourself back for fear of being different. The world can use all the Spirit-filled people it can get." At the end of the Mass, the man next to me turned suddenly and thrust his hand at me, with a smile. I had to force myself not to flinch. He said, "Have a nice day!"

I left St. Agnes humming—and stunned. I had been aware that the Second Vatican Council, in the early nineteen-sixties, had allowed a liberalization of the Church's liturgical rules and that the Mass was being said in English and had become more colloquial. What I hadn't known was that that colloquy would sound like the dialogue and conversation of a small-college dramatic society. It was as if I were Rip Van Winkle, awakened after twenty years. I had dozed off to the smell of incense and the sound of murmuring Latin in a majestic gray light. I woke in the middle of this peppy fun. Let's hear it for the Spirit! Even Presbyterians would have looked down on this. *Roman* Catholic? This was an American church—as American as Budweiser and A & W Root Beer.

I couldn't believe it. St. Agnes was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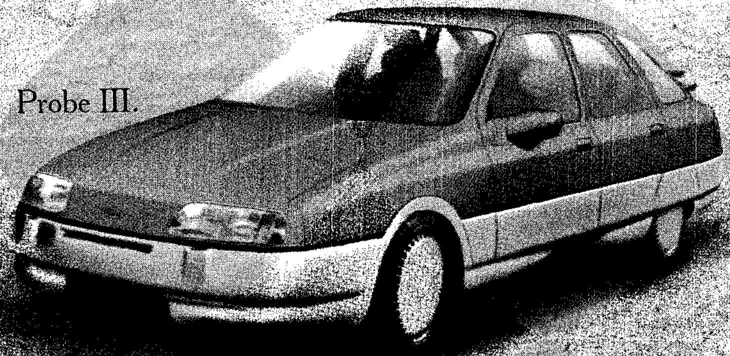

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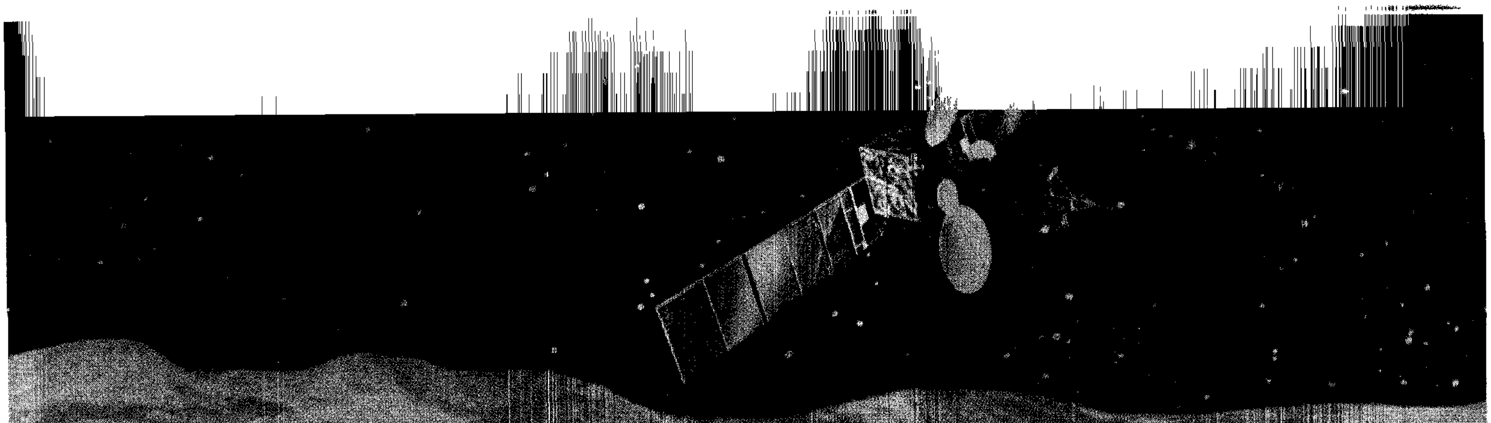

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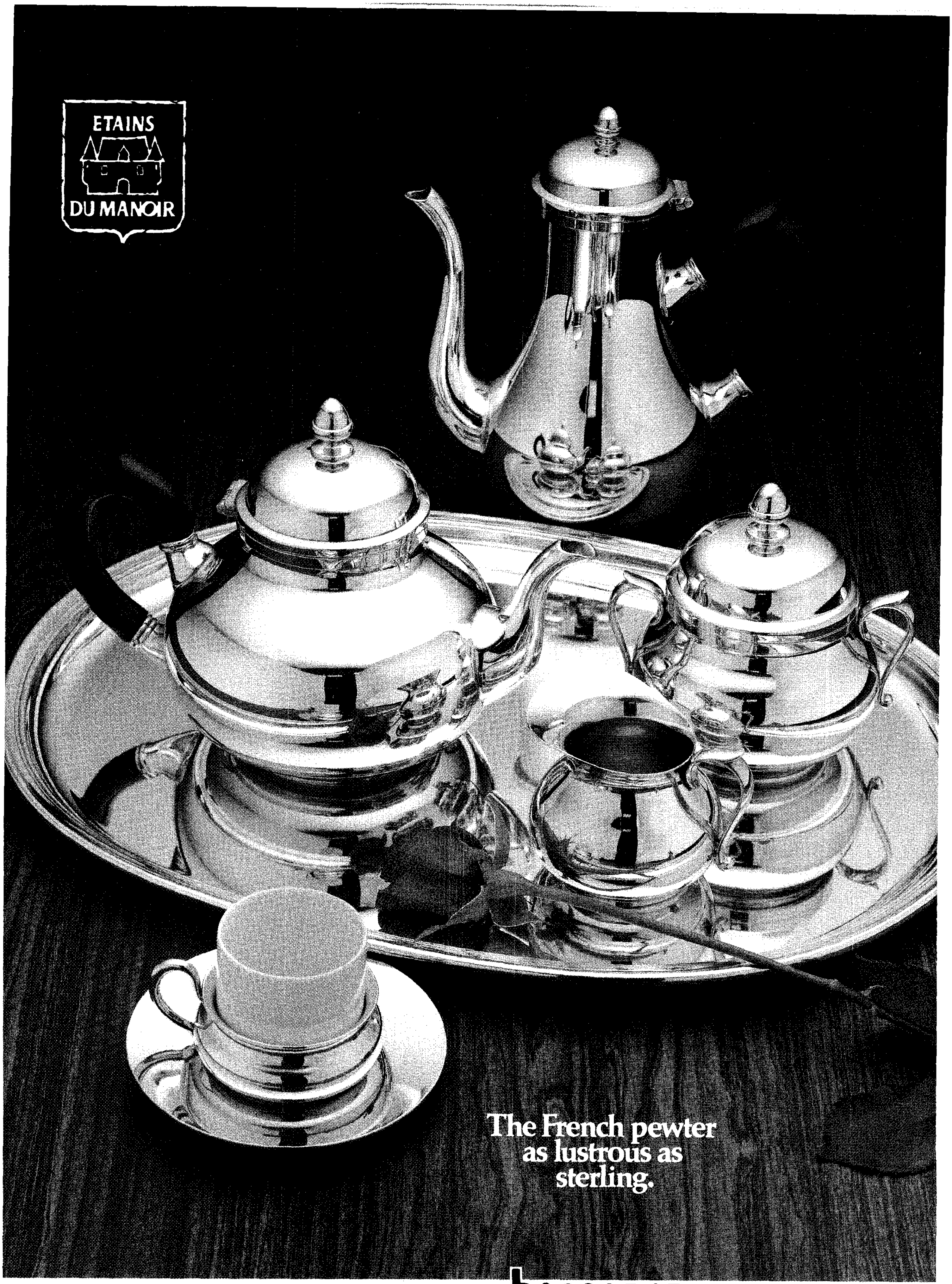
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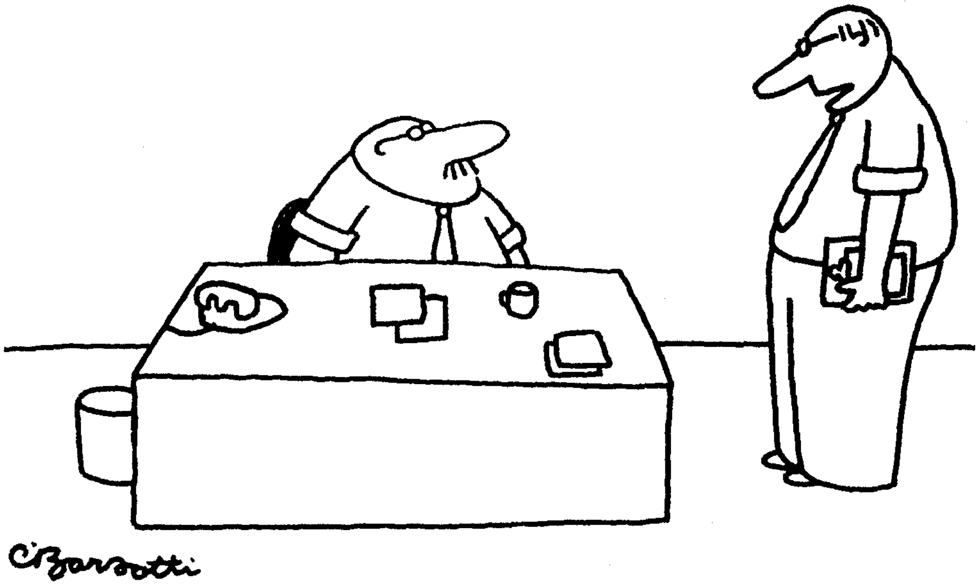


"There's talk that the company's being acquired by the Masco-Hoskins Corporation, but don't switch your allegiance until you hear from me that it's definite."

• •

the largest Catholic church in a very Catholic city, but I wanted to find another one—a real one. I went downtown to the gritty center of the old, gray working city, through streets of warehouses and stores that seemed not to have changed at all in those twenty years, to St. Willebrord's. It looked more like a church—dark, Gothic. The parishioners—many of them standing, because the pews were all filled—were older and more formally dressed. The deacon, a tall, handsome man in a beard and an alb, was young. "Hey!" he was saying as I walked in. "Hey, I've accepted Christ. . . . The Spirit shows itself through—through what? Through sharing! Through giving yourself to others! Through being open . . ."

This was Roman Catholicism in Green Bay. The determined and dogmatic church with its awesome history had done just what Joseph Coolidge, a hundred and fifty years before, had thought that it would do. The church, not America, had modified itself. It was—well, "nice." The Masses I attended were celebrations, and they were, amazingly, celebrations of what researchers and sociologists had been telling me were "the new values." The guitar, rather than the organ, provided suitable backup for these pleasant young men urging parishioners to be different, to be themselves, to be open, to share. "The old values are being destroyed," Barry Bingham, the former publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, had said when I stopped in that Kentucky city, where Tocqueville and Beaumont had been in December of 1831. "They begin by saying, 'Do your own thing.' "

Value systems, new and old, are, of course, in the eye of the beholder. Daniel Yankelovich, the chairman of a firm that had done market research for the *Courier-Journal* and other newspapers around the country, described the old and new value structures in a 1978 essay that touched on some of the things and themes I had noticed:

> We see the beginnings of an ethic built around the concept of duty to oneself, in glaring contrast to the traditional ethic of obligation to others. In reaching for "something more than success," the new breed also press for greater freedom for the individual—freedom to express impulses and desires that people have been accustomed to suppress. Sexual desires are the most obvious, hence the greater openness of homosexuality, pornography, nakedness, and casual sexual encounters. But other forms of freedom "to do what I want to do" are almost as prominent: freedom to enjoy life now rather than in some distant future; freedom to elevate one's own desires to the rank of entitlements; freedom to give one's own ego more room in which to maneuver; freedom to pull up stakes and move on without having to pick up the pieces.

What changed those values?

"Freud," Bingham had said. "Freud" was the answer I usually got when I asked that question on my American journey.

" 'Let it all hang out' and other idiocies have been elevated to values by the popularizers of psychology," said the Harvard sociologist David Riesman, who has written perceptively about the effect of Freud and psychology in general on American behavior and ethics. "When Freud appeared, we didn't have the intellectual ballast to deal with his ideas. We went overboard from the beginning. So it would be more correct to say that it was not Freud but misinterpretations of Freud that have had profound impact in the United States."

Sigmund Freud would not have sought credit for any American values. "America is gigantic, but a gigantic mistake," he said after his one visit, in 1909. He foresaw, according to his biographer Fritz Wittels, the wild American enthusiasm for his ideas, and believed, prophetically, that "this craze would preserve little more of his life's work than the name and the most elementary connections." And something like that seems to have happened. "Freud," as I heard it used repeatedly, was the name not of a man but of a body of confused ideas and pressures. In those conversations, "Freud" stood for almost anything that challenged or displaced the old values seen or imagined by the speaker. This "Freud" was practically all things to all men: the word encompassed the swirling impact of interpretations and random misinterpretations of the most prominent of the great thinkers whose views began reshaping much of the world as the nineteenth century turned into the twentieth. What seemed so threatening, and enticing, to Americans then was the suggestion that people somehow were not responsible for their own behavior but somehow were controlled by mysterious forces—by unconscious or psychological or sexual forces, in the analyses of Sigmund Freud, and by economic imperatives, in the analyses of Karl Marx. During the same period, the biological research and resulting theories of Charles Darwin, which have more than once been challenged in American courts, went as far as to challenge, in the eyes of many, the teachings of the Bible itself. By the time I set out to travel in Tocqueville's footsteps, those ideas, those new ways of looking at the world and at each other, had essentially been absorbed into the experience and character of Americans—even if, two years later, the State of Arkansas sought to prove in court that God created heaven and earth in six days and rested on the seventh. Part of the method of dealing with new information—a very American part and a very American method—was, as far as I could tell, to personalize it. The American way, as often as not, was to reduce concepts and movements to personalities for mass consumption. The personality for this mélange of ideas, information, misinformation, "values," and "life styles" was the Viennese doctor—"Freud."

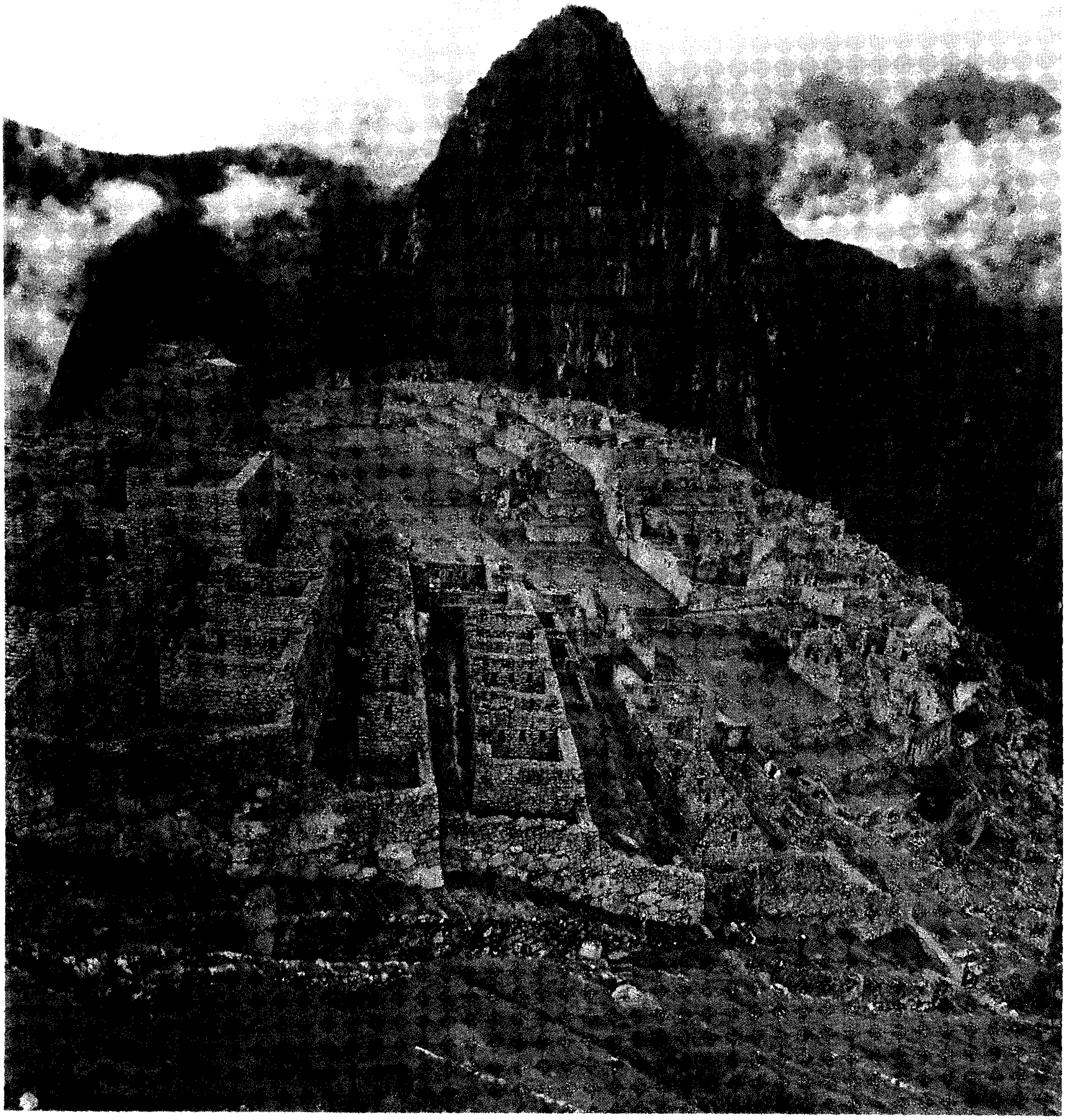
Psychology in all its manifestations, from the profound to the idiotic, seemed to have been irresistible to Americans. In the nineteen-seventies, there were about thirty thousand psychiatrists in the United States. In a society founded and deeply influenced by Puritans, there was bound to be a natural response to an artful science that seemed capable of casting out the devils of mind and spirit, bringing a man or woman along the lively paths of American perfectibility. "All have a lively faith in human perfectibility," Tocqueville wrote, with just a touch of world-weariness toward the Americans he met. The whole idea could have been American: it was both democratic and individualistic; the answers did not come from God or anyone else in high office but were within each of us. What Freud did was to legitimatize and, eventually, institutionalize an emphasis on the individual and the self. American democracy did just about the same thing. "In the long run," Tocqueville wrote, "I am sure that democracy turns man's imagination away from externals to concentrate it on himself alone. . . . It is about themselves that [the Americans] are really excited."

Democracy and the psychoanalyst were made for each other. They were synergistic. The press and the entertainment business spotted that almost immediately. Psychology and psychiatry were aggressively processed through the marvellous machinery of American mass information and mass culture—in newspaper headlines, magazine articles, and popular films. Periodicals such as *Good Housekeeping* and *Everybody's Magazine* began inflating Freud and psychoanalysis as both a cure for most of man's illnesses and a poison for God's reign. In 1924, people were stunned by the Leopold and Loeb murder case, and the largest newspapers in the country offered to pay Freud any price he would name to psychoanalyze the murderers, meanwhile filling their columns with sensational information and misinformation about therapy, complexes, fantasies, neuroses, psychoses, inhibitions, and repressions. In that year, one of America's most successful film producers, Samuel Goldwyn, set sail for Europe announcing that he wanted to collaborate with "the greatest love specialist in the world," Professor Sigmund Freud.

Making money from ideas—that was an American reaction that Tocqueville would have understood. The Frenchman might have thrown the whole "new values" system—or those many value systems—into what he saw as the vague American stew of pecuniary Protestantism. Some things here struck him as extraordinary not because he was perceptive but because he was French. His views of multiplying sects—routine stuff to an American—have to be considered in the context of his country of one true faith. So he wrote to a friend, "It's incredible to see the infinite number of subdivisions into which the sects in America have split. . . . Each new sect separates a little further, while nearing pure Deism. . . . The reformed religion is a sort of compromise. The Catholic faith is the immovable point from which each new sect separates a little further . . . like circles traced successively about the same point, each new one a little farther away than the next." (The translations of the notebook entries and letters quoted here were done by George W. Pierson, a professor of history at Yale, and appeared in his book "Tocqueville and Beaumont in America," published by Oxford University Press in 1938. The quotations from "Democracy in America" are taken from the translation by George Lawrence, done in 1966.) Tocqueville foresaw continuing tension between the hard center of Catholicism and the Deists, those who sort of believed in a Higher Authority, the Americans whom Father Richard called *rienists*. From what I observed, the center had not held. Catholicism—at least, much of American Catholicism—had been compromised; the church of Tocqueville's fathers had become part of the outer circle. That circle, in the America I travelled through, included everyone from the happily singing Catholics of Green Bay to the tolerant people of mainstream Protestantism to Freudian antireligionists. The word "antireligion" had been suggested to me by Christopher Lasch, a historian at the University of Rochester, who was enjoying great popular success with a book called "The Culture of Narcissism." In that book, he wrote, "Economic man himself has given way to the psychological man of our times—the final product of bourgeois individualism. Therapy constitutes an antireligion . . . the hope of achieving the modern equivalent of salvation, 'mental health.' "

But what was the new center? I had been hearing the voices of it as I travelled across the country. Protestant Fundamentalism was the immovable point, and the radio preachers I had been hearing everywhere spoke for a hard, truly American center. Those ministers and many thousands of others—the "hawkers" of religion, Tocqueville had called them—spoke to and for many millions of Americans who took their religion seriously and, sometimes, their Bible literally, and who publicly, often pugnaciously, proclaimed themselves Christians, sometimes identifying themselves as such to strangers at the beginning of conversations. They were the spiritual descendants of the Americans who frightened Tocqueville by allowing the selectmen of New England to post the names of heavy drinkers in taverns, so that any barkeeper serving them could be punished; they were called, and they called themselves, by many names—Fundamentalists, evangelicals, charismatics, born-agains. The last phrase, denoting a new spiritual birth after a personal experience with Christ, indicated—to me, anyway—that the movement was another variation on American democratic individualism: each born-again Christian was claiming one-on-one communication with Higher Authority.

More than ninety per cent of the American people interviewed told polltakers that they believed in God, and eighty-five per cent considered the Bible His word—that's what I had heard on the radio back in Newport, Rhode Island, at the beginning of my travels—so there was, as there had always been, fertile ground in the New World for this kind of very basic Christianity. "Sunday is rigorously observed," Tocqueville wrote. "Public opinion, much stronger than the law, obliges every one to show himself at church and to abstain from all diversion. And yet, either I am much mis-



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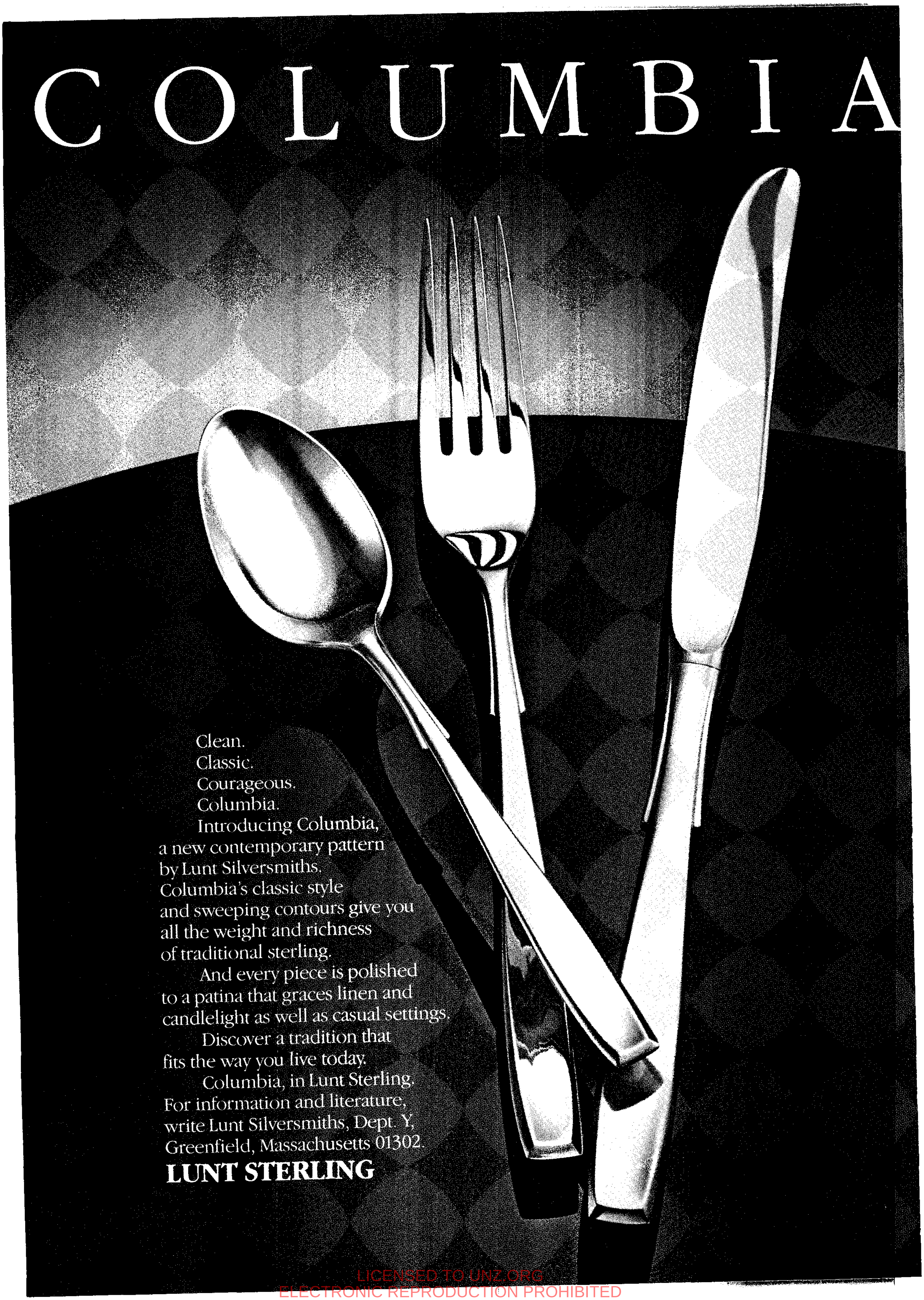

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taken or there is a great depth of doubt and indifference hidden under these external forms." Except that I would have mentioned that shopping had become Sunday's most rigorous activity, I could have written that same last sentence. But I also saw that the external forms, the professions of religion, tended to increase as the value system of traditional Christianity was publicly questioned or threatened. And in the mid-twentieth century those "old values" had been successfully challenged within the churches themselves—first in the mainstream Protestant churches that had evolved from the Puritan congregations of New England and then in Catholic churches, too.

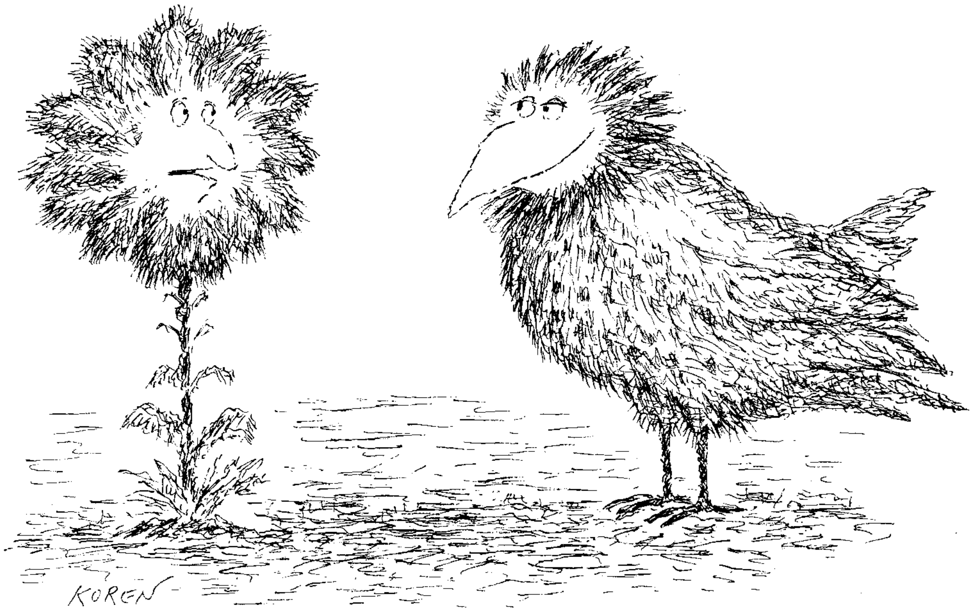
"The old Protestantism of individualism and work was replaced by a social ethic, and that was very disturbing to many people," said Krister Stendahl, then the dean of the Harvard Divinity School and now a professor there. "American religious thinkers, particularly Reinhold Niebuhr, defined that social ethic, which was basically that just making people guilty wasn't good enough for religion. That does nothing for hungry people. The new ethic redefined evil, as it were, to a corporate evil—the evil of having poor people in America. It was quite distinct from the old American Christianity. So religion, particularly Protestantism, was no longer a common denominator in the society. Instead of a glue, it's become one of the wellsprings of sensitivity, of maturity, of vitality. It can give its adherents an identity within the larger unit. They can become part of a community within the community—in this case, a community of faith. More and more, the young people we attract are searching for community rather than values."

But the Divinity School really doesn't attract very many people—about four hundred people apply each year, compared with seven thousand applicants to Harvard Law School—and faith based on "sensitizing" and a sense of societal evil has always been rejected by significant numbers of Americans. "I'm a bit of a Fundamentalist myself," said former President Richard Nixon, with whom, in New York, I had discussed religion, as Tocqueville had discussed religion a hundred and fifty years before with another former President, John Quincy Adams. Nixon had been raised a Quaker. "When religion started talking about the masses," he said, "rather than about what it could do for the individual, then religion went—" he thrust his thumbs down and made a noise something like "phffft!" He went on, "The rise of Fundamentalism is a reaction to the social gospel, which is really a decay of religion, of religious values. The social gospel and the introduction of psychological jargon into religion led to the whole attitude that you're not responsible for your own actions."

Again! The last part of that sentence must have been repeated in half the conversations I heard as I travelled. Talking about politics, religion, or psychology, work, welfare, or justice, Americans, white or black, religious or antireligious, politically liberal or conservative, would as often as not end thoughts with words like "People don't feel responsible for their own actions anymore."

"The worst thing that's happening in America is that abhorrent behavior can always be explained now," said Robert Schrank, a former labor-union official and machinist, who was writing studies of work for the Ford Foundation in New York. "It's dangerous to somehow apply Freudian thinking to justify people's acting out their hostilities by stealing. But now it's explained. 'I'm not responsible, because my mother and father didn't like me and I was brought up in a terrible way.' In a democracy, if the individual isn't responsible then we're finished as a free people. If the individual isn't responsible, then the government becomes responsible for behavior. Freedom will be lost, because the government is then going to regulate behavior and tell people what to do and what not to do. The perfect example of that is the welfare system. In return for payments, the government claims the right to regulate behavior, and the people on welfare develop their own culture to try to beat the system."

The government's regulation of behavior—partly an attempt to transform the social gospel, a gospel of perfectibility, into official action—inevitably brought two great American forces of the twentieth century, religion and antireligion, into political conflict. That clash, which I have greatly simplified and somewhat distorted by representing the opposing forces as "Freud" and "Fundamentalism," was at the heart of the continuing struggles over the relationship between the federal government and the individual. If students I had met with at Cornell University in the spring of 1979—and most of the other Americans I interviewed—guiltlessly believed that "the government" was responsible for the care of elderly parents, the roots of those beliefs may have gone back to the time their parents were born. "The Roosevelt years and the efforts to deal with the Depression changed the psychology of Americans," said Richard Wald, the senior vice-president of ABC News. "My father was a small dress manufacturer, and his business failed in 1935. He felt tremendously guilty, be-



"I'm sorry—I feel uncomfortable talking about sex."

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cause he couldn't get a job to support the family. He believed that it was his own fault. Franklin Roosevelt convinced him and convinced millions of other people that it wasn't their fault. They weren't responsible, because there were forces beyond their control. It was part of the American embracing of Freud, in everything from government to the movies; it was a changing of the concepts of right and wrong in America."

The antireligious forces, although they may have been outnumbered, tended to win those struggles as, over the decades, government absorbed the functions once classified as Christian charity and—often through court action—almost surgically employed the same First Amendment that guaranteed freedom of speech and religion to complete the separation of church and state in one public place and activity after another. The most symbolic action in that chain was the 1962 Supreme Court decision that banned prayer in public schools, and a decision the following year that banned prescribed Bible reading. The religionists fought on, labelling their opponents, quite accurately, "secular humanists," but their successes and failures came in waves on a downward curve. As I travelled in the South, I came across the beginnings of direct political action by Fundamentalist ministers and their congregations, sometimes grouped in national organizations with names like the Moral Majority and the Religious Roundtable. When I was in Alachua County, Florida, on my winding route from New Orleans to Norfolk, a Baptist minister and Moral Majority supporter named Gene Keith mobilized members of his congregation to run for fifty-one of the hundred and twenty-three seats on the county's Democratic Executive Committee. Forty-two of them won. Keith wanted to be a Florida state senator, his wife told me, because "God told my husband to run for this seat." God was apparently willing to go only so far. Keith lost the election. That seemed fitting to me, because everywhere the Fundamentalists were winning occasional battles in a war they had already lost.

In the first volume of "Democracy in America," published in 1835, Tocqueville wrote, "While the law allows the American people to do everything, there are things which religion prevents them from imagining and forbids them to dare. . . . I do not know if all Americans have faith in their religion—for who can read the secrets of the heart?—but I am sure that they think it necessary to the maintenance of republican institutions. That is not the view of one class or party among the citizens, but of the whole nation." Five years after that, in the second volume, Tocqueville wrote, "In ages of faith the final aim of life is placed beyond life. . . . Religions instill a general habit of behaving with the future in view. In this respect they work as much in favor of happiness in this world as of felicity in the next. That is one of their most salient political characteristics. But as the light of faith grows dim, man's range of vision grows more circumscribed, and it would seem as if the object of human endeavors came daily closer. . . . Governments must study means to give men back that interest in the future which neither religion nor social conditions any longer inspire, and without specifically saying so, give daily practical examples to the citizens proving that wealth, renown, and power are the rewards of work, that great success comes when it has been long desired, and that nothing of lasting value is achieved without trouble."

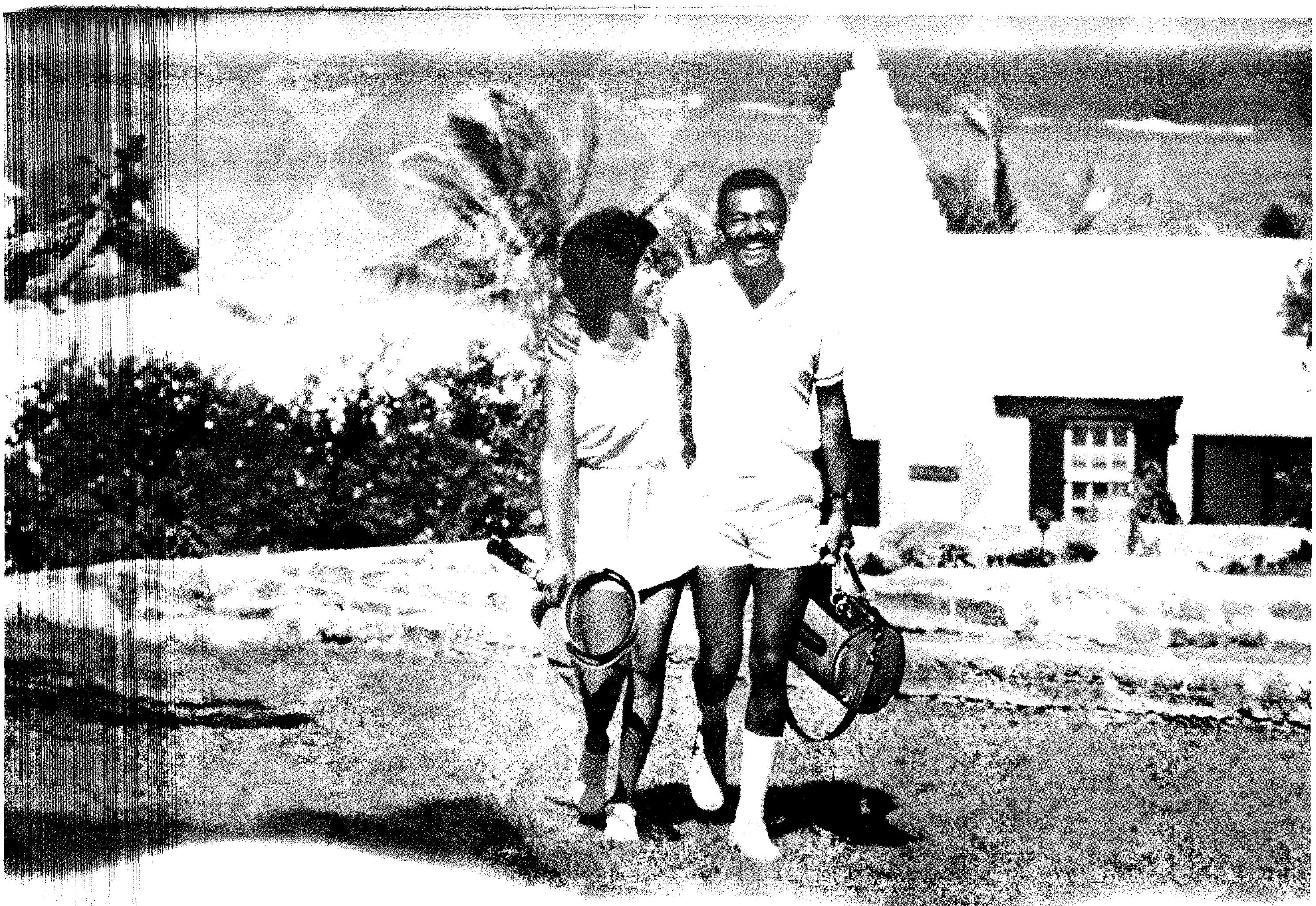
The nation I saw no longer shared the view that public religion was essential to the survival of republican institutions. Or, it seemed possible to me, the nation instinctively realized that republican institutions—that is, representative government—would not be necessary for the survival of democracy once the technology existed for direct and constant communication between governed and governors. The unofficial dismantling of the republic, which was being accomplished by the centralization of authority and the decentralization of information, would be, to use a word adopted by Freud, a traumatic experience for Americans. But accepting the changes of the twentieth century—living with "new values"—has also been traumatic, and somewhat similar to what appears to be coming. The fact that Americans had absorbed "Freud"—and Marx and Darwin and others—demonstrated some ability to look at the world in new ways. That same ability is what will become more and more necessary for each citizen of the democracy as a rush of technology replaces that rush of ideas, changing what people know and when they know it.

So I was somehow encouraged to see that Tocqueville's pessimism about the dimming of faith sounded so modern. "Governments must study means to give men back that interest in the future which neither religion nor social conditions any longer inspire. . . ." I would have written those words without changing a syllable. That meant to me that the United States and the Americans had already survived the transition from Puritan republic to some new kind of selfish democracy.

Tocqueville and Beaumont left Green Bay by steamboat on August 10, 1831, for their third stop at Detroit. They had first come, three weeks before, still in a state of shock from their first good look at the natives of America, the Indians. Buffalo was a Lake Erie trading center of twelve thousand people, and the Frenchmen had arrived there on a day when Indians were gathering at a government office to receive pay for the lands that the white men were taking from them. "Walk in the town," Tocqueville wrote in his notebook. "A multitude of savages in the street (day of a payment) . . . Their ugliness . . . Population brutalized by our wines and our liquors. More horrible than the equally brutalized peoples of Europe . . . Contrast with the moral and civilized population all about."

He went on, "I don't believe I've ever experienced a more complete disappointment than at the sight of those Indians." He and Beaumont stayed in Buffalo for just a day, then boarded the first steamboat crossing the lake; he recorded this scene in his notebook:

> Soon after the shores of Canada seemed to approach rapidly, and we saw the Detroit River opening before us and the walls of Fort Malden appearing in the distance. This place, founded by the French, still bears numerous traces of its origin. The houses there are shaped and placed like the houses of our peasants; in the centre of the hamlet rises the Catholic steeple surmounted by a cock. One would say a village near Caen or Evreux. While, not without emotion, we were considering this image of France, our attention was distracted by a singular spectacle. At our right, on the bank [on the Canadian side], a Scotch soldier stood on guard in full uniform. . . . On our left, and as if to furnish a contrast, two Indians, entirely naked, their bodies streaked with paint, their noses pierced by rings, put off at the same moment from the opposite bank. They were in a small bark canoe. . . . They quietly went fishing near the English soldier who, still shining and motionless, seemed placed there as the representative of the brilliant and armed civilization of Europe. . . . A striking emblem of American society. Everything is in violent contrast, unforeseen. Everywhere extreme civilization and nature abandoned to herself find



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"You feel very good about being alive."

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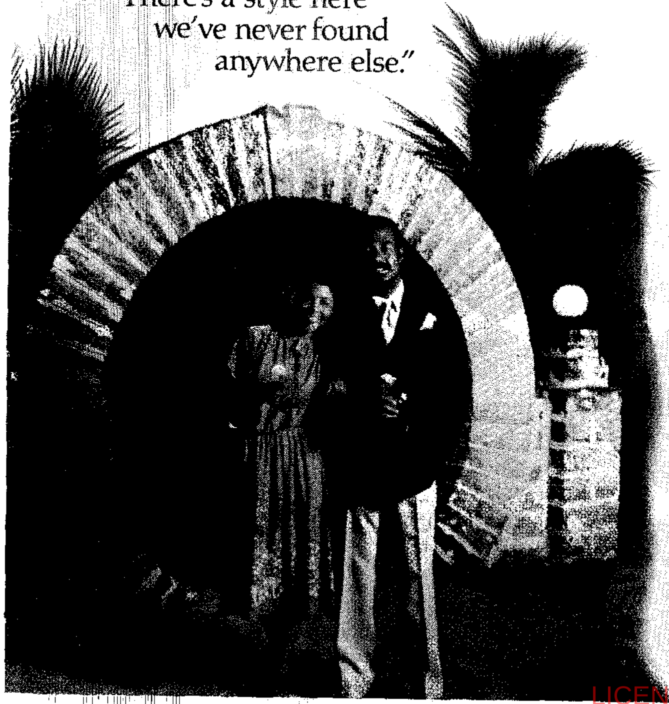

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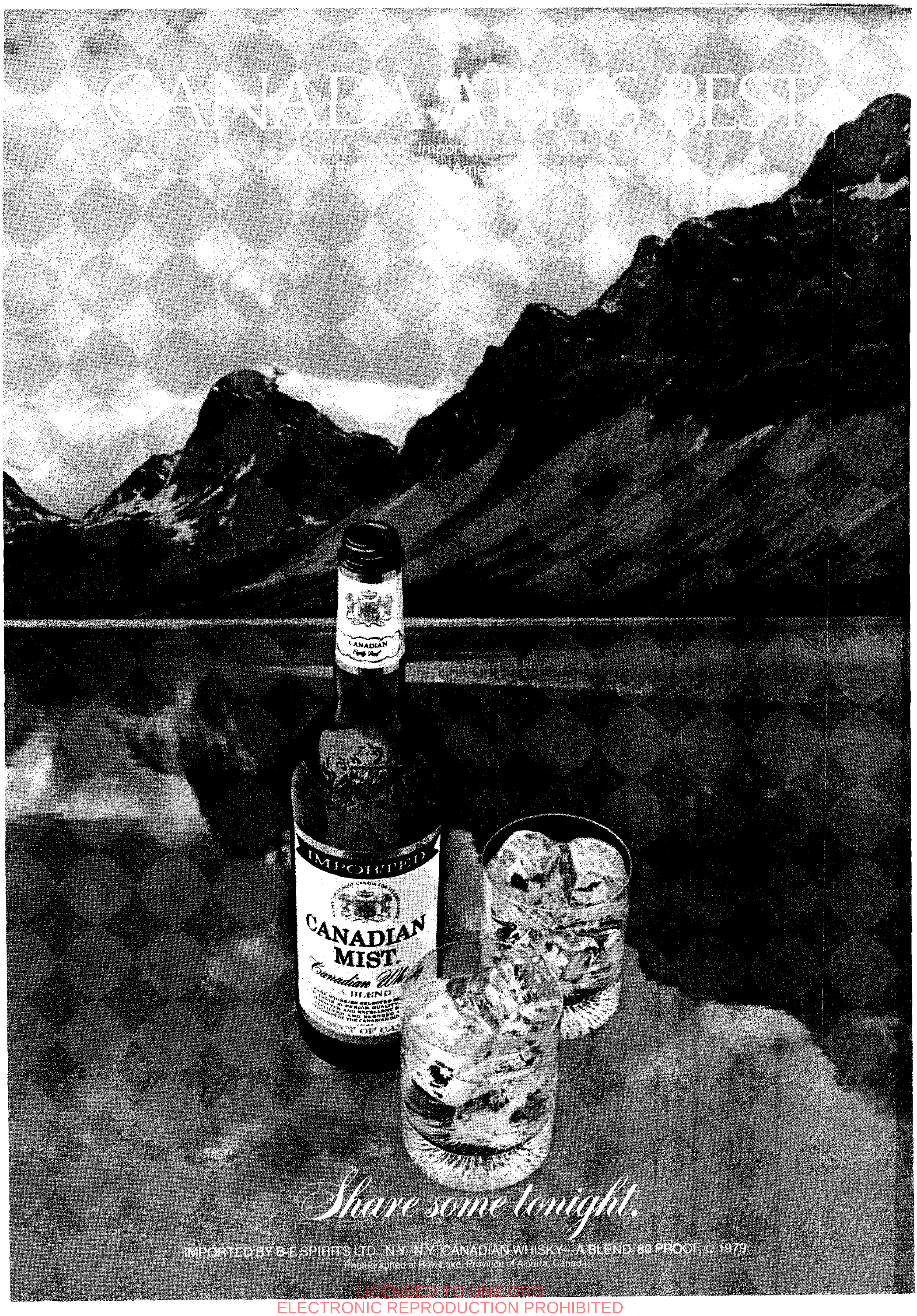
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themselves together and as it were face to face.

A hundred and fifty years after Tocqueville wrote those notes, the violent contrasts of Detroit were symbolized for me by the glass towers of the city's Renaissance Center—a gleaming cluster of hotel and office buildings—and, in the shadow of the towers, the sign marking the intersection of Superior and Orleans Streets standing on a weedy plain. The streets around Superior and Orleans had been levelled to make way for new housing, which had not been built. The empty fields were punctuated with fire hydrants marking what had been the curbs of the erased streets. The fields of hydrants were bordered by railroad tracks. On the inhabited side of those tracks, the landscape was littered with rusting and rotting cars and refrigerators and smaller junk, with sagging wooden houses that had been little more than shacks when they were built, fifty or a hundred years ago, and with charred wood from the fires that seemed to have blackened parts of every standing structure. It was littered with people, too: black Americans were living there, beaten down yet strangely hopeful that some higher authority cared. Of the four hundred and ten households in a thirty-six-square-block area along those tracks, from East Forest to Mack Avenue along Chene Street, three hundred and eighty-two were receiving some form of government assistance, some kind of welfare, according to a series of articles on the neighborhood published by *Monthly Detroit* in September of 1980. In the winter, I was told, these streets were sometimes closed for weeks by snow and ice. There were a hundred and nine vacant lots in the area, and fifteen store-front churches. In three blocks along St. Aubin Street, I passed the Life Tabernacle of Detroit, the True Vine Temple of Christ, the Ephesian Church of God in Christ, the Life and Light Temple, and the Temple of New Life Thru Awakened Vision.

In 1980, Mrs. Dorothy Pruitt, a fifty-one-year-old widow, headed one of those four hundred and ten households. She went on welfare more than twenty years ago—when her husband was laid off at Chrysler. He had died four years ago, and she now paid a hundred dollars a month to live in a decaying wooden house that was built when the neighborhood was called Poletown. More than a hundred years before, it had been the first American home of poor Poles who emigrated to Detroit. The porch of the building was collapsing when I was there. The house had no central heating and one electrical outlet. Mrs. Pruitt received a hundred and seventeen dollars a month in welfare. Her daughter, Betty Ann Kendrick, thirty-one, lived in the house, too, and so did Mrs. Kendrick's fifteen-year-old daughter, Sherrie; Mrs. Kendrick received three hundred and ninety-five dollars a month in government assistance and seventy-two dollars in food stamps. Mrs. Pruitt is black. According to the 1980 census, sixty-three per cent of a total of 1,203,339 persons listed as living in Detroit were black. In the 1970 census, forty-three and seven-tenths per cent of Detroit's total of 1,511,482 people were black, but more than half the white residents had left the city during that decade.

"How do people get by here?" I asked Jason Lovette, Jr., a thirty-seven-year-old black photographer and writer, who was showing me around Mrs. Pruitt's neighborhood. "There's an underground economy," he said. "Gambling, narcotics. Almost everything that goes on here is against the law. But nobody bothers."

Paul Thomas, a black patrolman from the Seventh Precinct, which covered the area, confirmed that opinion, after kidding around for a few minutes with a prostitute who was working Mack Avenue. "On the streets, she can make a couple of hundred a night," he said to Matt Beer, then a *Monthly Detroit* staff member. "She doesn't hurt no one, and we watch out for her. I could be running them all in. But why? We're here to protect all the community, not to terrorize it."

The prostitutes, the numbers runners, the guard in front of the "casino" on Chene Street, the small-time drug dealers and users were usually left alone there, as long as they didn't kill one another or bother people on the outside. It seemed to be a separate country, receiving aid from the United States—in the form of the welfare and assistance checks that reached almost every house—and spending and circulating the money according to local custom. On St. Joseph Street, one "party store" (a small grocery with a "blind pig," or illegal tavern, in the back) took in forty-five thousand dollars in food stamps in 1979, almost all of it to pay for liquor.

Lovette and I were driving along Woodward Avenue, Detroit's main thoroughfare, looking for a public telephone. We found one, with two men standing nearby. Lovette got out of the car, walked up to the booth, exchanged a few words with the men, and came back to the car. "They're going to be a while," he said. "They're trying to rob the coin box."

Detroit had its first race riot less than two years after Tocqueville and Beaumont saw the town, in the summer of 1831. On June 14, 1833, Thornton Blackburn and his wife were arrested and jailed as fugitive slaves from Kentucky. Mrs. Blackburn managed to escape the following day, and the day after that a crowd of armed blacks—free residents of the city—assembled near the jail; they freed Blackburn and helped him escape to Canada. The sheriff was wounded, and several of the blacks were arrested. Order was restored by a company of cavalry from Fort Gratiot, up the river—the first of several Army units called to Detroit over the decades to separate the races. Thirty years later, on March 6, 1863, a white mob trying to lynch a dark-skinned man named William Faulkner, who had been accused (falsely) of sexual assault, ran shooting along Croghan and Beaubien Streets yelling, "Kill all the damned niggers!" Troops were called in again, to guard the area not far from the Renaissance Center. By 1943, the black population of Detroit had reached a hundred and fifty thousand, out of a total population of a million six hundred thousand. Black families had begun migrating to the city from the South before the First World War to seek employment in the automobile industry. (One result was that a Ku Klux Klan candidate received more votes than any of his opponents in the 1924 mayoral primary; he was denied the nomination only because thousands of write-in votes that had been cast for him were invalidated on technicalities.) The migration had accelerated as an aggressively tolerant union, the United Auto Workers, gained power in the plants. During the Second World War, defense work—and threats of national demonstrations by black labor leaders if blacks were refused employment in defense plants—created more and more jobs, and more and more black men took the trains north from Mississippi and Alabama. On Sunday, June 20, 1943, *fistfights* broke out between white men and young blacks on the bridge that connected Belle Isle, an island park in the Detroit River, to the city, and gradually escalated into bloody rioting as rumors of dead women and children of both races swept through the city. By the time federal troops had restored order, twenty-five blacks and nine whites had been killed.

At three-forty-five on a Sunday morning, July 23, 1967, Detroit vice officers raided a "blind pig" and began arresting the eighty-two patrons. The place was on the corner of Twelfth and Clairmount Streets, and was called, rather grandly, the United Civic League for Community Action. A crowd gathered there as a hot dawn began showing in the east. There were curses, and then a few rocks were thrown. The police began moving in reinforcements. Someone set fire to a store. In the next few days, forty-three people were killed, and tens of millions of dollars in property damage was done as blacks battling police and National Guardsmen wrecked their own neighborhoods.

Twelfth Street is called a boulevard now—Rosa Parks Boulevard, named after the black woman who refused to go to the rear of the bus in Montgomery back in 1955—and part of it is lined with neat, two-and-a-half-story town houses. "You have to imagine a crowded street of bars and night clubs, candy stores, barbershops, wig stores," Lovette said. "This was a cultural center in those days. They always find a way to destroy the black centers. A new highway, urban renewal—they keep *moving* us out."

"What happened after the riots?" I asked.

"They did things like this—built some housing. There were programs and jobs for a while. And the scag came."

"Scag?"

"Pinkish-red capsules," Lovette said. "They were everywhere. I'd never seen them before, but suddenly everybody had scag for twenty-five cents a cap. Weed and everything else dried up, but you could get all the scag you wanted. It gave you this mellow high. You didn't want no trouble with nobody. It was, I think, low grade Mexican heroin—mixed with milk sugar or quinine, or something. Whatever it was, it took you away from here. People needed to go somewhere, but you can't go anywhere if you don't have money. Scag took *you away—and that was the beginning* of heroin in Detroit. It was no accident. I don't know how it happened, but I think it was part of somebody's pacification program."

"You think drugs are a control agent here?"

"Yeah, I do."

"How many other black people think that?"

"Most of them. They don't talk about it that much, and white people wouldn't believe them. But we've seen it all. There was no outcry about heroin or any other kind of drugs until they hit white neighborhoods. When they were in Grosse Pointe messing up white kids, then someone cared."

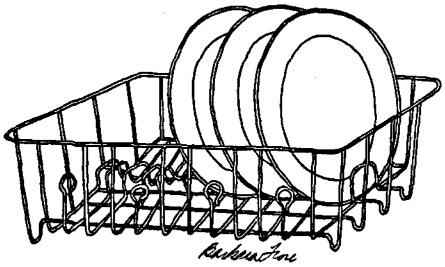
Lovette was a sophisticated man. Among other things, he had earned a degree in political science from Michigan State University. And his calculating view of American race relations was one I heard again and again, in Detroit and other places.

"Handing out heroin on the streets is easier and cheaper than giving the police machine guns," said Kenneth Cockrel, then a Detroit city councilman, who is black, a successful lawyer, and a self-proclaimed Marxist. "That's the way it is in this society."

"No one ever gave a damn about drugs in the black community," said Roy Levy Williams, the president of the Detroit Urban League and a former executive assistant to the governor of Michigan. "I'm one of those Americans who are convinced that America can do anything it wants to. If you can get to the moon, you can . . . So I'm not sure that America ever wanted to *control* drugs in the black community."

"Brandy is the great cause of destruction for the aborigines of America," said another man, in another time. That was Sam Houston, the Squaw Man, who had lived with the Cherokee, as Tocqueville recorded his words after their conversation on the steamboat from Memphis to New Orleans.

"It's a racist society," Williams said. "What we're concerned about is *the level of racism at any time. What will they do to us if something happens?*"



"There is a lot of racism, personal and institutionalized, and nothing is ever going to change that," said William Beckham, Jr., who is a vice-president of one of the country's larger companies, the Burroughs Corporation, and former deputy mayor of Detroit. He was the first black in modern times to serve as a professional on the staff of a United States senator—Philip Hart, of Michigan. "Phil Hart told me one thing I have never forgotten," he said. "You can tell from fifty feet away that a person is black, and your mind adjusts. On that level, there is no assimilation and there never will be. I can feel it each time I meet someone: 'My God, he's black. I don't want to discriminate. I wonder if he's smart. I wonder if he's militant. What do I do?' That's what most whites see, as far as I can tell, and that's what they *think*. You never forget you're black. Never. They never let you. Maybe they can't. I tell my wife that if I were white I'd be further along in life."

I said that most whites would attribute his obvious success—Beckham had also served as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Deputy Secretary of Transportation in Washington—to the fact that he was black and a beneficiary of affirmative-action laws and programs designed to compensate for past discrimination. ("What people resent is this business of some colleges pushing blacks too far for their own good, making them doctors and everything else," Richard Nixon told me during a conversation three months later.)

"We don't see it that way," Beckham said. "A black has to be a little bit smarter than a white to get to the same place."

I checked that notion later with Roy Levy Williams.

"I feel that I had to work harder than any white to get where I am," he said. "I am sure all successful blacks, middle-class blacks, feel that way. We saw the obstacles everywhere."

What, then, I asked Beckham, made it possible for him—he was forty years old when we talked—to be appointed to and hired for a string of important public and private positions?

"Focussed violence," he said. "Violence—the riots of the nineteen-sixties—brought whatever movement there

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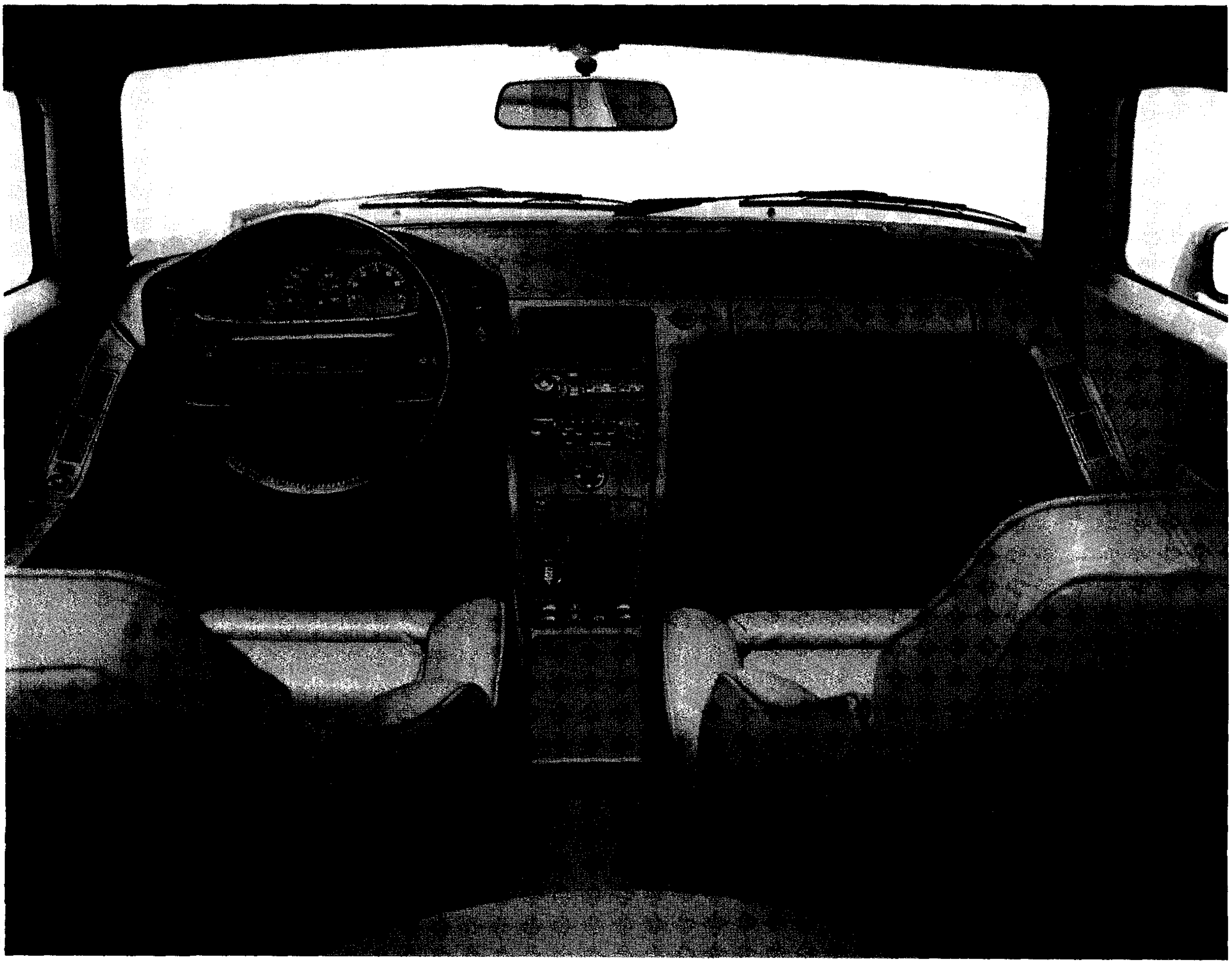

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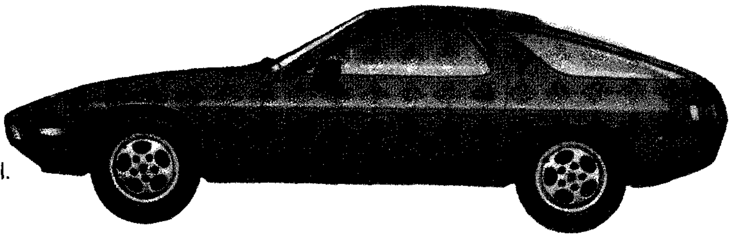

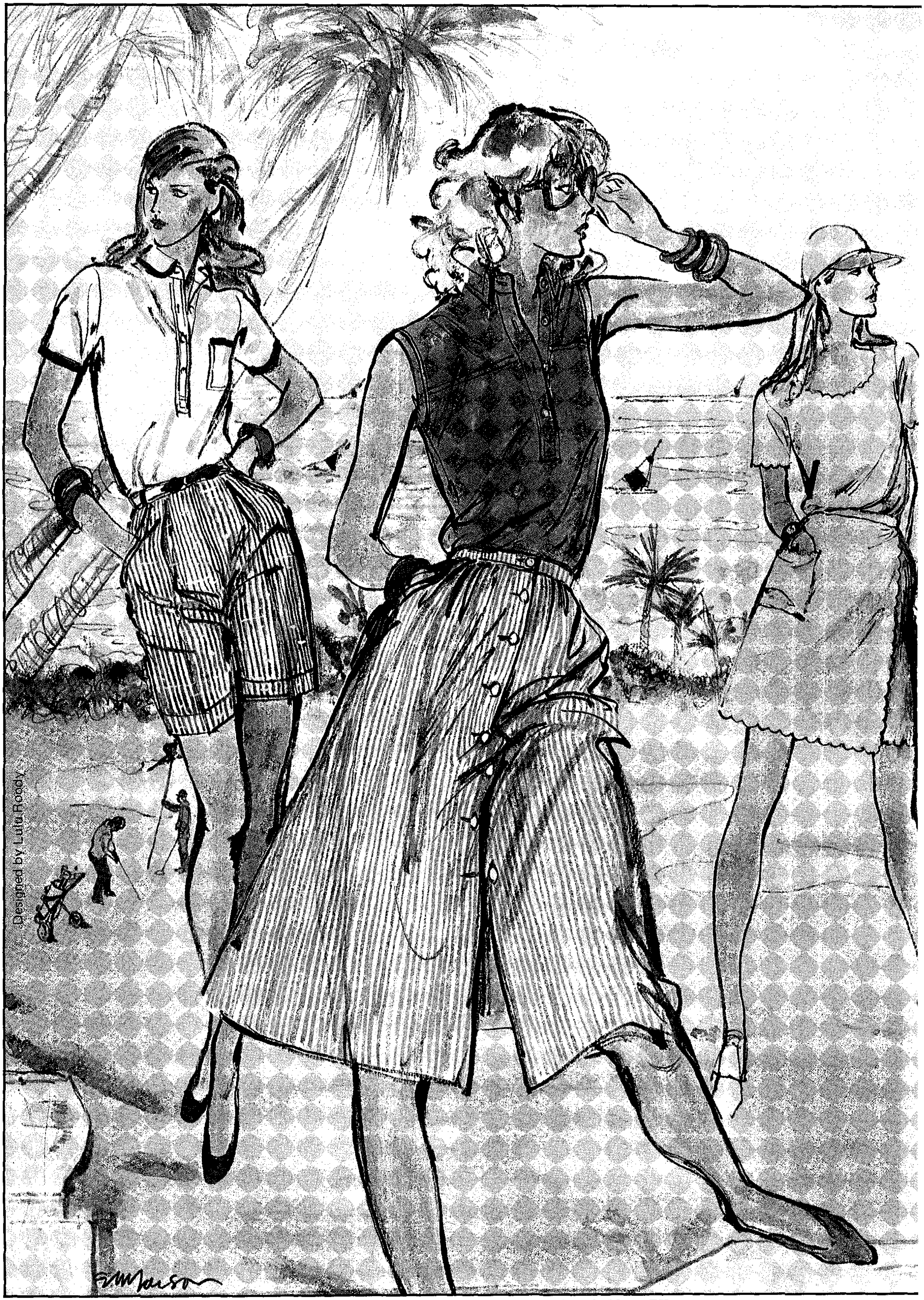
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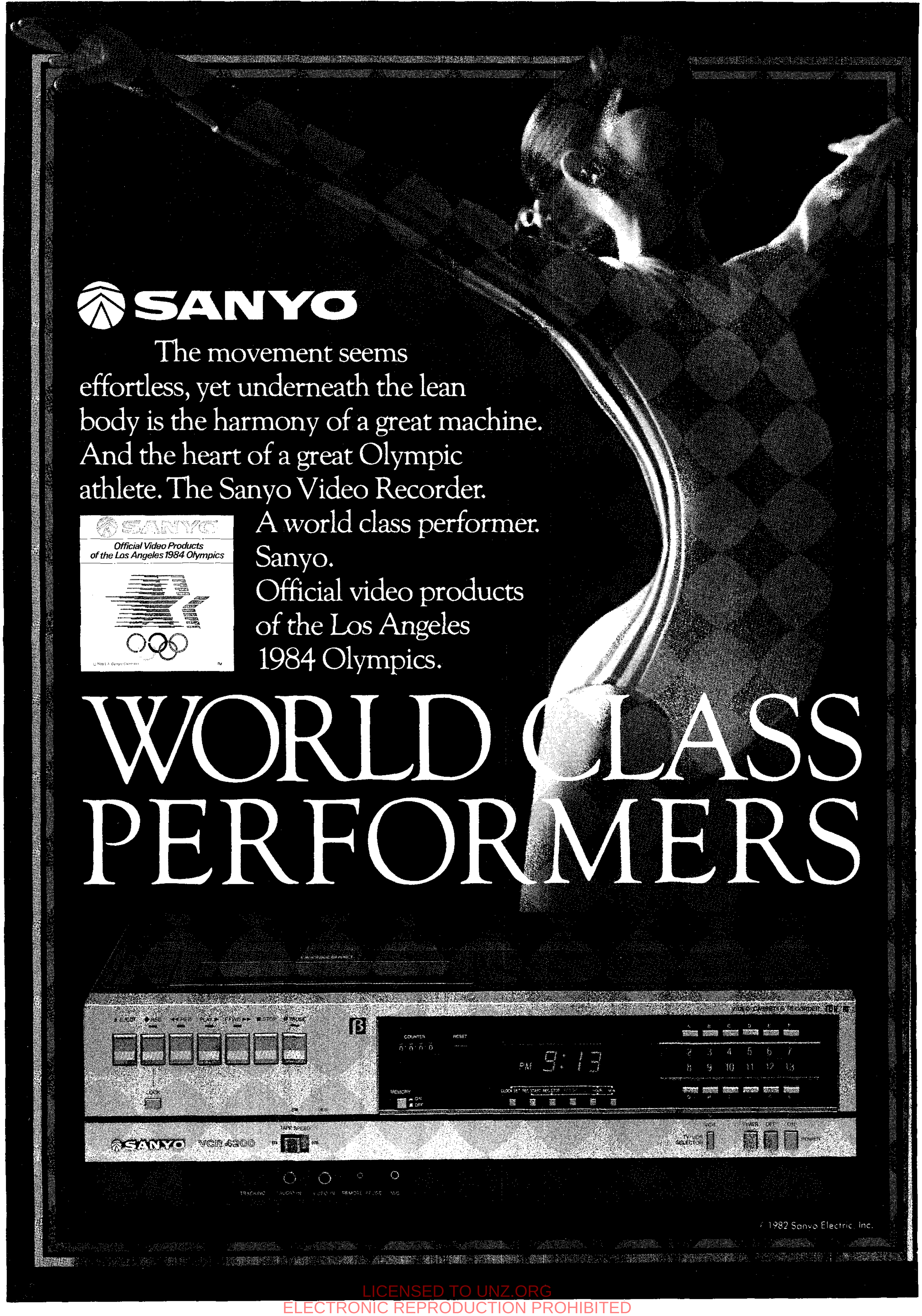
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was in the society, the softening of the rigidity of American institutions. It was the whites' fear of urban violence that made it possible for blacks to become mayors of cities like Detroit. Whatever its troubles, Detroit is a significant American institution, and the white people with financial interests here believed they could best preserve those interests by working with the political power of black numbers. When Coleman Young became the first black mayor of Detroit and I was the deputy mayor, some of us used to argue that he wasn't militant enough, and he would say, 'We've got the political power because we've got the votes, but we don't have a dime. We have to cut a deal.' Now the violence—that kind, anyway—has passed, and the old rigidity is returning. The golden time is over for people like me. The white reaction to the riots was defensive. Next time, it will be offensive. I can conceive of open warfare. White fear of crime, or something else, could lead to that. More likely, I think what we might see is the government taking total effective control of the lives of large numbers of people, most of them black. We have two things going on at the same time. We're raising the standards of education for every job in the society, and we have a class of people—a class getting larger and larger—that has less and less education. It is a volatile situation, and no government is going to let people like that roam around loose forever. It will take control of their lives in one way or another—in the military or in some sort of work-training program."

I interrupted Beckham to ask whether he had ever seen Highland Park Community High School, which was about six miles from where we were. It was a building of solid concrete, without windows, that I had seen from Woodward Avenue as I followed Tocqueville's route to the wilderness.

"That's riot architecture," Jason Lovette had said as we drove up.

"I'd call it neo-penal," I replied.

"Highland Park Pen—that's what we call it," said Antonio Green, now a seventeen-year-old senior, when we stopped there. "You go crazy looking at the walls. But it's got the best industrial program in the state."

"Are there whites here?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "A couple of the teachers are white."

Industrial arts—work training. There was a row of storefronts near the school. One was a food-stamp office—welfare. Four others were recruiting offices for the United States Army, the United States Navy, the United States Marines, and the United States Air Force—military. Beckham's people were being warehoused, and some of the warehouses had no windows.

That view from black America, that black view of America, was not new to me. After months of travelling the United States asking the questions that Tocqueville had asked, I was not surprised anymore by the cold and fearful words of black Americans. Some of the talk, I thought, was exaggerated—a bit of posing to shake the white man and lobby the government for a little more. But the pattern of conversation was too consistent, too clear to be ignored. Black Americans were afraid.

In New York City, Lloyd Williams, a thirty-six-year-old black businessman and president of the Uptown Chamber of Commerce, which is based in Harlem, had sat in a luncheonette with me, ticking off the names of his junior-high classmates: "a junkie . . . dead, shot in a bar . . . jail . . . dead, overdosed." He thought half the boys he had known might be dead or drugged or had disappeared. After a while, he said, you stopped thinking of it as accident or coincidence; that was what happened, he said, to young black male Americans.

On the other side of the country—the Pacific Coast, which Tocqueville never reached—Diane Watson, a black woman who was a member of the Los Angeles Board of Education when we talked and was later elected to the California State Senate, said, "If we really wanted to crack down on drugs, we could make a real dent. But we're not trying. In my moments of paranoia—and they are many—I think there must be a master plan, a conspiracy to keep the poor spaced out, oppressed, suppressed. I just see the stuff flowing too freely in this city and in our schools."

Maxine Waters, who was in her early forties when we talked, had been elected to the California State Assembly from south-central Los Angeles—from Watts, the black neighborhood where in August of 1965 thirty-four people were killed, in the worst race riot in the United States between the Detroit riot of 1943 and the Detroit riot of 1967. Mrs. Waters, like William Beckham in Detroit, was extraordinarily successful; she had made it. When we talked, she had just been elected assistant majority leader of the Assembly, one of the most powerful political offices in the nation's largest state. It was a long way from St. Louis, where she had been one of thirteen children of a widow on welfare and had gone to work at thirteen as a bus girl. She was an energetic affirmation of the American dream, cheerfully interrupting four hours of conversation to coördinate some clothes shopping with friends and a tennis date with her husband. But her words were not cheerful. "There are too many hungry black people out there," she told me. "And white people don't want to live in fear that those black people are going to rob them, are going to break into their homes, are going to kill them. The fear is low-level; it's just bodily harm that people are worried about. From an institutional viewpoint, the blacks are under control—the poor blacks are no threat to an oil company or to the Bank of America. But those blacks—the underclass—are too potentially dangerous to too many white people, and I'm not sure the majority will let that continue. The next big step in America will probably be the dispersal of blacks. I don't think the rhetoric of America or of Christianity would allow the equivalent of concentration camps, but I could see plans to systematically relocate people. They wouldn't be presented as hostile plans—they'd be presented as economic plans. You already hear talk of breaking up the ghettos, and of industrial and economic zones in cities. If the whites want the centers of the cities back, because of energy shortages or something else, the blacks will be moved out. And where they are moved out to will not be happenstance. I don't think the relocation decision will be a benevolent decision, even if it is made palatable with paid transportation and moving, and with technical and vocational instruction, and slogans like 'Matching people with jobs.' "

She stopped. "I'm surprised to hear myself talking this way," she said after a few moments. "But look around you. The white institutions—Sears, Roebuck; Firestone Tire—are pulling out of south-central L.A. The institutions are abandoning the people here. What are the people left with? What is increasing—with government permission? Liquor stores. And dope. A lot of blacks would say dope is purposeful here. Maybe they're right. What are you supposed to think when you read that the Central Intelligence Agency has been secretly testing drugs on people around the country? 'The blacks just can't handle it. See, they're all shooting up'—when I hear that kind of talk I hear other people getting ready to say that they'll make the decisions for the poor doped-up blacks."

I had not been prepared for the reasoned mistrust of white Americans that I heard everywhere from black Americans—especially from the talented black men and women who had been publicly accepted into, and acclaimed by, the majority white society.

"The system works to find us, train us, and help us," said Mrs. Waters, whose personal path from poverty in St. Louis to honor and power in Sacramento had passed through the telephone company, where she was rapidly promoted, into government antipoverty programs, where, as an aide and instructor, she learned the skills and made the contacts that helped her begin her political career. "Talented blacks are picked up very quickly and moved up."

"Are those the most dangerous blacks?" I asked. "The ones who might organize and lead others?"

"Yes," she said. "And. I'm one of them. I could have been a very angry person out there if no one had known who I was."

The two of us had completed the conversation that Tocqueville began a hundred and fifty years earlier with M. Guillemin, the French consul in New Orleans, who wondered why white Americans did not welcome the most talented, and most dangerous, blacks and mulattoes into the majority society. One day, we did something quite like that.

In Tocqueville's thinking, the alternatives to that were much worse. At one point, assuming that black Americans would continue to be concentrated in Southern states, he speculated about race war along the Gulf of Mexico. "If the whites of North America remain united," he wrote, "it is difficult to believe that the Negroes will escape the destruction threatening them; the sword or misery will bring them down." The Frenchman linked blacks and Indians in that misery, and it was obvious to him that the Indians were being exterminated. "Is it that the Indians do not realize that sooner or later their race will be annihilated by ours?" he asked a Canadian trapper in the woods of Michigan. He continued, "The Indians die as they have lived, in isolation; but the fate of the Negroes is in a sense linked with that of the Europeans. The two races are bound one to the other without mingling; it is equally difficult for them to separate completely or to unite."

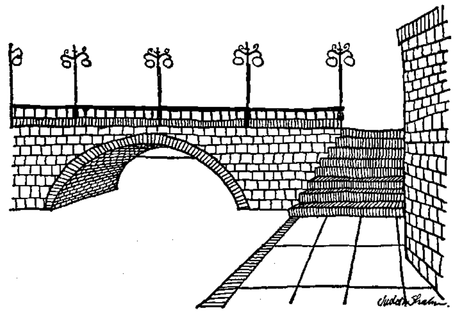
Race was the American anguish and hypocrisy, and Tocqueville sensed it everywhere he went. In Louisville, a merchant had said, "In Kentucky the majority would be found to be for the abolition of slavery. But one doesn't know what to do with the slaves. Our fathers did us a horrible injury in bringing them among us." In Philadelphia, Peter S. Duponceau, an elderly and distinguished lawyer who had come to America in 1777 and helped drill George Washington's troops, said, "The great rankling sore of the United States is slavery. The evil only grows. The spirit of the century tends toward giving the slaves their liberty. I don't doubt that the blacks will eventually all become free. But I believe that one day their race will disappear from our soil."

And in Boston John Quincy Adams had the following exchange with Tocqueville:

> There are two facts which have a great influence on our character: in the north, the religious and political doctrines of the first founders of New England; in the south, slavery.
>
> Do you regard slavery I said to him as a great evil for the United States?
>
> Yes, unquestionably, he answered, it's in slavery that are to be found almost all the embarrassments of the present and the fears of the future.

In my talk with former President Nixon, I asked him whether he believed that Americans were racist.

"They were. They were," he answered. "God knows they were in politics. The cynicism and hypocrisy that you saw—both parties had their 'house niggers.' The real revolution began in the nineteen-fifties—you have to give the courts credit. A lot of people are just as racist now, but it's not fashionable anymore—and I think that's damned important. You can't talk about blacks the way you once did. The racism has receded, I think. But it's there, and it always will be there."



In the first volume of "Democracy in America," Tocqueville concluded, after his conversations, "The most formidable evil threatening the future of the United States is the presence of the blacks on their soil. From whatever angle one sets out to inquire into the present embarrassment or future dangers facing the United States, one is almost always brought up against this basic fact."

It was a fact that was as basic in Detroit in 1981 as it was in 1831. In fifty years, or in a hundred and fifty years, what will people see when they look back at the United States of the nineteen-eighties? Will those men and women accept the version I had heard of the racial history of our times? Will they be persuaded by the words of William Beckham and Jason Lovette and Maxine Waters? It is hard for me to conceive that people a hundred and fifty years from now will not judge us harshly for life on Chene Street and the walls of Highland Park Community High School. The drugs and the payments from the government come into the neighborhood; people rarely get out. And for the ones who do get out the first doors waiting for them are government doors—to more payments, to military service and discipline. If democracy moves forward by millions of individual decisions, then Americans, silently, democratically, by unspoken consensus, made the decision that this is the way it would be in our time.

Tocqueville was more direct about racism than is now considered acceptable—and Nixon was right, it was no small achievement to civilize the dialogue of civilization. Tocqueville said:

> You can make the Negro free, but you cannot prevent him facing the European as a stranger. That is not all; this man born in degradation, this stranger brought by slavery into our midst, is hardly recognized as sharing the common features of humanity. His face appears to us hideous, his intelligence limited, and his tastes low; we almost take him for some being intermediate between beast and man.

After that paragraph, Tocqueville added a footnote: "To induce the whites to abandon the opinion they have conceived of the intellectual and moral inferiority of their former slaves, the Negroes must change, but they cannot change so long as this opinion persists."

That opinion, to judge from my own experience as a white American,

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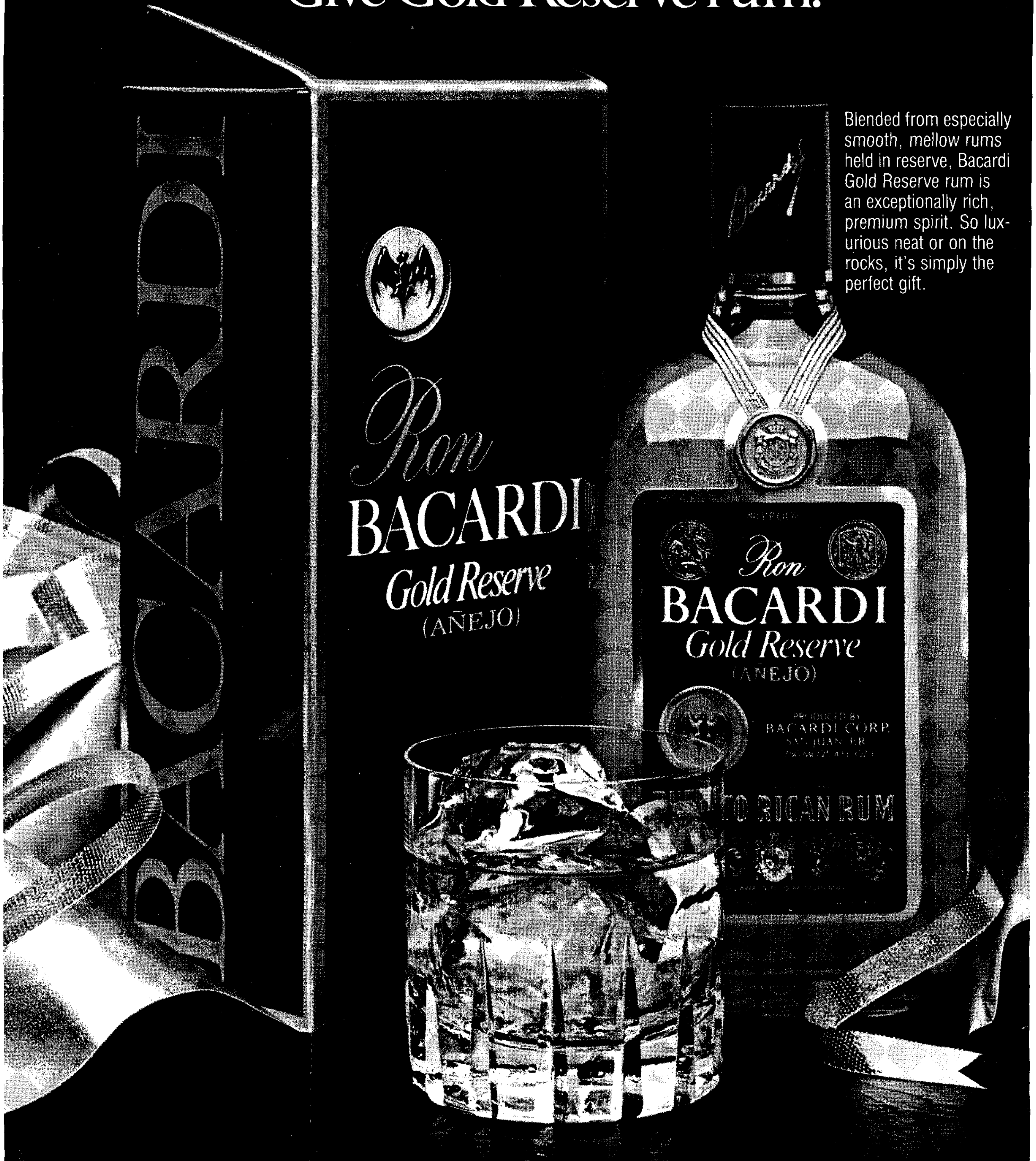
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persisted in my lifetime. The blacks I talked with seemed more aware of that than whites, and more resigned to it. "You can't regulate thought," said Inspector Gilbert Hill, of the Detroit Police Department, who is the commanding officer of the city's homicide squad, and who is black. "But you can regulate behavior. I don't care if white people—some white people—don't like me, but don't let them hang me." The word "some" is both civilized and accurate. The white American consensus I noted was not shared by every white American. (It was characterized for me by John Seigenthaler, the publisher of the Nashville *Tennessean*, as "Look, we've done enough for the bastards. If they can make it, fine. If they can't, that's their problem." It was not shared by Seigenthaler, either; he was describing it, not advocating it.) Black Americans as they were seen by whites were clearly divided into two huge groups—those who had "made it," by playing by the American rules, and those who had been left behind in places like Chene Street. Or, to reverse the order, whites were afraid of some blacks and not of others.

"The treatment of poor blacks is the test of our democracy," said Felix Rohatyn, the New York investment banker and expert on municipal finance, who had come to Detroit in 1981 as an adviser to Mayor Young. "Democracy may be a great luxury that works only as long as there is growth to allocate. The system still hasn't been tested in allocating sacrifice. Will the middle class sacrifice to keep black mothers on welfare? I don't think so. We are coming toward a time of mutual terror."

The beginnings of the terror were evident in Detroit. "I do not let my wife leave the house at night," said Douglas Fraser, the president of the United Auto Workers, who lived in a town house in the city. "It is just too dangerous here for that."

Street crime was the warfare against society by the inheritors of Guillemin's "brute force"—the blacks feared by white Americans and by most other black Americans. The division of blacks between the upwardly mobile and the beaten down had widened since the riots of 1967 and the beginning of the uplifting programs that, with the consent of the white majority, were the government's response in the nineteen-sixties. What happened was that the upwardly mobile blacks, like any opportunistic Americans, and the most capable and aggressive of the truly poor—William Beckham, whose father was a U.A.W. official, and Maxine Waters, who never knew her father—took advantage of that boost. It wasn't quite the rich getting richer, but it was the best getting better off. The proportion of black families with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars or more (in 1976 dollars, adjusted for inflation) increased from nineteen per cent to thirty in the ten years following the black riots in Detroit and other cities, but the proportion of blacks officially classified as jobless increased from seven and four-tenths per cent to thirteen and two-tenths per cent. In those ten good years for middle-class blacks, the number of unemployed blacks went from six hundred and thirty-eight thousand to a million four hundred and ninety-two thousand. By 1980, forty-five per cent of the families who were receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children—the largest federal cash-assistance welfare program—were black, even though only ten per cent of the nation's families were black.

In one way or another, the blacks on the bottom—and, to a lesser extent, other poor Americans—will always pose a threat to the larger society. They will always threaten trouble, but they will certainly be manageable, either by use of the essentially benevolent responses of the late nineteen-sixties or by use of repressive measures and, perhaps, the creation of zones, large or small, urban or isolated, with perimeters maintained by police power. Whatever such zones, official or unofficial, might be called, they would be home to hundreds of thousands of Americans, most of them black—"pacified" Americans, in contained communities governed by laws.

Modern equivalents of Indian reservations—that's what Maxine Waters had really been talking about. When Tocqueville saw his first Indians, in 1831—saw them beaten down by the blows of Western civilization—he wrote notes in his diary that have a sad but strong ring in neighborhoods of Detroit still scorched by the fires of 1967:

> One would say that the European is to the other races of men what man in general is to all animated nature. When he cannot bend them to his use or make them indirectly serve his well-being, he destroys them and makes them little by little disappear before him. . . . Every ten years, about, the Indian tribes which have been pushed back into the wilderness of the west perceive that they have not gained by recoiling, and that the white race advances even faster than they withdraw. Irritated by the very feeling of powerlessness, or inflamed by some new injustice, they gather together and pour impetuously into the regions which they formerly inhabited and where now rise the dwellings of the Europeans, the rustic cabins of the pioneers and further back the first villages. They overrun the country, burn the houses, kill the cattle, lift a few scalps.

Then, after each raid or little war, the tide of white men and their ideas flowed on, around, past, and over incidents and obstacles. With the Indians, it took soldiers. Now ideas may be enough.

"It's a hell of a country—the best," Gilbert Hill, the police inspector, said after a long lunch in which he recounted the prejudice he had seen as a young black officer coming into an overwhelmingly white department. He had begun by talking about being called "nigger" and had ended, two hours later, by complaining about two women he knew who quit working to accept welfare. "It's people like that who are ruining America for everybody," he said.

"Never forget that black Americans are Americans," William Beckham said. "They buy the American idea."

I didn't argue with him. In Washington, Patrick Caddell, who supervised polling for President Carter, had told me, "Unless you put in a few racial questions to find out, when you look at surveys of political and social attitudes black middle-class people are the same as white middle-class people."

"What's the American idea?" I asked Beckham.

"If you keep working at it, you'll get a decent job, a decent home in a decent neighborhood, and your kids will go to college."

"We do buy it, but with lowered expectations," Jason Lovette said. "This is the land of opportunity, but there are two kinds of opportunity—theirs and ours."

"Blacks here believe," said Roy Levy Williams, of the Urban League. "They've seen democracy work for them. Blacks do run this city politically, and that does make an enormous difference in terms of policing, of patronage, and just of self-image. And I think blacks bought into the American dream even more than whites. Blacks—at least, blacks over thirty—probably have more Puritan ethic than whites. They believe if you work for it in America you'll get it, or your kids will get it."

"Why?"

"They had to. There were no other options. They couldn't live off the stock market or off their kids. They had to believe in work, because they had to have hope."

The American system worked for most of the people most of the time—if you were in it. It seemed very questionable to me whether many children on Chene Street and St. Joseph Street were born inside that system. What real connection did those kids have to the nation or its institutions? They certainly were not living within the system. Your senses—fear among them—told you on those streets that you had crossed the border into another country.

The young ones were dangerous individually; they were the guys with nothing to lose. A rootless and lawless underclass was inevitably expanding as America's black population grew; according to the 1980 census, it was growing at about one and seven-tenths per cent each year while the white population was growing at six-tenths of one per cent. Because of the combination of higher fertility and higher mortality rates, the median age of America's twenty-six and a half million blacks was twenty-five years, compared with a white median age above thirty-one.

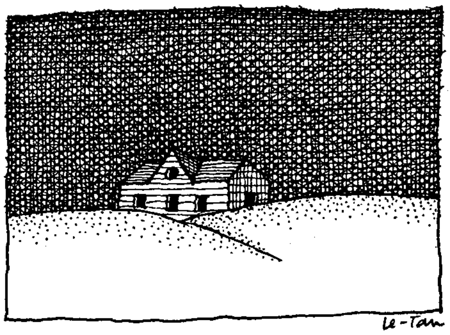
Near the end of the first volume of "Democracy in America," Tocqueville wrote:

> Once one admits that whites and emancipated Negroes face each other like two foreign peoples on the same soil, it can easily be understood that there are only two possibilities for the future: the Negroes and the whites must either mingle completely or they must part. I have already expressed my conviction concerning the first possibility. I do not think that the white and black races will ever be brought anywhere to live on a footing of equality. But I think that the matter will be still harder in the United States than anywhere else. It can happen that a man will rise above prejudices of religion, country, and race, and if that man is a king, he can bring about astonishing transformations in society; but it is not possible for a whole people to rise, as it were, above itself.

I was not sure about that. The nature of the American experiment, I was beginning to think, was the collective attempt to rise above oneself. If there had been democratic elevation, it had been difficult and fitful, but it seemed to me that even in the most difficult area—race—there had indeed been some. The lifting force, I thought, was the ideas, the theoretical ones about equality and the practical ones about hard work, that Beckham and Williams and millions of other black Americans accepted. The ideas of America are indeed bigger and better than Americans—and as a people, organized as a government, we are often forced to confront our own evil to confirm the rhetoric to ourselves. The golden time for black Americans—as William Beckham had defined the nineteen-seventies—was not the result only of violence. It was also partly a result of the ability of black leaders—particularly Martin Luther King, Jr.—to force America's white majority to face up to the American rhetoric and prove that there was some truth in it. If the majority had not bent in those years, if white America had not allowed black America to dictate some part of the national agenda, the ideas and words of American democracy would have been publicly cast down and stamped on in mockery. There were few Americans, white or black, who could let that happen. Without the rhetoric, there is no America—not the America that we so proudly hail, anyway.

"There is only so far that repression can go in America," said Maxine Waters, in Los Angeles. "The rhetoric of the country, and Christianity, probably act as an effective brake on obvious repression."

In Detroit, Roy Levy Williams agreed that there were limits to America's capacity for repression, but he focussed on enlightened self-interest as the primary reason. "We are not as capable of repression by the majority as we were thirty or forty years ago," he said. "Part of that is Americans' view of themselves as a fair and decent people, but it's really because some intelligent whites realize that once you break the rules so openly there's no predicting what could happen. They could be next once something starts. There is also one new factor. Because of the rising political importance of Third World countries—places with huge brown and black populations—it is not in the economic interest of the United States to have racial problems at home."



"Conscience," said William Beckham. "The United States is a country of conscience. In the end, it believes in what it says about itself. Repression and violent reactions, at this point in our history, can go only so far. The danger is always what course we walk before we become conscience-stricken as a people."

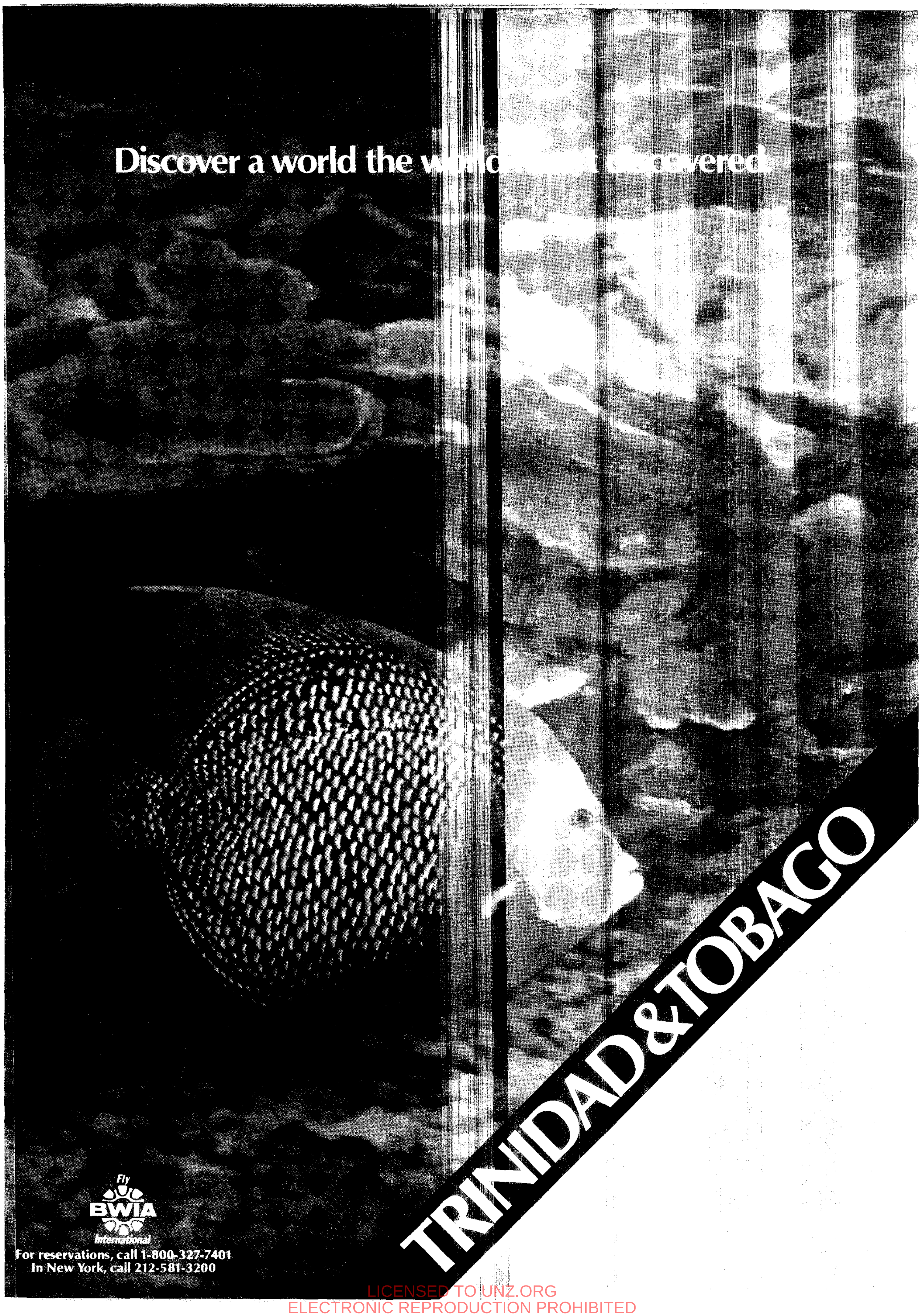
That will always be the danger as long as the races don't mingle—and there is not much evidence that they have done so in America. I had tested that, as Tocqueville had before me, by checking on interracial marriage. There was little of it in America—in 1831 or in 1981. The relations and commitments between white Americans and black Americans—often close and deep—were almost never complete. So the races are separate but not equal: one is the majority, one is the minority.

"The absolute sovereignty of the will of the majority is the essence of democratic government, for in democracies there is nothing outside the majority capable of resisting it." Thus Tocqueville began the most famous chapter of "Democracy in America," the chapter that included his short essay "Tyranny of the Majority," in which he wrote:

> When a man or a party suffers an injustice in the United States, to whom can he turn? To public opinion? That is what forms the majority. To the legislative body? It represents the majority and obeys it blindly. To the executive power? It is appointed by the majority and serves as its passive instrument. To the police? They are nothing but the majority under arms. A jury? The jury is the majority vested with the right to pronounce judgment; even the judges in certain states are elected by the majority. So, however iniquitous or unreasonable the measure which hurts you, you must submit. . . .
>
> I am not asserting that at the present time in America there are frequent acts of tyranny. I do say that one can find no guarantee against it there and that the reasons for the government's gentleness must be sought in circumstances and in mores rather than in the laws.

And later in the same chapter he wrote, "If ever freedom is lost in America, that will be due to the omnipotence of the majority driving the minorities to desperation and forcing them to appeal to physical force."

THE noise of Philadelphia was black noise on the June morning I arrived. The central streets of the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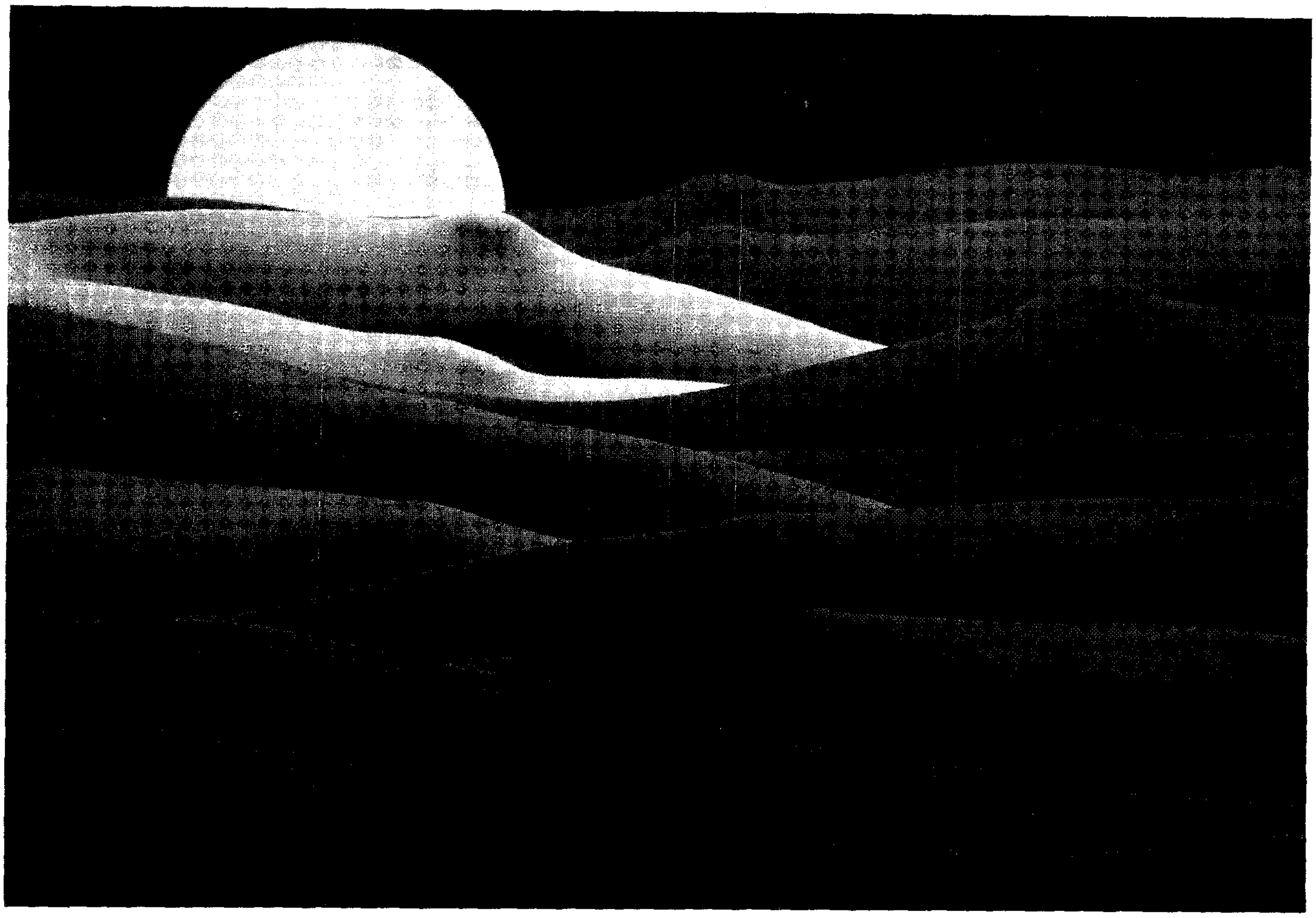

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city that William Penn and the Society of Friends founded as a haven for religious dissenters in 1681 were crowded with people who seemed to be going places and doing things. More than half the faces I saw were black—and in 1980 more than a third of the residents of America's fourth-largest city were black. The exuberant patois called Black English was in the air, blending with the Caribbean sound of steel drums played on street corners, and with rock music pumped out by store loudspeakers and by suitcase radios carried like electronic armor by young men. On Fifteenth Street, near City Hall, twenty well-dressed black boys and girls happily sang spirituals and held up signs quoting verses from the third chapter of the Book of John. On a sign marked "John 3:3" was printed, "Jesus answered and said unto him, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' "

"This place sure has worked for me," said George Childs, a taxi-driver, who is black. "My mother was a widow—my father was a cement finisher, and he died when I was five years old—and she brought up all of us seven children. It was hard, but she did it. Now my daughter is a college professor, a professor in New Jersey, and her husband is a lawyer. I think that's pretty good."

So did I. And it wasn't the only good thing I heard that day.

"This city is very much more democratic than it was when I began here, thirty years ago," said Frank C. P. McGlinn, senior vice-president of a bank, who is white. "The social stratification has broken down. It was used to keep out any outsiders. In those days, the city was run by the old families, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the power company. The railroad and the power company could bring the banks into line just by threatening to withdraw their deposits. That's over now. In fact, there's been a tendency in the last few years for the boards of the banks to replace the presidents from old families with outsiders chosen for nothing but talent—a Bodine and an Ingersoll were replaced that way."

"If someone you didn't know walked into your bank today," I said, "and that person wanted a loan to buy a house or start a business, would his chances be better or worse than they were thirty years ago?"

"Oh, better. There's no comparison. The little guy has a much better chance today. He had almost no chance in the old days. Things are totally different now. If that's democracy, then banking is much, much more democratic."

"What if the guy is black?"

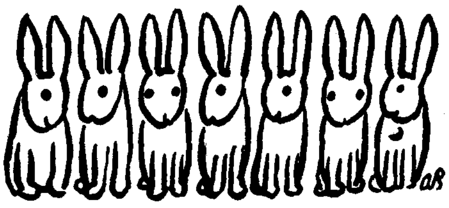
"His chances may be even better. The government wants it that way."

That night, June 19, 1979, hundreds of black people crowded into Calvary Evangelical Lutheran Church, in southwest Philadelphia, to discuss the shooting, two nights before, of three young boys—black boys. One of the boys, a thirteen-year-old named Tracy Chambers, was dead, and the assumption was that his killer was a white sniper. "We're going to fight back," Representative T. Milton Street, a black member of the Pennsylvania State House of Representatives, was reported to have said. "We're going to pick up guns and fight back. We're going to make the situation so nasty that somebody does something about it. We're going to avenge that little boy's death." During the day, Representative Street had appeared on a local radio station and called for "five thousand to ten thousand" black men to apply for gun permits as a warning to white men.

So this was Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, the place where the contracts of American democracy—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—had been drawn up two hundred years before. People were publicly calling for armed insurrection. The rebels had a cause—historic oppression and continuing degradation. They even had a martyr. Was civil war at hand?

The next morning, the city's leading newspaper, the *Inquirer*, reported, faithfully and accurately, Street's call—"encouraged residents to arm themselves" was the paper's phrase—in the eighteenth paragraph of a story on the investigation of Tracy Chambers' murder and the shooting of the two other boys.

I went to see the executive editor of the *Inquirer*, Gene Roberts, who was an old friend, and together we tried to find out why the politician's call to arms was reported with such apparent casualness. Was there a management decision not to emphasize Street's words, so as to minimize their impact on a city that was regularly described in its own newspapers as "racially troubled"?



"No," Roberts said. "I'm 'management,' and I didn't even know he said anything."

We found the subeditor who had made the decision about the use of the quotation.

Had he considered not using Street's words because they were so inflammatory?

"Of course not. We don't suppress the news."

Why was it played so far down in the story?

"I didn't think it was that important. Street always talks that way. A lot of people talk that way around here."

Big talk is the genius of American democracy. Loud talk. Crazy talk. Free talk. Freedom of speech. Freedom of assembly. Freedom of the press. It bothered and confused Tocqueville, as it has bothered others. He used the term "association" to describe the use of freedom of assembly. Two days before arriving in Philadelphia, in October of 1831, he wrote in his notebook, "They associate in the interests of commerce, for objects political, literary, religious." He was amazed by temperance societies, for instance—"one of the most remarkable things in this country . . . an association of men who engage mutually to abstain from a vice." Then he learned that just before he came to the city there had been a Free Trade Convention in Philadelphia and at the same time a Friends of Domestic Industry convention in New York—meetings organized by pro-tariff and anti-tariff groups. "Of all that I have seen in America," he wrote two days after his arrival in Philadelphia, "it is this convention which has most struck me as being . . . a dangerous and impracticable consequence of the sovereignty of the people."

The Frenchman shared his fears with a prominent lawyer, Charles Jared Ingersoll, who was the son of a delegate to the Constitutional Convention and an ancestor of the bank president who lost his job to an outsider in 1978. Ingersoll argued that Tocqueville misunderstood both the process and the real function of political assemblies. "The dangers of which you are afraid are in my opinion less to be feared," the American said. "The ob-

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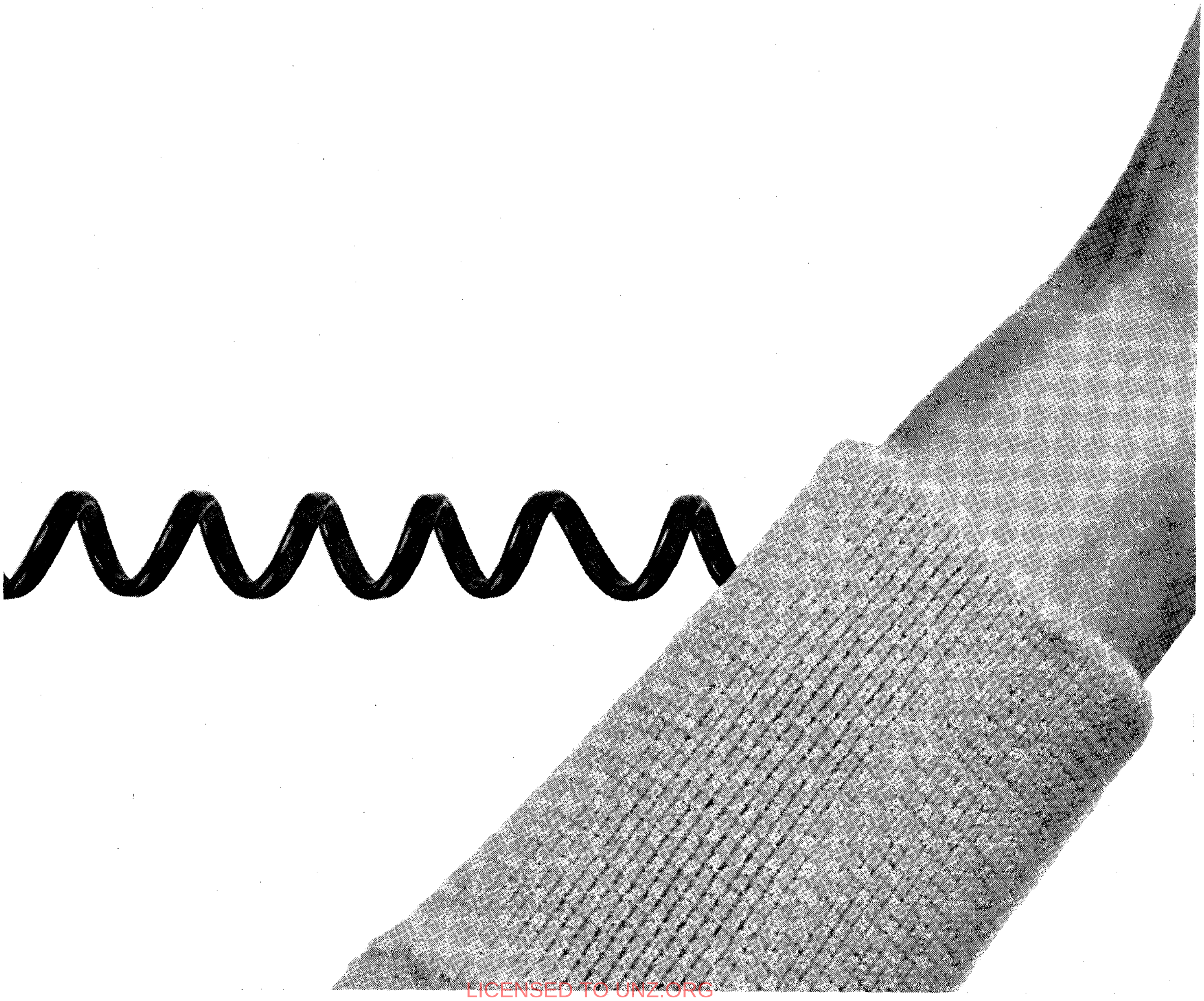

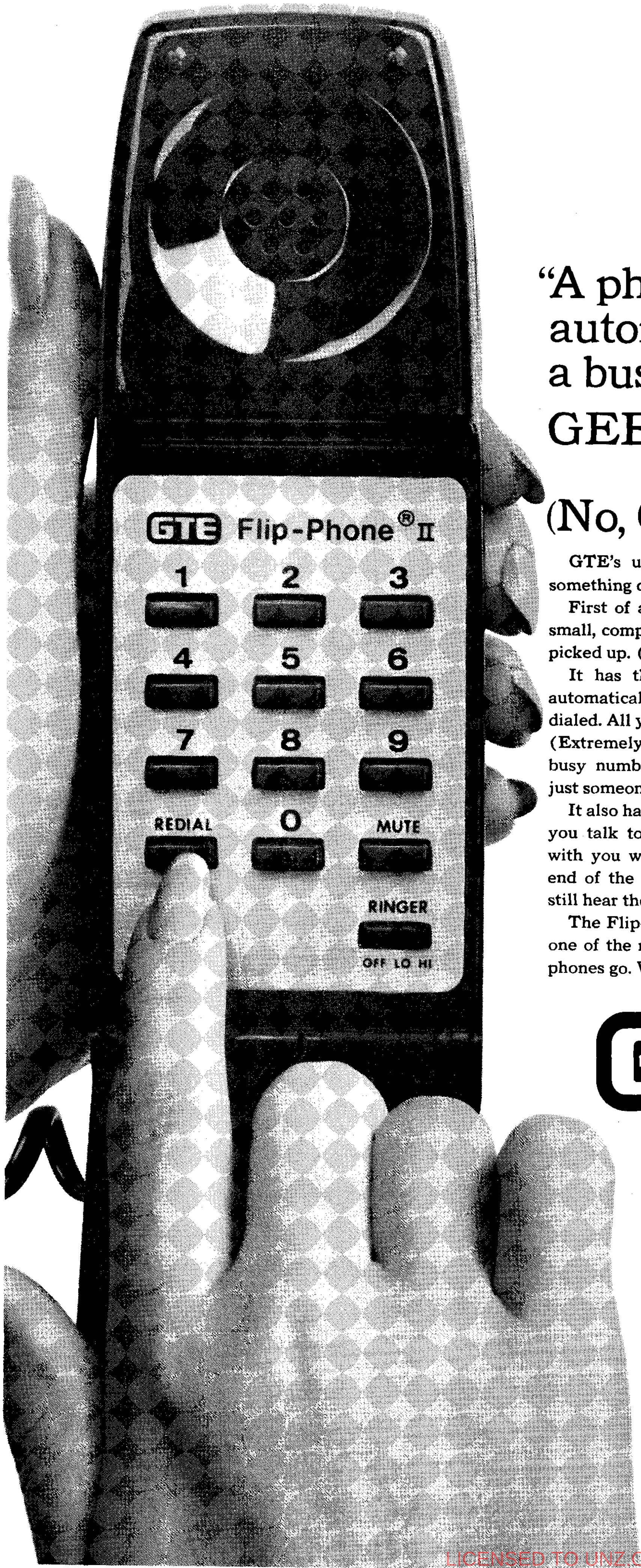

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ject of the convention is not to act but to persuade. It represents an opinion, an interest. . . . [It] starts from the fact that it does not represent the majority, but wishes to act on public opinion and change the majority by persuasion."

"But . . . *the opinion and interest* you speak of is able to put its arguments forward daily by means of the press," Tocqueville said.

That's the whole idea, this Philadelphia lawyer of a hundred and fifty years ago answered. The assembly, the convention, was a way to attract the attention of the press and to project arguments with greater weight and credibility than any single speaker, journalist, or journal might be capable of. The American said, "There are some opinions which, by the very fact they are shared by the minority, would be forever repressed by the majority, if by the side of the public assemblies"—Congress, for example—"which express the all-powerful wishes of the majority there were not to be found gatherings (likewise supplied with the moral power that numbers give) which may plead the interests of the minority and make, not laws, but speeches calculated to win over the majority itself. . . . When men can speak in liberty, you can bet they won't act." Charles Ingersoll was a wise man. The United States has bet that line for two hundred years, and it has usually paid off.

Milton Street wasn't going to *act*—he was not going to pick up a gun, he was not even going to march. He was going to go home and watch himself on television and wait for the next morning's *Inquirer* to see how much play and space he would get. He must have been disappointed to see an account of his remarks so deep in the story, on the second page of the second section. Nothing ever happened because of Street's words, and he would have been the most surprised man in Philadelphia if anyone had acted on his call. If a citizen had actually taken up a gun and gone to shoot down whites, Street would have been back on television and in the papers cluckingly denouncing the poor soul as a lunatic who understood neither the words he heard nor the American system. Representative Street was the system: he had been elected to the same state legislature in which Charles Ingersoll had once served.

That's how it worked. The United States, in modern times, has been a remarkably stable country politically; more than that, the nation is a remarkably stable society. The political arguments I heard during my journey were about means, not ends, and not a single person I met talked about leaving the United States. ("There is only one party in America," Beaumont wrote in a letter to his mother. "The quarrels which are carried on in the newspapers or in society concern persons rather than things.") Indeed, it was the rare man or woman who even suggested that Americans might learn anything from the experience and ideas of other societies. The United States has simply kept most—or, at least, enough—of its promises, economic and political, and has survived and thrived by allowing, providing for, and sometimes fostering movement within the society. And that movement has often included upwardly mobile dissent.

George Childs, the cabdriver who grew up in hard poverty but whose grandchildren were the children of a college professor and a lawyer, was part of that. He believed that America had kept its promise to him—that if he worked Puritan hard he would be "better off" than his parents, and that his children could be better off than he was. Milton Street, with the evolution of his radicalism into pseudo radicalism—media radicalism—was part of that stability, too. America had delivered on two promises to him: financial comfort and a measure of recognition. The recognition, though, was not really power—or not very much power. Street had mere fame: minutes, hours, days, or years of being heard, if not actually listened to. His rewards were the trade off for preventing the secret plots of real insurrection. Tocqueville, despite his fear that American democracy was living on the edge of anarchy, came to understand that, and he later wrote, "This form of freedom, howsoever dangerous, does provide guarantees in one direction; in countries where associations are free, secret societies are unknown. There are factions in America, but no conspirators."

Milton Street, in Philadelphia, and Maxine Waters, in Los Angeles, might have been conspirators; instead, they were made into celebrities—recruited and protected by a grateful majority. They were on television, speaking to state or nation, and so were other dissenters, who were still further from the center of the established order of the moment.

While I was travelling in New England, I had talked with Edmund G. Brown, Jr., the governor of California, whose father had also been governor. He was running, unsuccessfully, for President. What was the difference, I asked, between the times that his father and he were in office?

"Television," he said. "Demonstrators and protesters of any kind have the same access to television as the governor of California. The person picketing my office is going to have the same chance, the same thirty seconds, to get his message across to all the people watching the news on television as I will have. He has the same power I have."

That was probably an exaggeration. The same access is not necessarily the same power. But such equal access to public opinion is democratic and democratizing.

The debate itself, then, constituted the end of all this, not the means; America celebrated the dialogue, reasoned or angry. The dissenters were absorbed; monuments were built to them. It was not only Rosa Parks who had a boulevard named for her in Detroit; in and around the city, there were roads named for Martin Luther King, Jr., and for Walter Reuther, the United Auto Workers leader, who had been threatened, beaten, and hospitalized during the nineteen-thirties, when he attempted to unionize the city's automobile plants. "That's the way it's supposed to be," said Judith Shklar, a professor of government at Harvard, when I was in Cambridge. "Everybody gets sucked into the culture of multiplicity. By protesting, you become part of what you're protesting against. It goes all the way back: after the Revolution, the Federalists really wanted aristocracy, so they went out on the hustings and campaigned for it."

Times have changed to the extent that while the Federalists had to pay their own campaign expenses modern dissenters often don't. Dissent began paying quite well after television created the demand for an almost endless supply of American celebrities; there were fees available from television shows and moviemakers, publishers and lecture bureaus. In some countries, late in the twentieth century, terrorists were seizing people and buildings, then demanding, as ransom, the privilege of appearing on television

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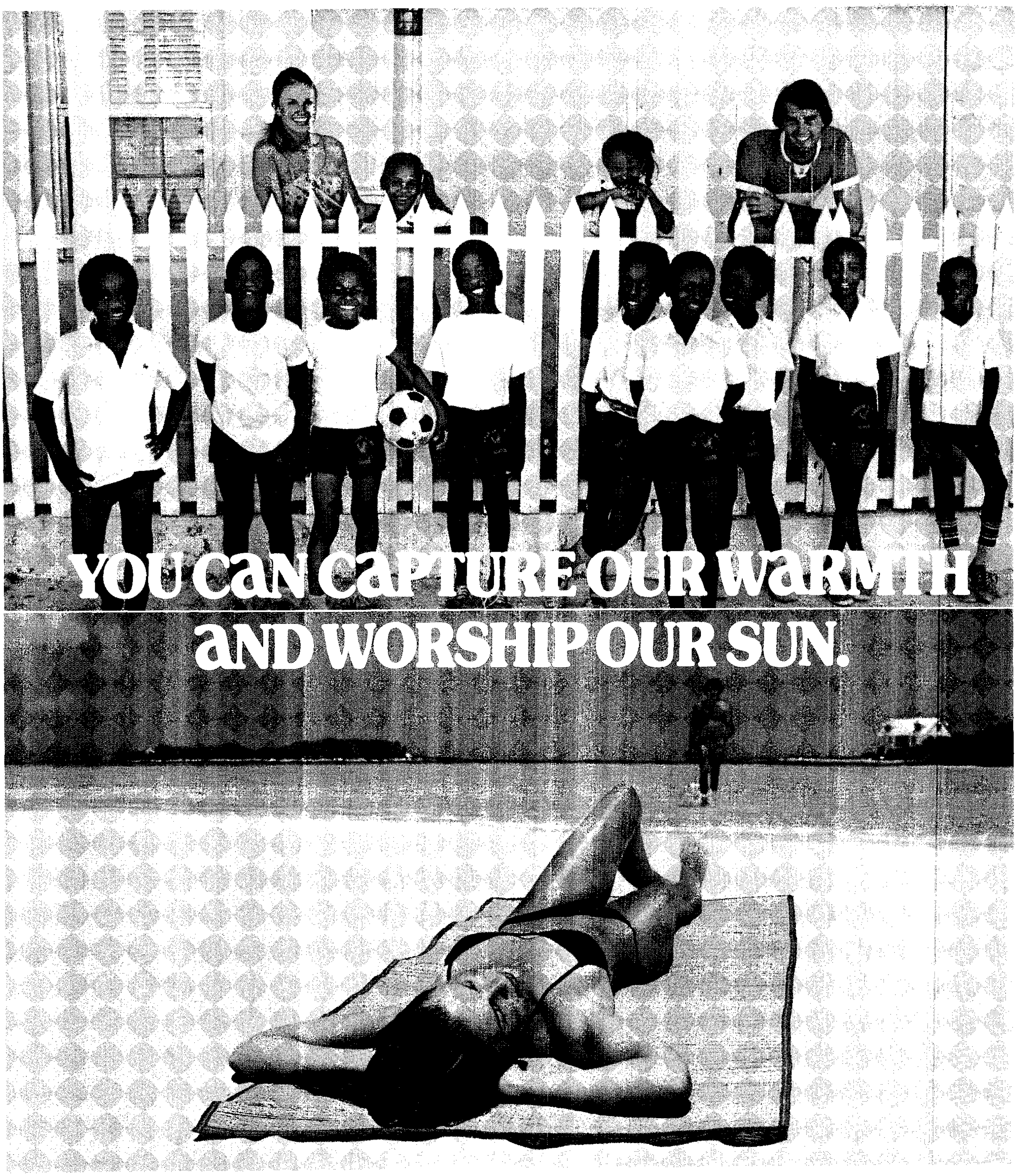
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It's Better In The BAHAMAS

to articulate their cries of injustice and revolution; in the United States, networks and publishers were competing for the privilege of having star dissenters gently interviewed by star reporters. There were careers to be made here. The "revolutionaries" of one decade—Tom Hayden, a radical leader of the nineteen-sixties, is an example—built on the fame of the moment, the star interviews, to become the state-assembly and United States Senate candidates of the next decade. Could their messages and threats, their calls to insurrection have been more effectively suppressed by force? By imprisonment? By expulsion? By censorship?

"We've glorified tolerance in the twentieth century, haven't we?" said Edwin Bronner, a historian and the librarian of Haverford College, near Philadelphia. I had sought him out because he was a Quaker leader—chairman of the Friends World Committee for Consultation. He was speaking of both Americans and Quakers when he said "we." Both have raised tolerance to a fundamental value, but the religious group, the Society of Friends, probably learned too late the political power and benefits of celebrating tolerance, and smothering dissent with attention and understanding. "In the old days, Quakers disowned dissenters," Bronner said. "Thousands and thousands of people were thrown out for marrying outside of meeting. During the Civil War, many young men were disowned for performing any military service. By Vietnam, the same offense was met with what we call 'loving disagreement.' "

But by then there were few Quakers left either to love or to disagree with one another. When Tocqueville visited Philadelphia, it was a city of about eighty thousand, and there were about thirty thousand Quakers in the area. When I was there, the city's population was more than a million and a half, and the number of Quakers was down to fifteen thousand—part of a worldwide community of some two hundred thousand men and women. There were many reasons for the decline of the Quakers—among them the fact that it was difficult for some in prospering, enterprising America to be both wealthy and good Quakers—but the Society of Friends had contributed to its own decline by excluding rather than including dissenters at critical times in Quaker history. Americans in general, it seemed, discovered the effect and the value of loving disagreement before the Quakers did. The Friends had been too rigid to absorb and suppress dissent with smiling, knowing skill.

Tocqueville seemed in awe of the Americans' encouragement of big political talk. In "Democracy in America," he used the Free Trade Convention in Philadelphia as an example of freedom of association and "just how far it is tolerated." He wrote:

"In America there is no limit to freedom of association for political ends. . . . The assembly, which in American fashion styled itself a convention, was constituted at Philadelphia; it counted more than two hundred members. The discussions were public. . . . After ten days the assembly broke up, having issued an address to the American people. In that address it declared first that Congress had not the right to impose a tariff and that the existing tariff was unconstitutional." Pretty tame stuff to an American.

On that June day in Philadelphia in 1979, there were assemblies of citizens in many places, not so much to do something themselves as to attract enough public attention to persuade or force superior authority to take some action favorable to those concerned. The parents of some of the forty or so students of the Fourth Street Academy, a public school for emotionally disturbed children in North Philadelphia, were occupying the school to protest the Board of Education's plans to close it and send the children to other facilities. The parents' goals were, first, to direct public attention to their problem and, second, to embarrass officials of the city and the board into meeting their demands instead of going on television night after night to defend themselves against the parents' charges that they were persecuting disturbed children. After a few days, school officials agreed to keep the school open while they negotiated with the angry parents.

At about the same time, around the city, and in other parts of the country, independent truckers—drivers who owned and operated their own tractor-trailer trucks—were picketing depots that supplied diesel fuel to truck stops and using their huge vehicles to prevent other truckers from refuelling at truck stops to attract public attention and force government action. The owner-drivers were protesting the high prices and inadequate supplies of diesel fuel, as well as the national highway speed limit, fifty-five miles an hour, which reduced their income by requiring more time and more fuel for each trip. Their demonstrations were aimed at the President of the United States; they wanted federal orders and regulations giving them preferential treatment in fuel purchases. Farmers who depended on the truckers to move their produce to market were inconvenienced, and the threats and anger on both sides were recorded nightly on television and daily in the newspapers until President Carter himself said that he would try to work out something.

Freedom of assembly was alive and well in Philadelphia, but the demonstration had replaced the convention. The press, too, was still free—freer than it had ever been anywhere else. But technologically the press had been revolutionized. The truckers' angry words on the Pennsylvania Turnpike that day were transmitted electronically, reaching homes in the California deserts, in Alaska, in the small islands reaching south from Florida. At the same hour all across the continent, millions of Americans saw these truckers threatening to make daily life miserable for most of the people most of the time unless government met certain demands. "We're just waiting for a confrontation," said one of the truckers, leaning against his rig, which was barricading a truck stop near Philadelphia.

This was not what used to be called debate; this technologically driven speedup of democracy was different from the slow building of public opinion that Tocqueville had seen and studied. Instantaneous electronic debate was, by its nature, confrontation.

◆

The trucker's words could be presented and could be followed instantly by the angry words of a depot operator, then by the words of the President or another official, forced to comment because of the public disruption of precious commerce—and by commenting he was being forced to accept responsibility, or to appear to accept responsibility, for ending that disruption of the public order. All this had to be transmitted—and absorbed—in about one minute; that bit of information lightning was in competition for time and attention with hundreds of other stories sparking electronically around the world.

The technologies, the miracles that were invented after Tocqueville wrote "Democracy in America"—in communications, there was the telegraph, the rotary press, radio, and then television—inevitably changed the techniques of the political process he had observed. Information is power; control over the flow of information in a democracy is essential to the exercise of political power. What we know and when we know it inevitably determines our actions as individuals, citizens, officials—as a nation. The speed of the process, I supposed, would be blinding to a nineteenth-century Frenchman. It was confusing enough to a twentieth-century American. But it was only a tool—the product of marvellous machinery to deliver messages, to make certain ideas the context for the decision-making of a government of the people.

Those explosions of information produced great potential power—for all the people, or for those who listened, absorbed, and understood. Instant information produced instant constituencies—numbers of people believed they knew enough to be for or against anything from rural strip-mining to urban redlining—and it also tended to produce a kind of creative timidity in many American politicians that would not have surprised their old critic from France. When Tocqueville was in Philadelphia, the government of the people was led by Mayor Benjamin W. Richards, a popular executive, who was then in the process of being reappointed by the Select and Common Councils. The city was once again choosing a mayor when I arrived in 1979. The choice this time, of course, would be made by popular election—the country being institutionally so much more democratic than it was in 1831—and the man who would win the 1979 election was William J. Green III. When I asked him which classes, which elements of Philadelphia, would rule when he was mayor, Green answered softly, "All of them." One of his slogans, in fact, was "Green—If you want a mayor who'll stop the fighting between us by fighting for all of us."

Mayor Richards was described by contemporaries as "imposing" and "handsome." So was Green. He was almost flawlessly handsome—and tall and dark—like the simple paintings of heroes on the covers of romantic paperback novels. His name, too, was imposing—at least, in Philadelphia. His father was William J. Green, Jr., who had been a Democratic congressman for seventeen years and the city's undisputed political leader for much of that time. When the elder Green died, his son, then a twenty-five-year-old law student, was elected in his place. That was in 1964, and Green had run for political office nine times in the ensuing fifteen years. Obviously, that was his business—running for office.

Why did he want to be mayor? Because, as far as I could tell, it was there. This is a verbatim account of the heart of our conversation:

Q: What groups or interests do you have to appeal to and represent to be mayor of Philadelphia?

A: I represent everybody. I want a constituency that includes everybody.

Q: How do you put a constituency like that together?

A: By visiting everyone.

(I waited.)

A: By meeting with them.

(I waited again.)

A: By telling them what I want to do.

Q: What do you tell them you want to do?

A: Bring the city together.

(I waited. I was probably staring.)

A: End the confrontation.

(I waited.)

A: End the corruption.

(I waited.)

A: End waste. Government wastes a lot of money.

(I waited again. But by then he was on to the game. He said nothing and I, concluding that I had heard the entire Green program, was forced to fill the silence with another question.)

Q: Are the decisions concerning government help for the poor people of Philadelphia made in Philadelphia itself or are they made in Washington?

A: They're made in many places.

Q: Where should those decisions be made?

A: In many places.

Q: How would you define political power?

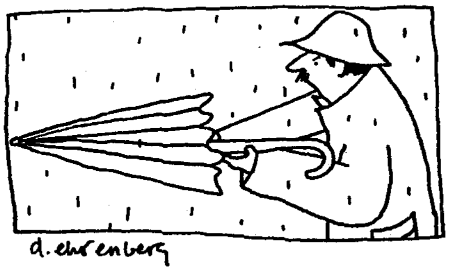
A: As the ability to relate to others.

There were other questions. And other answers. Among them:

"I don't want to be quoted on that subject."

"I don't want to guess at that."

"I don't want to criticize anybody."



"It was good talking with you," Green said as we finished. "It's exciting to talk about ideas instead of just being out there campaigning." He went on, but I didn't catch it all. I was talking to myself, and that was what I thought I had been doing for the past hour or so.

ON September 12, 1831, on the way to a rally of more than two thousand people at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, to express support for revolutionaries fighting for independence in Poland, Tocqueville met Josiah Quincy, Jr., a former mayor of Boston, whom he identified in his notes as "the president of the University of Cambridge." It was Harvard University. Quincy gave the young Frenchman a catalogue of the school and a book describing local government in New England. The title of the book was "Town Officer."

In September of 1979, the twenty-fifth president of Harvard, Derek Bok, gave me a catalogue and a book. This book, called "Adaptation to Life," was by Dr. George E. Vaillant, a professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, and it was a study of the lives of two hundred and sixty-eight Harvard graduates over a period of thirty-five years. The book's purpose and the principal questions it dealt with were summarized on the jacket as "To chart the ways in which a group of promising individuals coped with their lives over a period of time. . . . Why do some of us cope so well with the portion life offers us? . . . Why do some of us achieve happiness in our personal and professional life, while others are increasingly doomed to be miserable themselves and to make others miserable as well?"

"Cope," it seemed, was a word I could not escape. It had been one of the favored words of the 1979 American Society of Newspaper Editors study "Changing Needs of Changing Readers." The verb "to cope" derives from Middle French—from *couper*, to strike. An aggressive word. In Dr. Vaillant's book, it had a Freudian meaning, according to the author's introduction: "The so-called *defense* mechanisms of psychoanalytic theory will often be referred to as coping or adaptive mechanisms." I was laughing to myself as I looked at the book; I hoped that President Bok didn't notice. America had apparently been turned upside down—from aggression to defense, from books on public solutions to books on private problems, from republicanism to psychiatry.

"Public policy is of almost no interest to the people here today, the students," said Philip Morrison, a professor of physics at Cambridge's other great educational institution, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which was founded thirty-four years after Tocqueville met Quincy. "They are looking for private solutions," he said. "They are not interested in government, in community questions, public questions. They take no career risks and no intellectual risks. If they have a code, this is it: You pretend you're square, so that General Motors will hire you and pay you, and then you think whatever you want to—pretending all the time. There is a duality, and they are much more cynical—much less ingenuous than the students of, say, twenty years ago, in the nineteen-sixties. They have separate cultures, which are not shared by other people. Drugs, sex, tastes—tastes in music, for instance."

"Will these people change the country when they take over?" I asked.

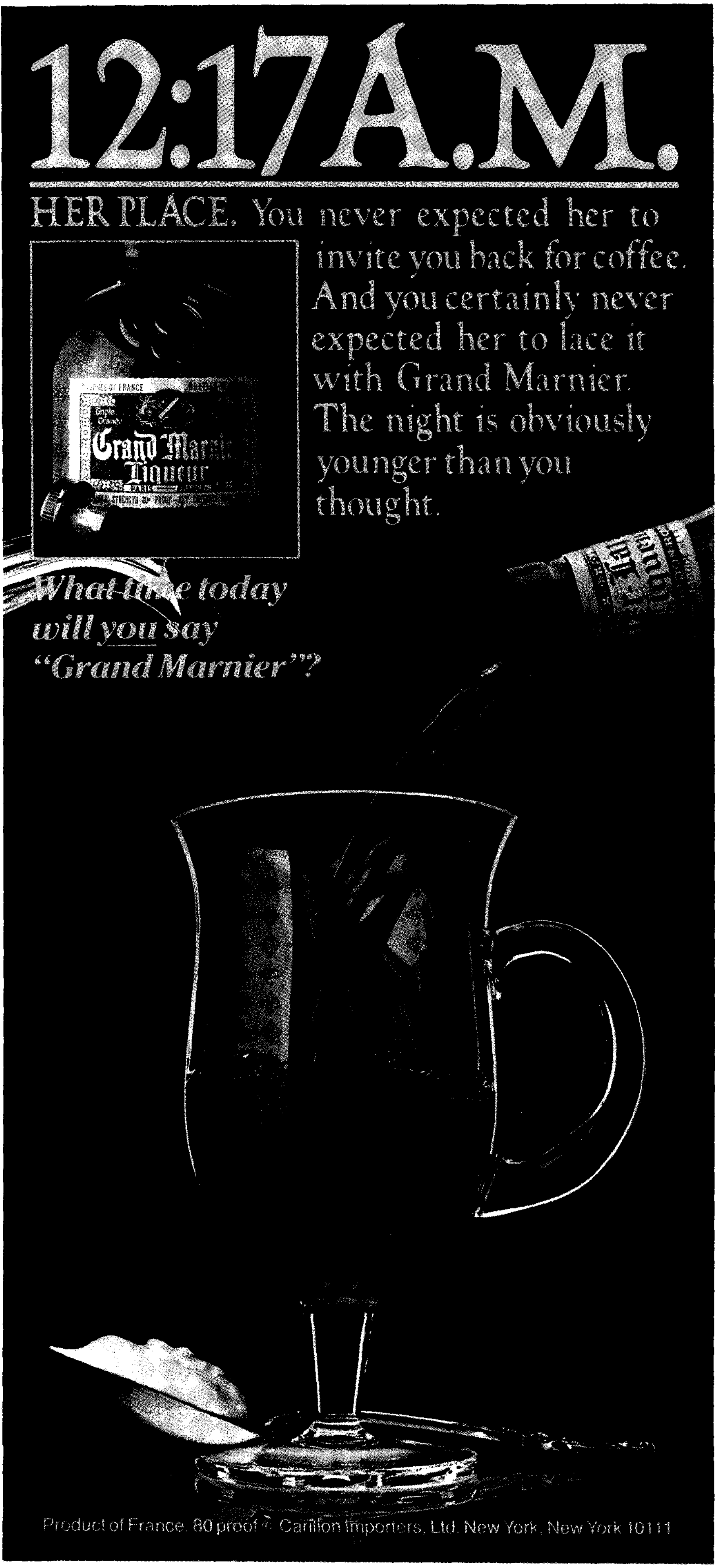
"They're not going to try," he said. "Let me give you an example. They smoke a lot of marijuana, but they don't care whether it's legal or not. It's easier to buy pot and go off by yourself than to try and persuade state legislatures to legalize the stuff. The private solution."

A group of twenty-five young men and women, students I met with after talking with Professor Morrison, certainly thought they knew what they were doing. "Playing the game" was the phrase they used to describe their attitudes and actions. I was their guest lecturer at a political-science seminar for students from M.I.T. and from nearby Wellesley College. They were attractive people, well dressed and articulate—men and women who by the very fact of being undergraduates at two élite schools would also certainly be, one day, among the people running the United States. At least, they had that option, or the option to try to be.

I did not lecture. I told them what Professor Morrison had said about them.

"What does he expect?" said one young woman. "We were brought up playing games. Your parents and your teachers make it clear what they want, and you give it to them. They make it clear what they don't want to know, and you go along with that, to get what you want. And to be left alone."

"Your professor's too simplistic,"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said a young man. "It's not duality. We play many roles. I'm different for every class. I'm whoever the professor wants me to be—for that hour."

A Wellesley student said she had watched the President on television the other night with four other people, two of them in their early twenties, like her, and two in their late forties. The President, she said, had used the word "patriotism," and the three young people had looked at each other behind their elders' backs and—her word—"snickered."

"The whole thing here is personal betterment," said another of the young women, an M.I.T. student. "You play the game and get out of here and there's a good job waiting for you. Then you can do what you want." Like others, she made it clear that the betterment she was talking about was very personal indeed: it had much, much more to do with the pursuit of happiness than with the pursuit of excellence.

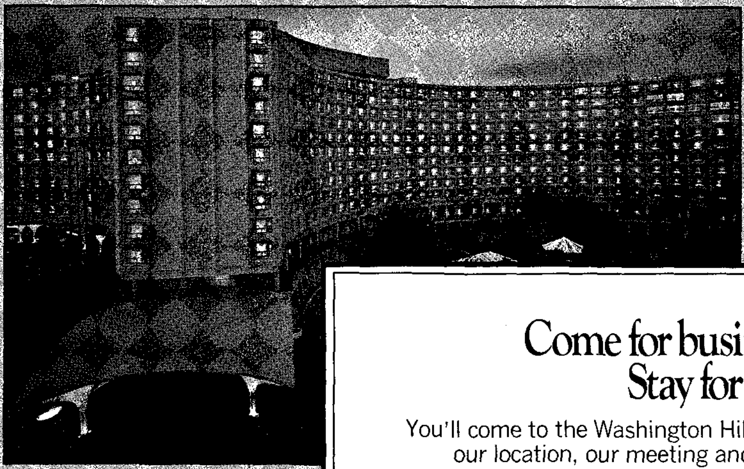
"What is the point of being the best, or making more money than you need, or 'doing things for the community'? What community?" a young man said, with a cynicism that seemed both too certain and too self-conscious for me to believe in. But a few of the others around the long semicircular table nodded as he spoke.

"They're a cool bunch, aren't they?" Edwin Diamond, the political-science seminar's regular lecturer, said to me afterward.

"Perhaps there is some sort of invisible hand at work," Professor Morrison had said, quite seriously. "In a growing nation that needed more and more work, ambition was necessary. Now, if we are in a basically no-growth situation—and I believe we are—ambition is not needed, and it does seem to be declining. A lot of this is well within the American tradition: the individual takes care of himself—whether the individual is battling with the frontier, as it were, or dealing with a corporate structure."

If ambition as Americans traditionally knew and exploited it was no longer essential to the society, would it decline or would it be redirected?

"There is great tension in the society about that question," said David Riesman, the Harvard sociologist, in his office, up the Charles River. "The word 'workaholic'—the idea that work and ambition can be carried too far, to the point of being called a disease—is a symbol of that tension. I see the balance tipping toward leisure. There



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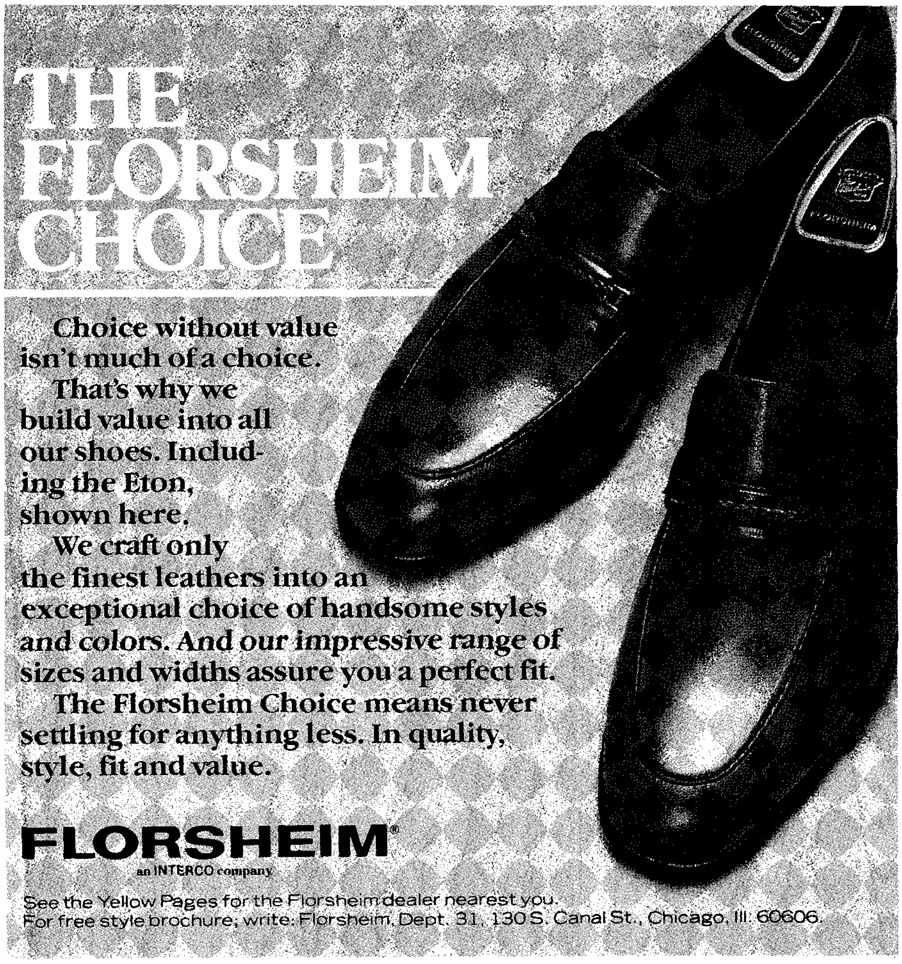

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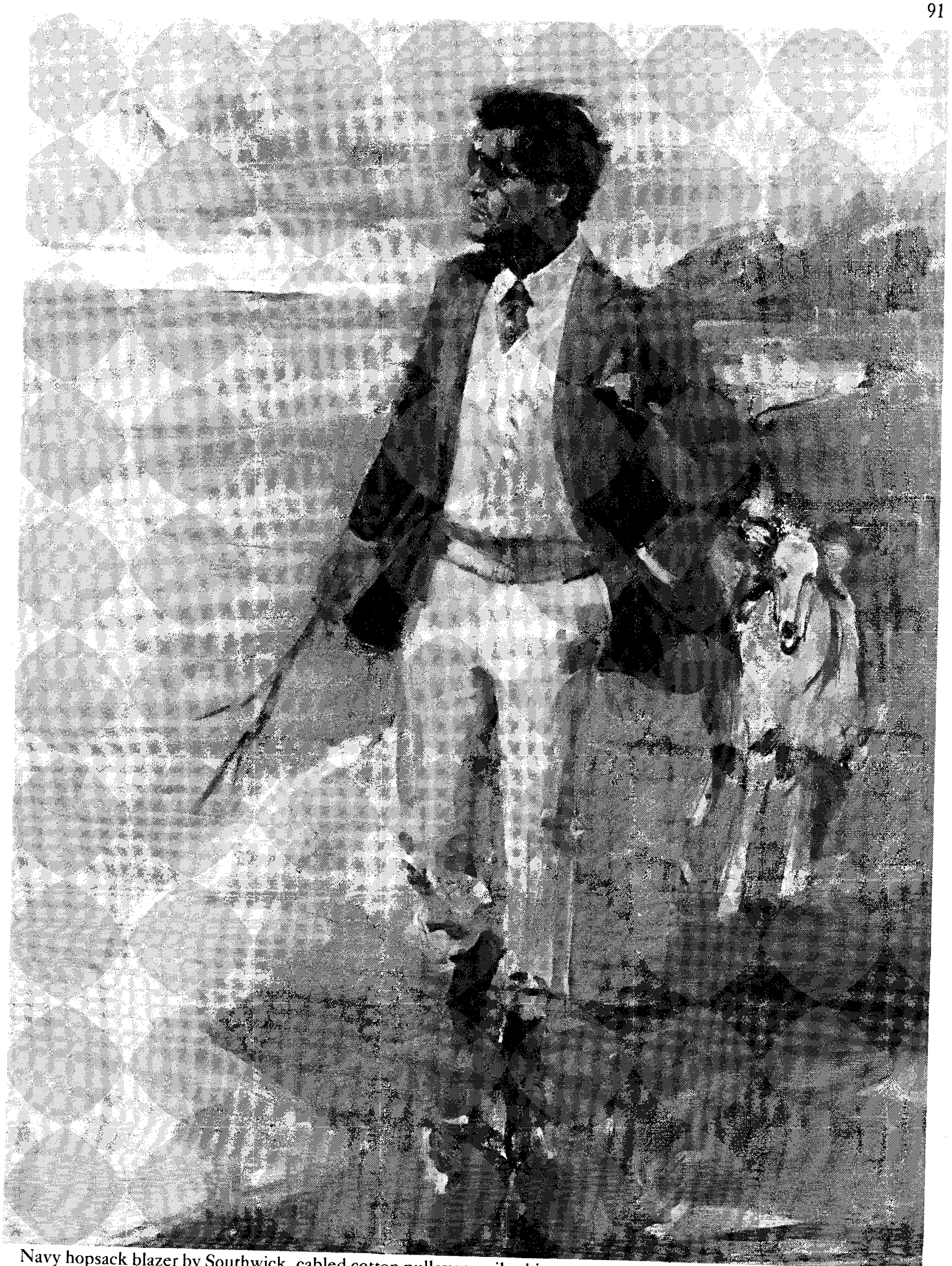

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will be exceptions, of course. You can see that in medical schools—islands of work like that."

Duality, cynicism, detachment—none of the students I met with at M.I.T. had seemed to disagree with Professor Morrison's dour analysis until the session's final minute. Then a young woman had stood up. "This is nonsense," she said. "I'm British. I've been here for a year listening to this kind of talk. It's not true, and you know it. To me it sounds like play cynicism. There is no cynicism in America—no cynicism that a European would recognize. You're the luckiest people in the world. There's opportunity here. People can move up. They can do what they want to do. That's not true where I come from—people are locked in by where they were born, by who their parents are. That's why I—people like me, my friends, all my friends—want to come to America. And you all know that's true. You believe in this."

End of class. As the students left, I stopped one of those who had been most vocal.

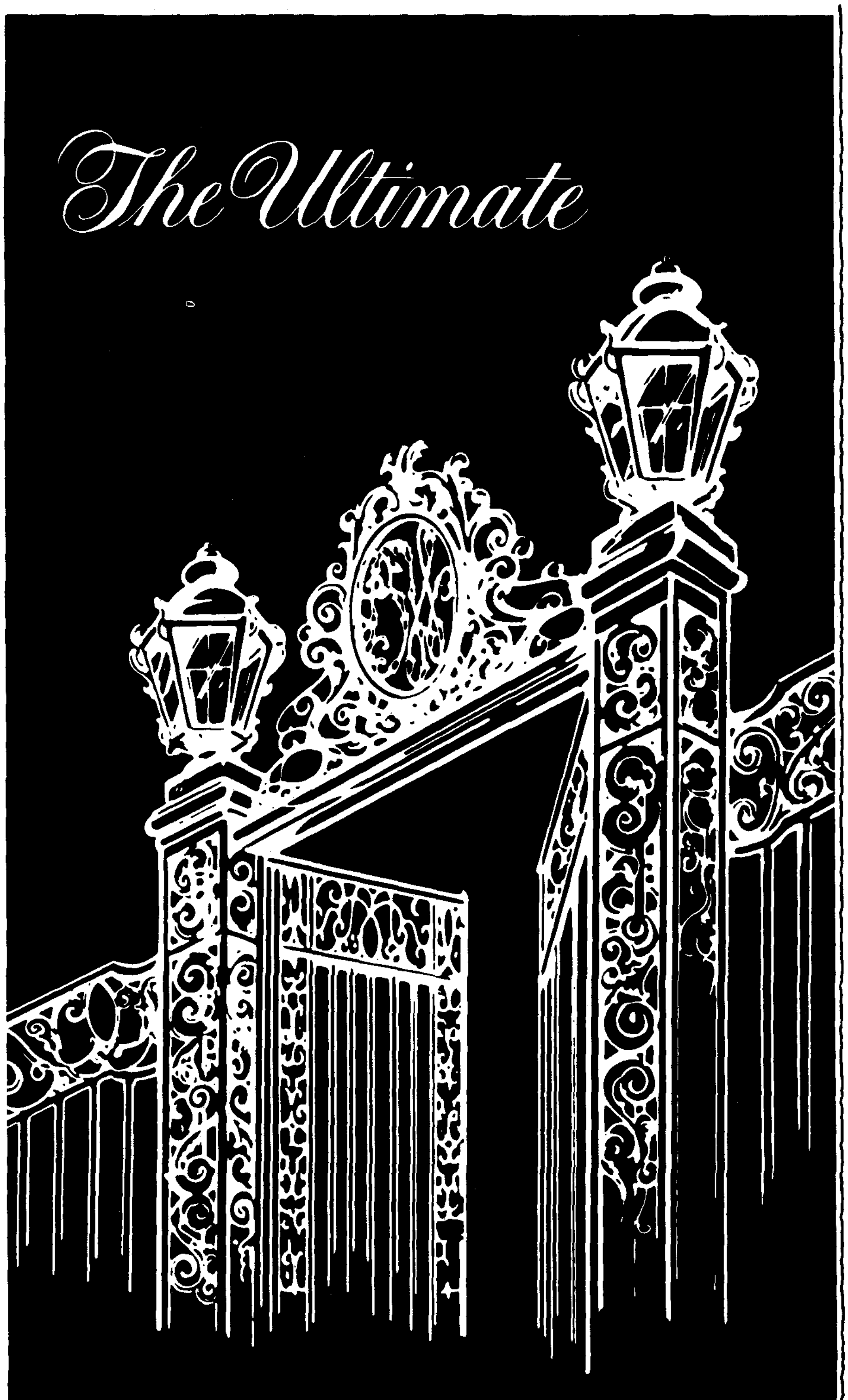
"What did you think of that?" I asked.

"She's right."

"It's a hell of a country—the best," Gilbert Hill, the black police inspector, had said in Detroit after spending two hours talking about discrimination. And he wasn't the only one. At the end of a hundred conversations—more—the person I was with would stop and, after beginning the exchange of goodbyes, would use the word "best" or "wonderful" or "love." I am not sure that that *always* happened, but my memory is that it did.

"The people has the Republic to the marrow of the bones," Tocqueville was told in Boston on September 22, 1831, by a brilliant young German immigrant named Francis Lieber, who was the founder of the Encyclopedia Americana.

"One of the problems we still have with European governments is that they always have trouble understanding that we believe what we say," Michael Mandelbaum, a young professor of government at Harvard, told me in Boston on a September day a hundred and forty-eight years later. "We don't talk about 'human rights' as a cynical ploy to embarrass other governments. There may be some cynicism among the leaders doing the talking, but the American people believe in human rights. We believe in our own rhetoric."



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His colleague Judith Shklar, who was born in Riga, Latvia, and whose specialty is European political thought, added, "Americans alone do not believe that the moral problems of the world have been solved."

Americans, in their marrow, seem to think that moral problems *can* be solved, and that the last, best hope for solving those dilemmas is this nation itself, America. "For fifty years the inhabitants of the United States have been repeatedly and constantly told that they are the only religious, enlightened, and free people," Tocqueville wrote. "They see that democratic institutions flourish among them, whereas they come to grief in the rest of the world; consequently they have an immensely high opinion of themselves and are not far from believing that they form a species apart from the rest of the human race."

That feeling went on for a lot more than fifty years. Tocqueville was not the first and not the last foreigner to wonder at Americans' capacity for telling one another how moral and decent, how much better, they all were; he damned it at regular intervals in his notes and his final work—"this irritable patriotism . . . this boasting . . . this conceit." He would have been amused to know that someday students at a great institution would snicker among themselves at the same things. But, like the young woman from England, the Frenchman might not have been totally convinced by the detachment of the young Americans.

I wasn't. The same old feelings were there, as far as I could tell in travelling Tocqueville's route—they were just held back a little longer, in the name of sophistication. The young cynicism of M.I.T. and Wellesley in 1979 was a veneer over faith, just as the boastful patriotism of 1831 had covered the doubts and insecurity of a new people building a new system. The doubts, like almost everything else in America, were now bandied about in the name of "openness"—another new value. There was what seemed to be a double life of patriotism, too. I came home after more than a year with at least one clear impression: the American was still, at heart, the loud, flag-waving patriot. There was often confusion and frustration, especially about the fairness of the economic system and the effectiveness of the political system, and it was fashionable for many people to function rhetorically at that cool level of disdain. But late at night, at the end of

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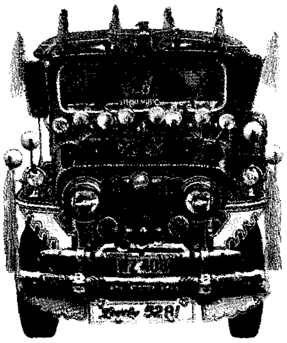

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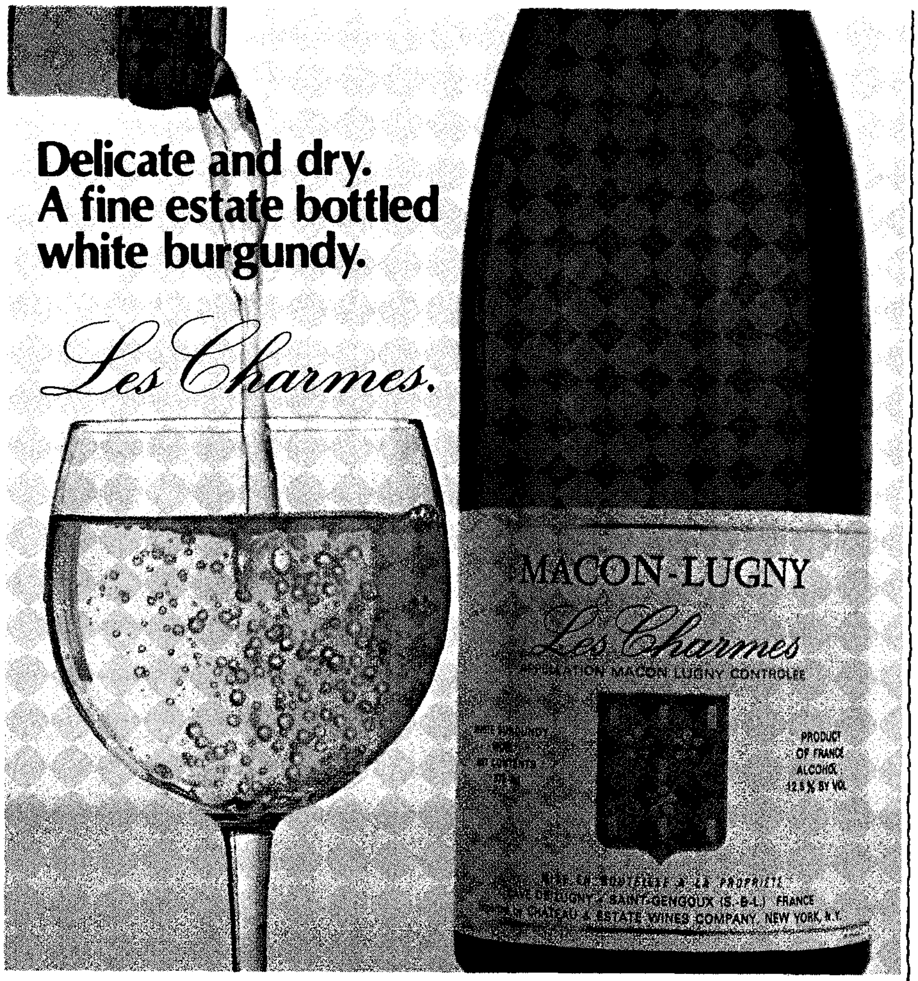
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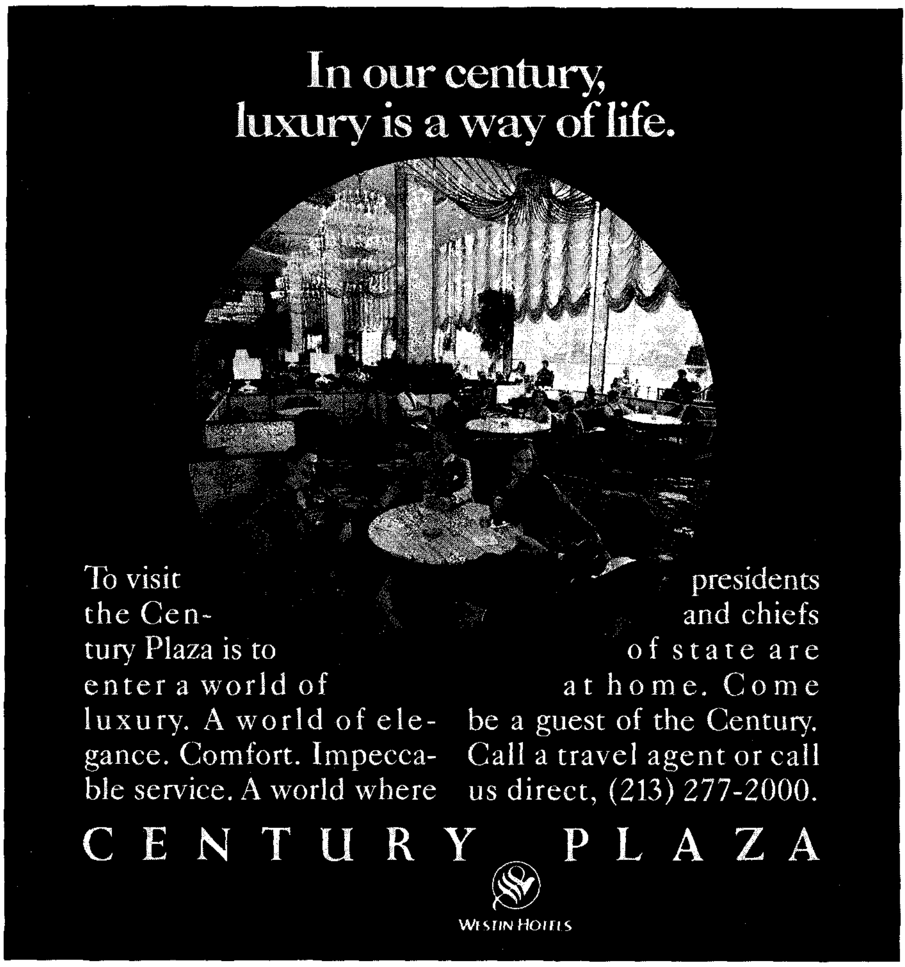
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class or conversation, Americans believed in America. They bought the ideas of their fathers, of their fathers' fathers. There was a faith, a set of beliefs, shared by almost all the people almost all the time.

After my M.I.T. class, while I was still thinking about shared beliefs, I talked with Gary Orren, a professor of political science at Harvard, who had also directed public-opinion surveys for two of the country's most influential newspapers, the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post*.

What do Americans believe?

"A lot of things, some of them true," Orren said, with a smile. "But I think a good place to start is to remember that we are pro-democracy and anti-government." He continued, "Most of what we believe comes down to ideas that are essentially anti-authority and tend toward personal self-regulation. If there were an American creed, I think it might begin: 'One, government is best that governs least. Two, majority rule. Three, equality of opportunity.' "

That seemed about right, but my first thought was that even those three tenets had proved contradictory, like so much in American life and—to use a phrase that no one will ever satisfactorily define—the American character. Personal self-regulation had not always worked in the United States, and often the enforcement of one belief—equality of opportunity, for example—required the violation of another; namely, less government. More government—and central government, at that—was necessary to enforce equality of many opportunities, including the opportunity to vote in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the nineteenth century, and to sit near the front of a bus in Montgomery, Alabama, in the twentieth.

The contradictions, however, only shook the faith, and did not shatter it. Many of the things I heard and thought on the road—about race, about dissent, about faith—came together for a moment one rainy afternoon in May of 1981 at a bar in Detroit. I was talking with Dewey Ricardo Martin, a black laborer around the blast furnaces in a Ford plant, who had scrambled to the presidency of his United Auto Workers local unit six years before, at the age of twenty-three.

Here was Rick Martin speaking at a union meeting: "I want to reveal the strategy of the multinational corporations and what they're trying to do to the working class of this coun-

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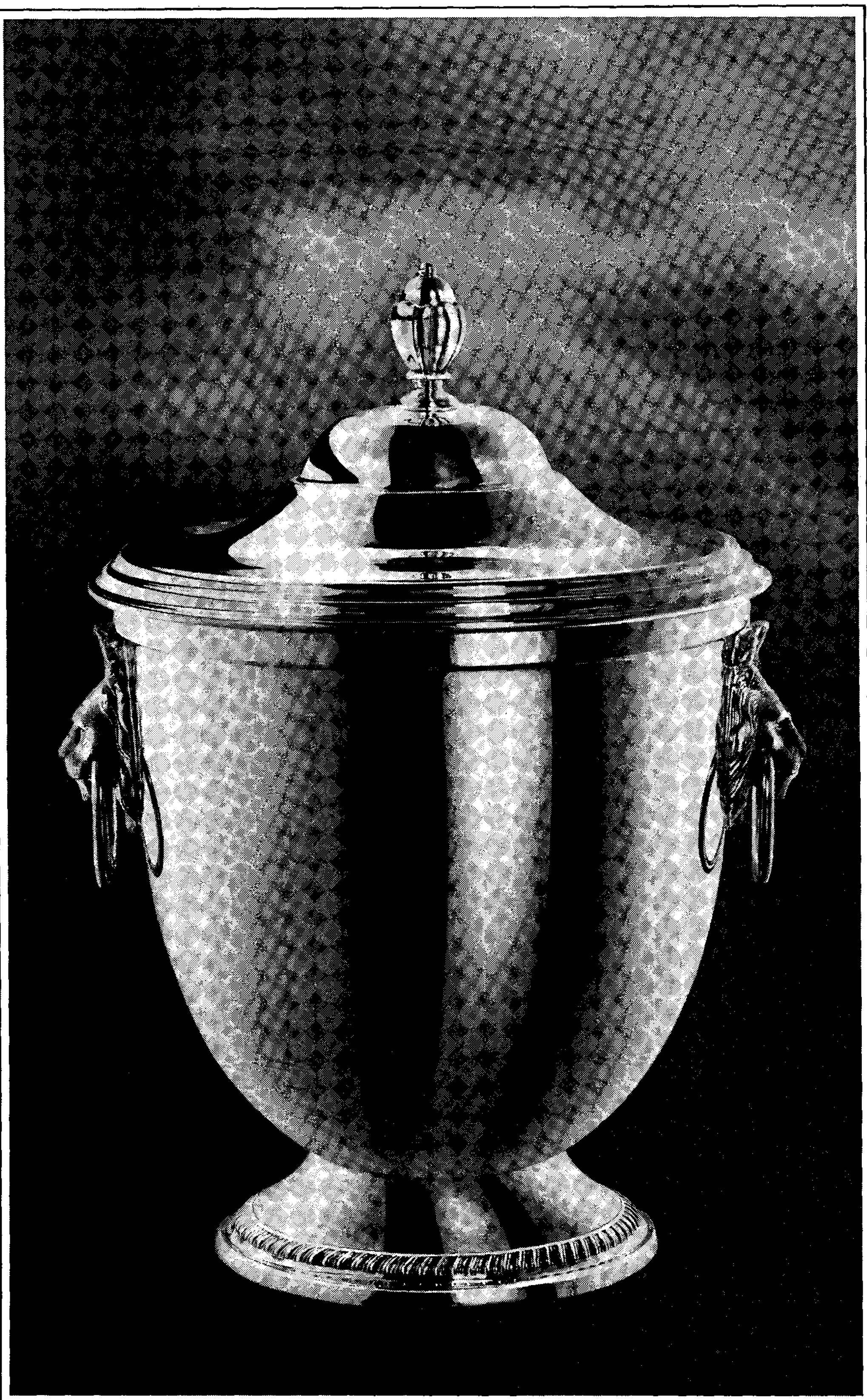

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try. . . . The multinationals saw that with union progress the working-class people were moving up. We were able to put a roof over our heads without having rats. When the multinationals saw this and they saw that working-class people were moving into luxury and otherwise, they knew then that they had to destroy it and wipe it out; and this is what they started doing. . . . They got the United States government as an accomplice to this crime." He went on, ending with a call: "We are going to have to go back to the old days. We are going to have to march!"

Afterward, we were sitting talking about conspiracies.

"What are you going to do next?"

"I'd like to get me some education. Pre-law. I hope to get into politics. What I'd really like someday is to get elected to Congress. I believe in the system, and I really want to make it work. Education is what counts. When I was in the tenth grade, at Mackenzie High, I was getting bad grades and messing around. My father came into the kitchen one night with a pair of Ford work pants, and he threw them in my face. 'Put these on,' he said. 'Because you're going to be wearing them the rest of your life if you don't get an education.' "

"The effort made in this country to spread instruction is truly prodigious," Tocqueville wrote to a friend, a professor in Paris. "The universal and sincere faith that they profess here in the efficaciousness of education seems to me one of the most remarkable features of America, the more so as I confess that for me the question is not yet entirely decided." For the Americans, it was: Education was even more than the process that furnished the means to enrich oneself; education was the means.

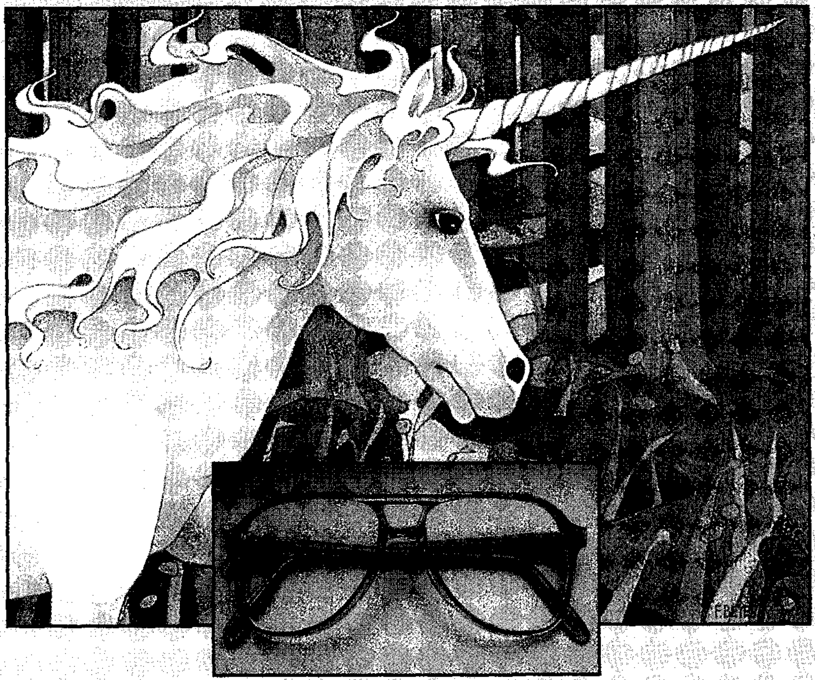
Rick Martin and his father believed that. The leader of Martin's union—Douglas Fraser—believed it, too. He was even willing to fib about it. We were sitting in his office in Detroit—in Solidarity House, the U.A.W. headquarters, built on land that was once part of the estate of Henry Ford's son, Edsel—and I asked him about his boyhood. He told me of coming to the United States from Glasgow, with his family, at the age of six, and then talked about growing up American and about graduating from high school. "I want to go back to something," he said a while later. "I wasn't telling the whole story about high school. I never finished. I quit in the twelfth grade to take a job at De Soto. It's funny—after all these years, I still don't like to admit it. Because the fact is, I still think it was a stupid thing to do. I should have finished my education."

"Education is the gateway. Even in an egalitarian society—and I think ours is getting close to that—there have to be gateways, funnels to positions of power and influence," said Derek Bok, the president of Harvard. "Universities control the gateway to jobs, and Harvard . . ." He let the sentence trail off, modestly, as we lunched in an airy restaurant near the campus, a place called Ferdinand's, where professors, Cambridge business people, and students chatted and ordered salads and glasses of white wine: an egalitarian setting chosen—not accidentally, I was sure—by the president.

"And Harvard . . ." Fair Harvard: Founded in 1636, the oldest college in the United States, one of forty-seven colleges and universities in the country when Tocqueville met Josiah Quincy. Of seventy-two people who did most to inform Tocqueville and Beaumont about America, fifteen were educated at Harvard.

Harvard was the funnel. The college was the alma mater of eight of the fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence; of five of the forty Presidents of the United States (Harvard Law School graduated a sixth); of six of the country's fifty-nine Secretaries of State (two more were graduates of Harvard Law and another received a degree from the Graduate School). With the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, its neighbor, Harvard and its graduate schools formed the core of the most formidable academic complex in the United States. In 1970, a study published by the Mental Health Research Institute of the University of Michigan concluded that of the forty-one major advances in the social sciences in the United States between the years 1930 and 1965 nine had originated in Cambridge, compared with five each in New York City and Washington.

There are a lot of ways to make it economically, politically, intellectually, and socially in America, but if there is a better place to start than Harvard—a better gateway than a Harvard education and Harvard connections—I have never noticed it. As I had in Philadelphia when I asked Frank McGlinn whether it was easier to get a business loan than it had been when he first became a banker, I thought the ques-



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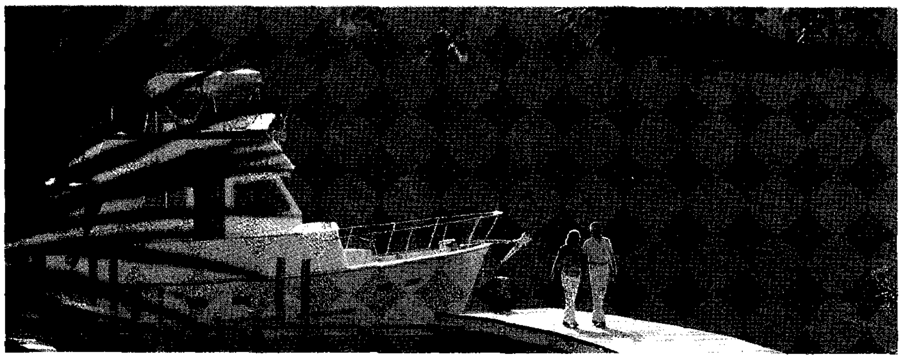
tion of equality of opportunity to get into Harvard was a pretty good test of how democratic America actually was.

"There is much, much more competition than there used to be, so in that sense it is more difficult to get into Harvard," Bok answered. "Still, for any individual, a student in any high school, anywhere in the United States, the system is much more open than it was in the past. If a young man or a young woman wants to go to Harvard, he or she begins with just about the same chance as any other student. Isn't that egalitarianism?"

"There has been a startling change in who gets into Harvard over the past twenty-five years—startling," said William Fitzsimmons, the director of admissions for Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges, and the changes he talked about constituted an explosion of opportunity in those years. Almost fourteen thousand students applied for admission to Harvard's class of 1984, and about eleven thousand of them were judged academically qualified; two thousand one hundred and fifty, *about fifteen per cent of those who* applied, were admitted. Nearly thirty years before, in 1952, sixty-three per cent of the applicants were admitted. Before the Second World War, eighty per cent or better of all applicants were admitted; those applicants, more than half of them graduates of private or independent preparatory schools, knew their place, and their place was Harvard. By the nineteen-sixties, a lot of other students had begun thinking that Harvard could be their place. More than seventy per cent of those admitted in 1981 for the class of 1985 were public-school graduates. They may not have been as well educated as the old private-school graduates, but they were probably smarter: scores on standard aptitude tests taken by students admitted to Harvard College in the class of 1985 were fifteen per cent higher than those of the class of 1956.

Test scores were not the only thing that increased with the democratization of Harvard. So did the numbers of minority students. First came the Jews, as admissions procedures became fairer—more than a quarter of the student body was Jewish by 1970—and then blacks and Hispanics. More than twenty per cent of the class of 1984 were members of minority groups—blacks, Hispanics, and Asians. And there was also a majority that had been barred—women. Perhaps the most radical thing about



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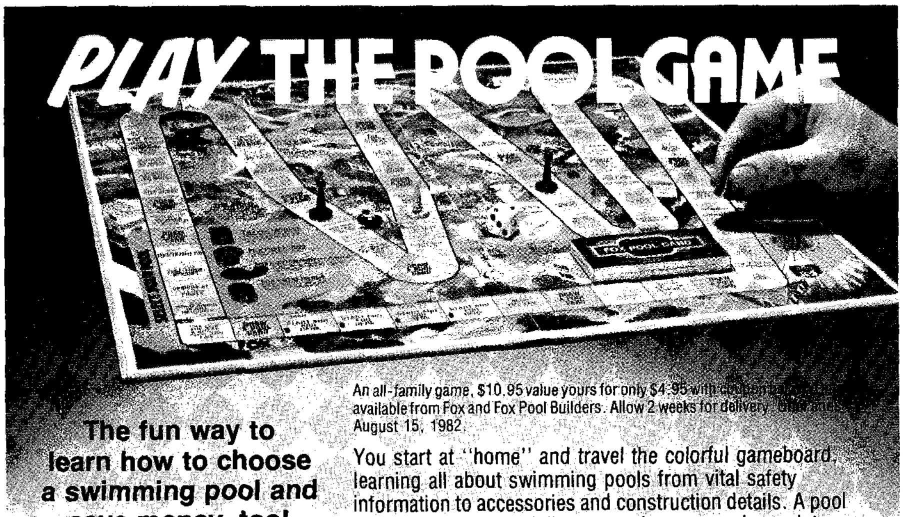

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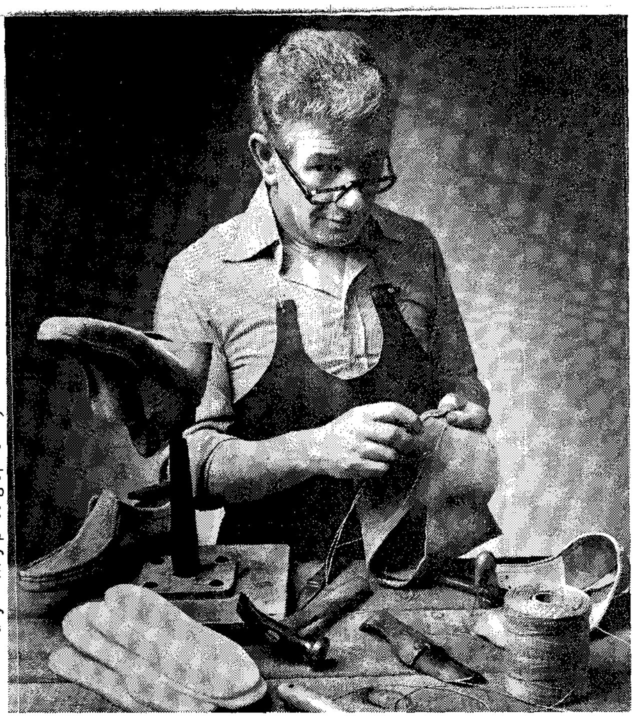

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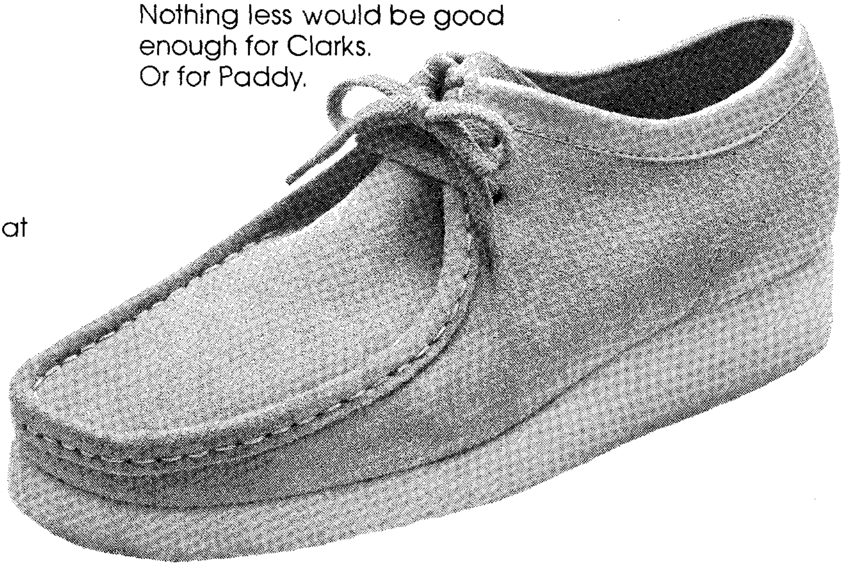

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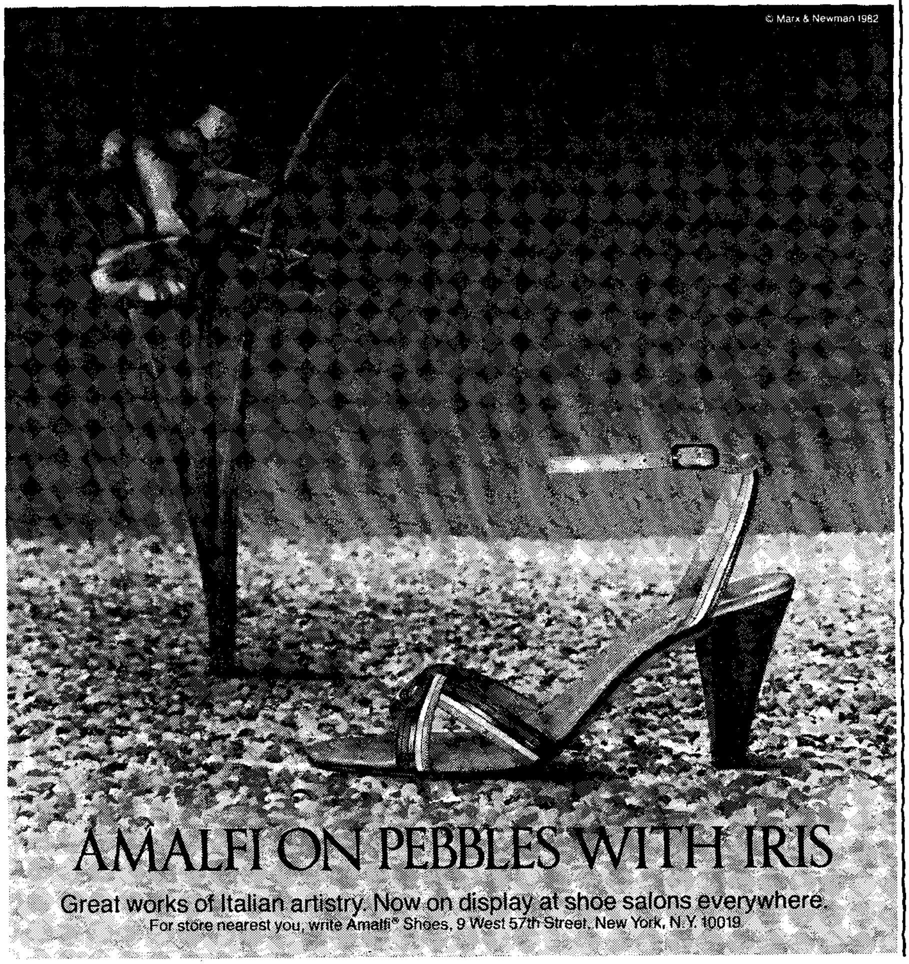

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Harvard's class of 1984 was that eight hundred and forty-four of the twenty-one hundred and fifty members were women. In 1878—eight years after the first black man, Richard Greener, graduated from Harvard College—an association for Private Collegiate Instruction for Women was formed to make private arrangements with individual members of the Harvard faculty to instruct women students at an institution that in 1894 became Radcliffe College. In 1943, when the Second World War created a shortage of instructors and students, Radcliffe women began attending some classes with Harvard men, and in 1947 both schools formally committed themselves to coeducation. In 1975, they combined their admissions departments and procedures.

Blacks, male and female, made up almost ten per cent of the student body when I visited Harvard. In the class of 1961, blacks had constituted less than one per cent—eight of more than twelve hundred graduates. In March of that year, the President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, a member of the class of 1940, issued Executive Order No. 10925, which concerned, in part, the employment policies of private companies entering into contracts for government work: "The contractor will take affirmative action to ensure that applicants are employed, and that employees are treated, during employment, without regard to their race, creed, color, or national origin."

More government. More equal opportunity. The phrase "affirmative action" took on legislative meaning when it was used in Title VII, the Equal Employment Opportunity provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. At first, the words had seemed to mean that an employer had an obligation to take some action to inform members of minority groups—blacks, really—that he did not discriminate. But it soon took on expanded meanings, and by 1972 the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, a creation of the Civil Rights Act, was issuing annual reports with statements

like this: "As the Commission stated in Decision No. 72-0265, Title VII imposes an affirmative duty on employers and unions to end the chilling effects of past discrimination and that a continuing lack of Negro applicants for once all-white jobs only indicated that 'The effectiveness, thoroughness, and frequency of whatever efforts the respondent was making to inform Negroes that it no longer discriminates against them fall short of what is necessary.' "

Affirmative action was also being applied to higher education—mandated by government in the hiring of faculty or adopted voluntarily in determining student-admissions policy. You did not have to be a Harvard graduate to figure out that the government was saying, in effect, that the only acceptable proof of nondiscrimination was the percentage of blacks on the job or on the campus. Americans, after all, are a practical people ("American know-how"), and a people who demand not only results but proof of results. Harvard, which had admitted young men because of their privileged background, began accepting some because of their underprivileged background—and hiring faculty because the federal government had the power to threaten the twenty-five per cent of the university's budget that came from public funds.

"The government had to take over higher education," said Krister Stendahl, of the Harvard Divinity School, "because there was no other way to give that education to the poor." Stendahl's thought complemented what George Ewing, a newspaper publisher in Canandaigua, New York, had told me months earlier. The people of his town—and individuals and small groups of Americans everywhere—just weren't going to do certain things. Not if they thought those damned things—building sewer plants and giving poor people a better shot—were going to take money out of their own pockets. The government was making people do it, but the people—sovereign, after all, and professing that they didn't believe in it—still accepted more government. It was an American contradiction and a proud American cycle. The black students at Harvard, whether or not they would have been able to compete in a true and structured meritocracy, were part of that cycle.

Americans believed their own rhetoric, as Michael Mandelbaum had said, and although they might resent

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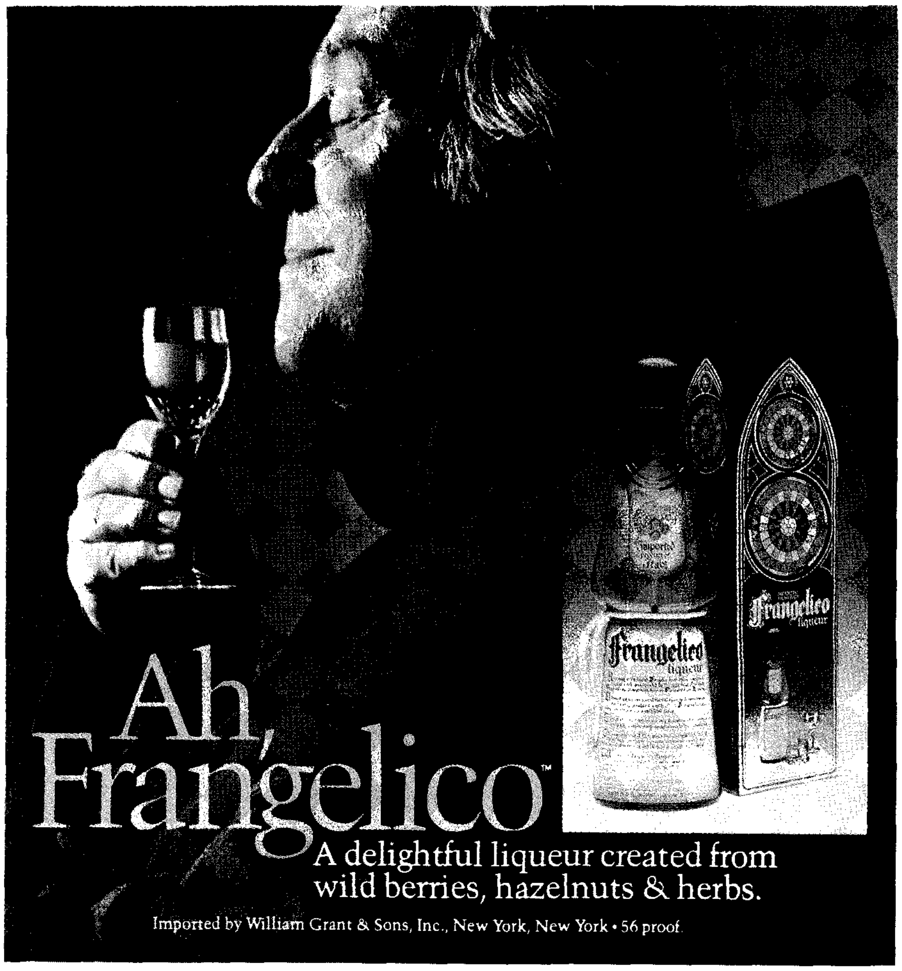
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criticism of the gap between rhetoric and reality, they would respond to the criticism. They, the majority, consensus America, would act under the prodding of moral or moralistic leaders and arguments—of Martin Luther King, Jr., or millions of his fellow-blacks shouting that this was not fair, this violated the sacred heritage of our nation. "We are a nation with a conscience," James Reston, the New York *Times* columnist, said. "Usually it's a troubled conscience, because we are not living up to what we were taught we were. . . . So we are always vulnerable to appeals to the best in ourselves."

The modern governing of America was based on fairness and appeals to fairness—"enforced fairness," as J. Vincent Aug, the United States Magistrate in Cincinnati, had described the function of the courts to me when I was in that city—and the enforcer had to be the government itself, government at the highest levels, the levels that dealt with fundamental questions. No American question could be more fundamental than equality of opportunity. The national government, the enforcer of fairness, guaranteed equality; and education, in the American mind, guaranteed opportunity. The match was made—the government would police the "gateway." Then came the question of proof, of finding some way to prove that there was equality of opportunity, that things were fair. The answer was obvious, even if a bit foolish: the results had to prove equality.

The government, trusted and feared, obeyed and avoided, revered and disdained, had become very much like a religion. Its role was to confront evil for the rest of us. Somehow, it had to make us better than we knew we were, because the ideas that were being enforced, the ideas of America, were bigger and better than Americans. Most Americans supported that reinforcement of the national rhetoric, even while protesting the growth of the secular church to meet evils old or new, growing or being redefined. The support, the basic trust in the public solution, existed even as the American congregation sought out private solutions—and new ways to evade the multiplying laws and the bureaus, rules, and enforcers. It was, of course, the way people have always believed in and dealt with religions. No one can play by all those rules, all those commandments. But they can say they do, and they can

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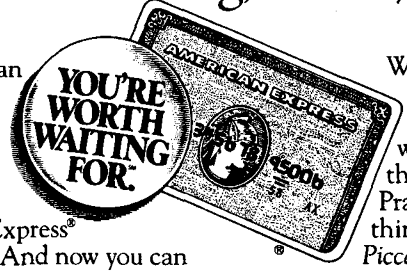

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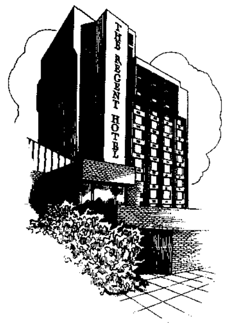

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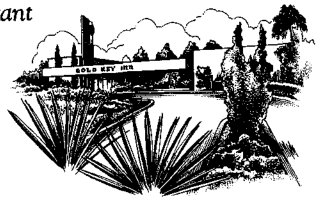

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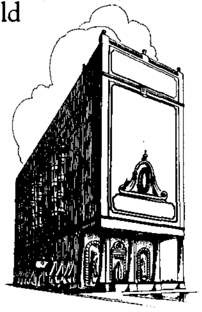

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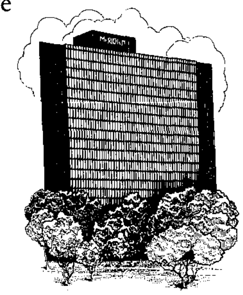

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try. Americans try—and trying makes them, often, hypocrites and fools. And often decent. And democrats. Americans.

THE American journey of Tocqueville and Beaumont was nearing an end on January 16, 1832, when, after a twelve-day stagecoach ride across the South from New Orleans, they boarded a steamboat in Norfolk for the trip up the Chesapeake to Washington. They shared the boat ride and the last four days of their Southern travels with Joel Roberts Poinsett, the former Ambassador to Mexico and a member of the South Carolina Legislature, who was to become Secretary of War in 1837.

"Conversations with Mr. Poinsett, from the twelfth to the seventeenth of January 1832" were the last extensive interviews recorded in the last of fourteen pocket notebooks that Tocqueville carried in the United States. The Frenchman wrote out pages of questions and answers on subjects that ranged from the financing of the public roads they were bouncing over to the cost and speed of American ships. "The American has a quality which, on sea as on land, makes him singularly apt to succeed and make money," Poinsett said during a conversation that Tocqueville was to repeat often. "He is very civilized, and he is thrown in a society which is just beginning and where the industries have not yet had the time to class themselves in a hard and fast way. It follows that with us every man knows a little of everything, has since childhood been habituated to doing a little of all. . . . There is a phrase constantly in our mouths at the sight of an obstacle: and it's a phrase that portrays us perfectly: 'I will try.' "

Summarizing the ideas that came out of those long talks, Tocqueville wrote in his notebook, "Political liberty is a food that is hard to digest. Only the most robust constitutions can support it. But when it comes to pass, be it even with other [institutions], it gives to the whole social body a vigour and energy that surprise even those who were expecting the most from it."

Then, cryptically, he wrote, "Fatal influence of the military spirit and military obedience on liberty." It was his first mention of militarism in America—the United States had only a few thousand men under arms—and, in his notebooks, the last. But the enthu-

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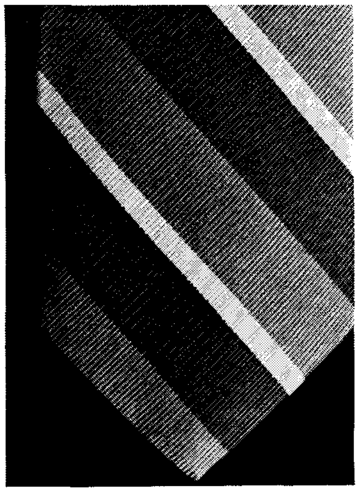

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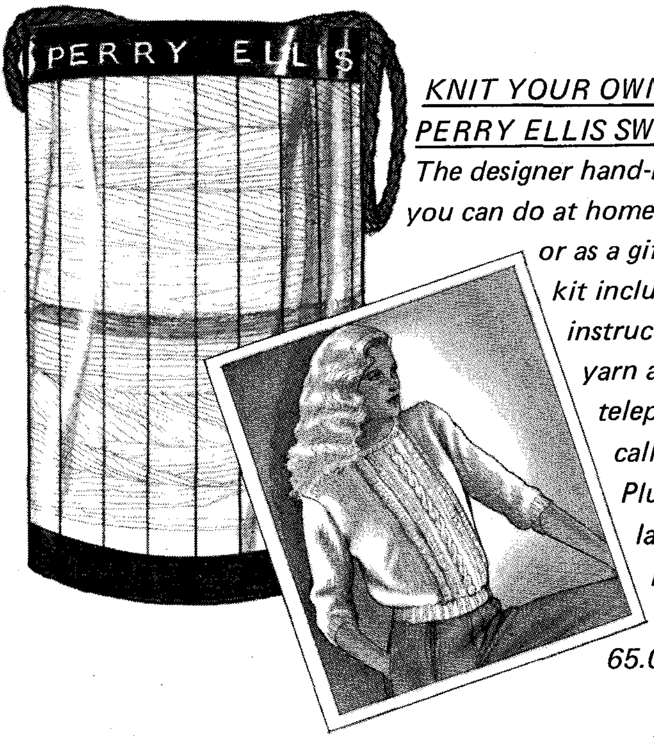

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siasm for notes was fading. There were only a few short entries after the Poinsett conversations, even though Tocqueville and Beaumont were presented socially to President Andrew Jackson. "We find it hard to hold ourselves in America," Tocqueville wrote to his brother. "Our feet are burning."

He was homesick, and was a bit disoriented by the fact that the capital "city" of the United States of America was more map than city. Forests had been replaced by great boulevards with no one to walk on them. The population of the District of Columbia was thirty thousand. "Washington," he wrote to his father, "offers the sight of an arid plain, burned by the sun, on which are scattered two or three sumptuous edifices and the five or six villages composing the town."

A hundred and fifty years later, the villages had grown together into a city of more than six hundred thousand people, and there were hundreds of sumptuous edifices to house the departments and bureaus of the federal government and the embassies of other nations. Washington, D.C., was two cities, really: black Washington, a struggling and sprawling place, which was home to nearly half a million black Americans, many of them descendants of servants and of Southern slaves who had fled to the North during and after the Civil War; and white Washington, a smaller, prettier place, for the representatives and staffs of the central government and the people who lived off it—the lawyers, the journalists, the experts, the people who sometimes had trouble explaining exactly what it was they did for a living.

It wasn't until at least a year after he returned home that Tocqueville, in the first volume of "Democracy in America," wrote a one-page section entitled "Accidental Causes That May Increase the Influence of the Executive Power," in which he said:

> If the Union's existence were constantly menaced, and if its great interests were continually interwoven with those of other powerful nations, one would see the prestige of the executive growing, because of what was expected from it and of what it did. It is true that the President of the United States is commander-in-chief of the army, but that army consists of six thousand soldiers; he commands the navy, but the navy has only a few ships; he conducts the Union's relations with foreign nations, but the Union has no neighbors. Separated by the ocean from the rest of the world, still too weak to want to rule the sea, it has no enemies and its interests are seldom

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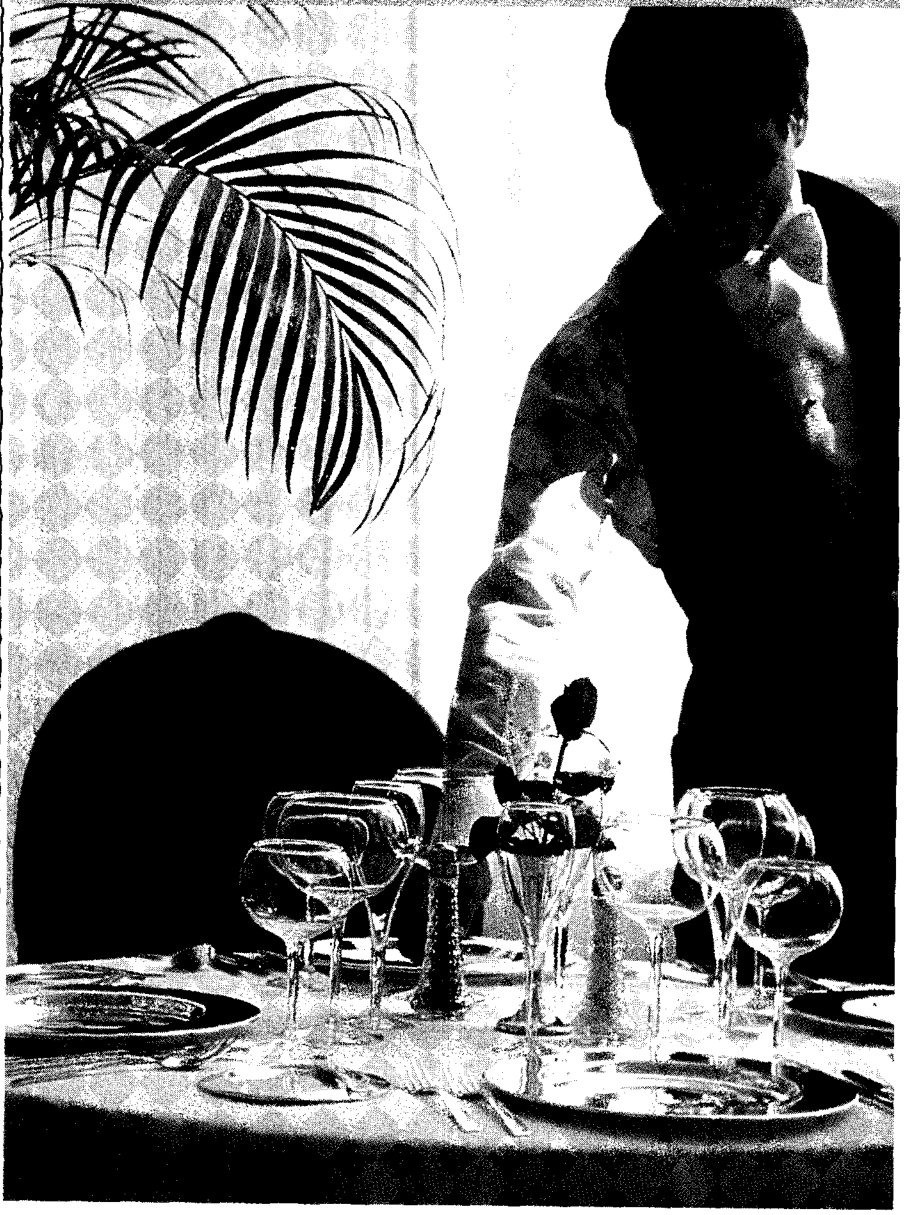

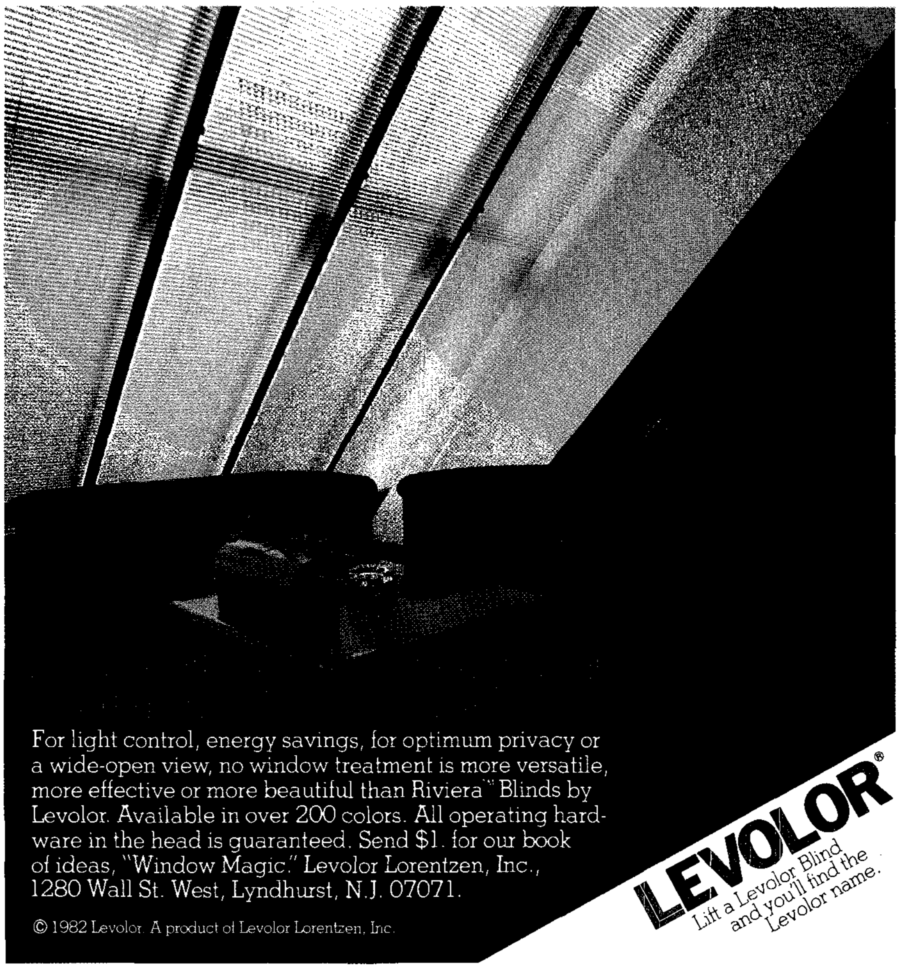

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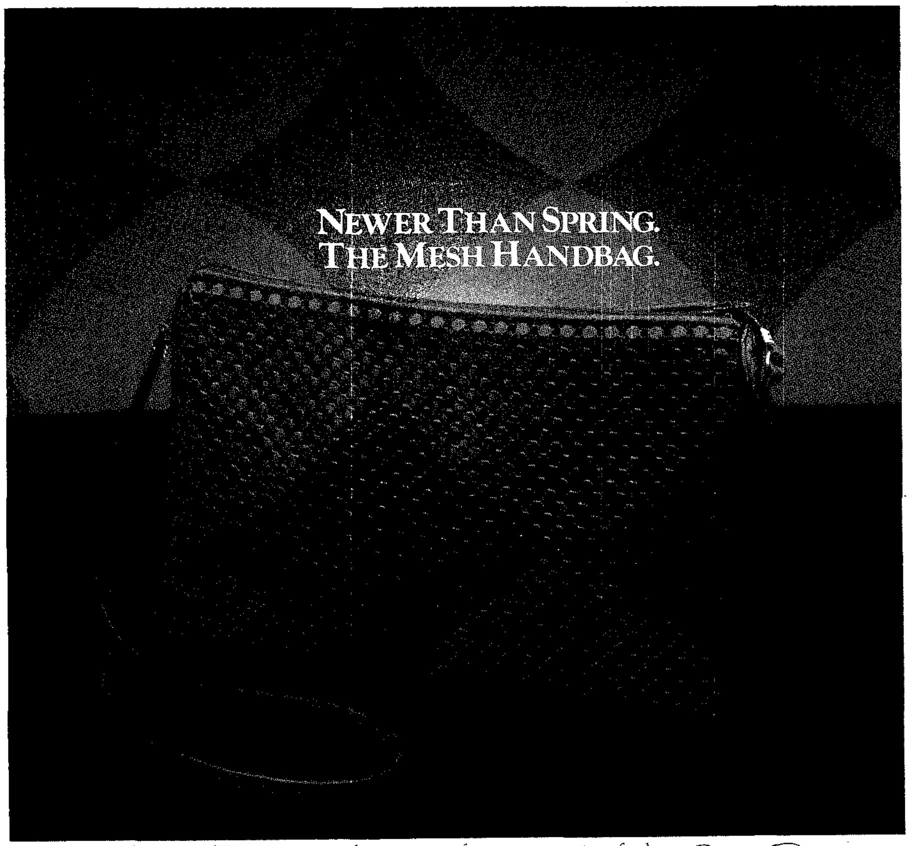

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in contact with those of the other nations of the globe.

So, he judged then, the United States did not particularly need either diplomats or soldiers. And when the time came that the democracy needed to formulate foreign policy and raise armies? Tocqueville did not know. In that 1835 volume, he wrote:

> In the half century since the Union took shape, its existence has only once been threatened, during the War of Independence. At the beginning of that long war there were extraordinary signs of enthusiasm for the country's service. But as the struggle was prolonged, habitual selfishness reappeared: money no longer reached the public treasury, men no longer volunteered for the army. . . . To judge what sacrifices democracies are capable of imposing on themselves, we must await a time when the American nation will be forced to put half its income into the hands of the government, as England has done, or is bound to throw a twentieth of its population onto the battlefield, as has been done by France. In America conscription is unknown; men are induced to enlist for pay. Compulsory recruitment is so contrary to the conceptions and alien to the habits of the people of the United States that I doubt whether anyone would ever dare to bring in such a law.

They did dare, in less than thirty years. During the Civil War, there was some conscription—and there were riots against it. The drafting of soldiers was instituted again during the First World War, during the Second World War (when over sixteen million Americans were in uniform), and during smaller conflicts for nearly thirty years after the second of the twentieth century's multinational wars.

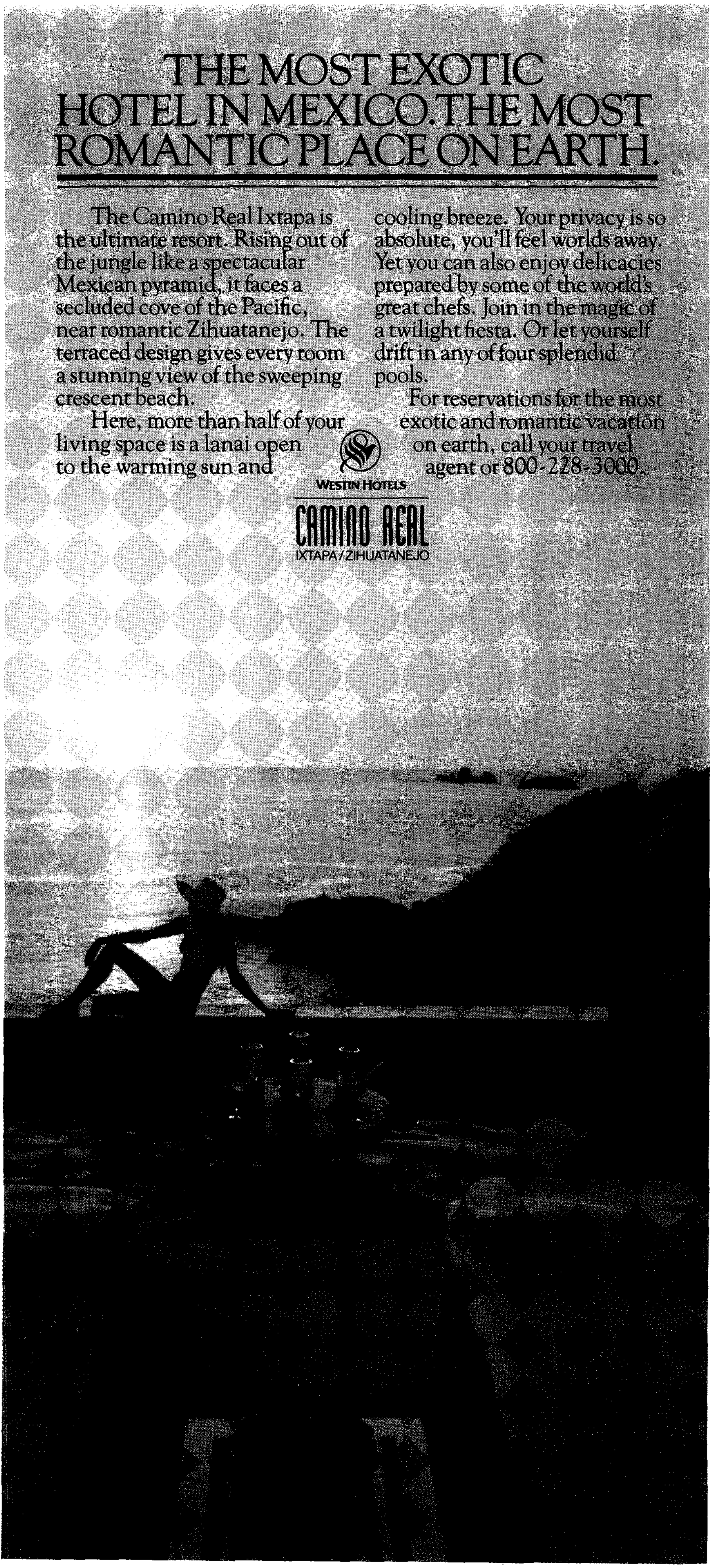
In 1840—more than eight years after the January day when he had written himself the one-sentence note about the influence of the military spirit—Tocqueville seemed to come back to the point in the second volume of "Democracy in America." There he wrote five short chapters—not twenty pages in all—on militarism in democratic societies. The first one was titled "Why Democratic Peoples Naturally Want Peace but Democratic Armies War."

The young Frenchman, who by then was thirty-five years old, constructed that title—particularly the words "Why Democratic Peoples Naturally Want Peace"—on two observations about Americans and their democracy. First, he believed that as social conditions became more nearly equal each person obviously had more knowledge of how other people lived and thought; consequently, "as people become more like one another, they show themselves reciprocally more compassionate, and the law of nations becomes more gentle." And he believed that the more widely personal property was distributed the less inclined any people would be to support property-threatening mass political violence—and "in no other country in the world is the love of property keener or more alert than in the United States."

What he said, then, in those chapters on war was that it would be harder to trigger and generate national hatreds in what he called "the democratic centuries which lie before us," and that it would rarely be in "the self-interest properly understood" of Americans to fight wars: "The ever-increasing number of men of property devoted to peace, the growth of personal property which war so rapidly devours, mildness of mores, gentleness of heart, that inclination to pity which equality inspires, that cold and calculating spirit which leaves little room for sensitivity to the poetic and violent emotions of wartime—all these causes act together to damp down warlike fervor. I think one can accept it as a general and constant rule that among civilized nations warlike passions become rarer and less active as social conditions get nearer to equality."

The history of civilized nations during the next hundred and forty years did not always support that conclusion. Or perhaps Tocqueville, the student of democracy and equality, was just too far ahead of his time. Certainly that thought occurred to me—or perhaps hope was springing in my breast—when, in Washington, Senator Gary Hart, of Colorado, said, "In thinking about national defense today, you have to take into account the fact that Americans are becoming less warlike. It may be impossible to convince many people that anything is worth fighting for—or dying for."

There was no conscription in the United States when Senator Hart and I talked, in March of 1979. The drafting of young men had ended more than six years before, in the closing days of the unpopular American military involvement in Vietnam. But in July of 1980, after national leaders from the President down issued statements about the inadequacies and the expense of the country's volunteer armed forces, draft registration was reinstated—not conscription, which would have required new legislation, but the official listing of the names of



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the nation's young men. But the boys wouldn't give their names—at least, some of them wouldn't. The government, over a year and a half and under two Presidents, began issuing a contradictory and confusing barrage of statements and statistics, sometimes calling the registration of eighteen-to-twenty-year-olds "satisfactory" and announcing compliance as high as ninety-three per cent, and at other times saying that officials were "perturbed" because at one point as many as twenty-nine per cent of eighteen-year-olds were not registering. Travelling the country in those years, I suspected that the registration percentages might be even lower than the official numbers. I kept coming across young people who said that they would not register and that many of their friends would not.

"What if they"—meaning some foreign enemy—"were in South Carolina? Coming this way?" I had heard a Louisville businessman, Dann Byck, ask his seventeen-year-old daughter.

"That would make no difference to me," Amy Byck said.

The young woman's answer may have been hasty, may have been exaggerated, but it was sincere at the time. And it was important, because it was American; she was an American who was about to come of military age in a consciously egalitarian society that was just then debating how to reconcile equality between the sexes and traditional male military responsibility. That political and legal dialogue would continue for a time, there would be decisions, compromises, and reversals, but the eventual direction of the decision-making would not change without a reversal in the homogenizing trends of American history.

Any American military strategy based on conscription—dependent on mass participation of people who properly understood self-interest—was doomed, I thought. The present and future tendency of national militarism was framed by the extraordinary fact that there were women in the cadet corps of the United States Military Academy. Were women, with views of war and violence that seemed traditionally and unalterably different from those of men, going to change, or be changed? Or was it the United States Army and the military posture of the society that would change? And would women be drafted in this nation still tending toward millions of people all equal? In one way or another, I thought, yes, women will be drafted—

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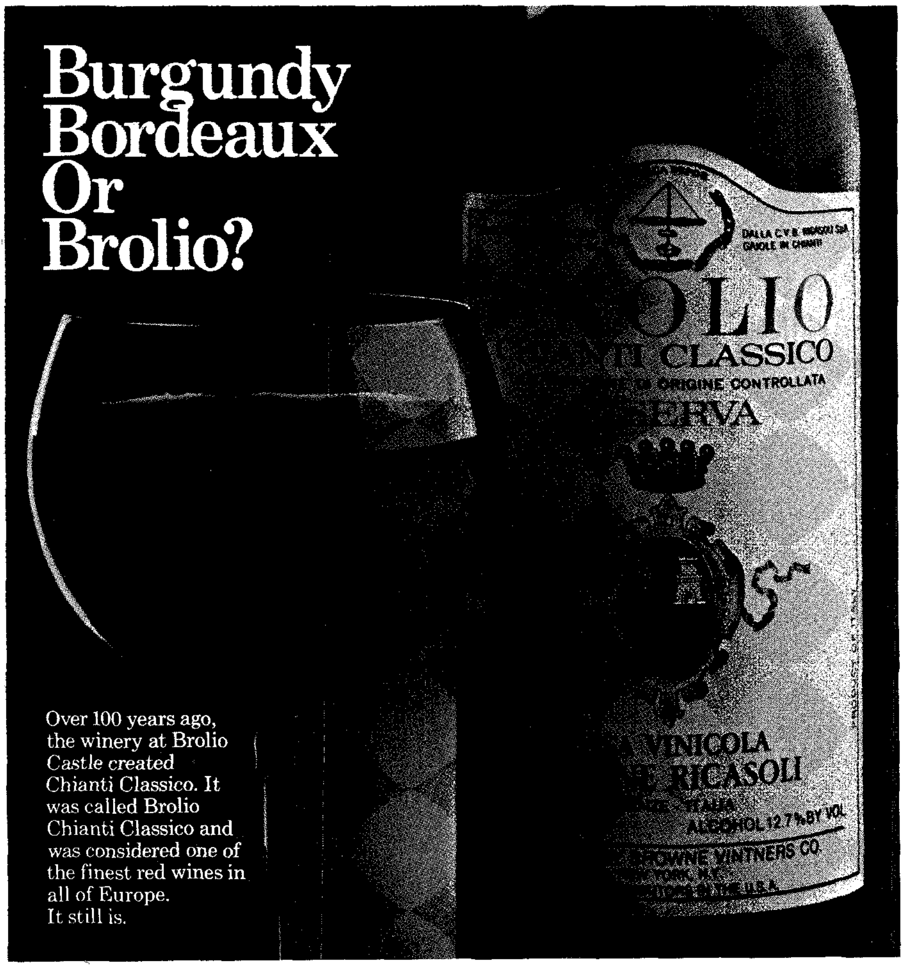

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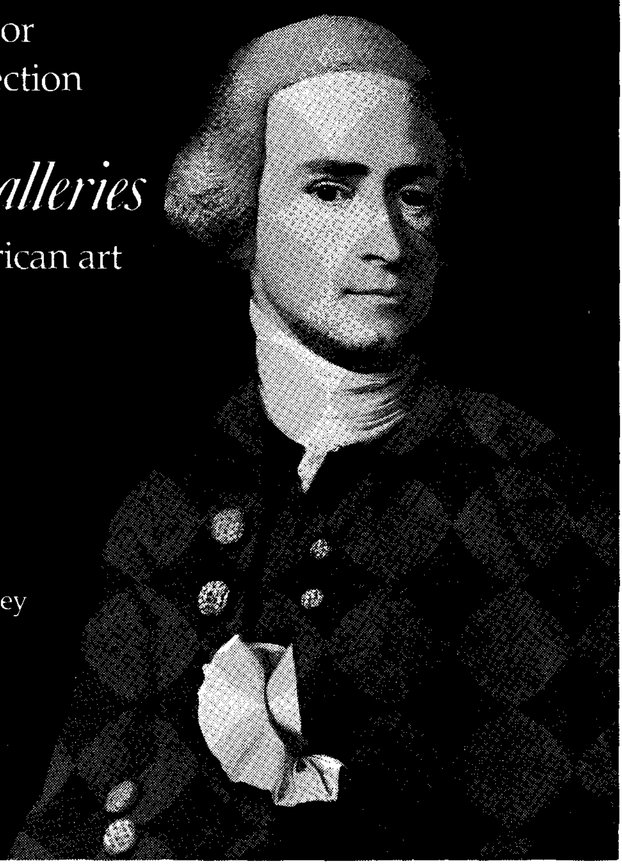

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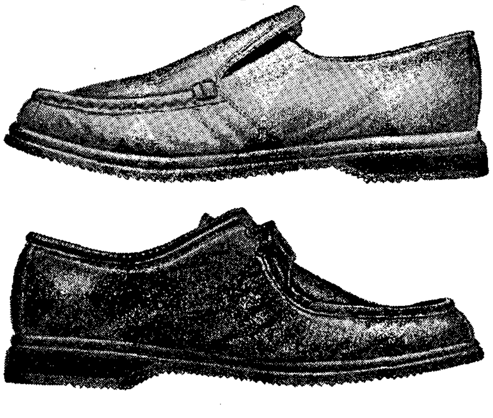

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if men are drafted. If anyone was drafted—if there could be such a thing as fair conscription, an egalitarian draft. In the years of the Vietnam War, the youthful American élite were generally exempted from service, and the educated and exempted élite also tended to be a richer élite. That kind of draft and that kind of unfairness—no matter how well intentioned—would be extremely difficult, maybe impossible, to sustain and defend any longer. People, male and female, who knew that they or their children might die so that others or others' children might live might not be universally willing to chance the sacrifice of themselves in what their leaders defined as the national interest.

"National interest" was a phrase I heard often in Washington. I rarely, if ever, heard it outside Washington and New York—and Cambridge.

"There is a foreign-policy and security community that lives in a not particularly magic circle of its own," said Stanley Hoffmann, a professor of government and chairman of the Center for European Studies at Harvard. "The great majority of people in almost every democratic country I know of want to be left alone. The average citizen in Omaha does not go to bed each night worrying about the vulnerability of Minuteman missiles. People, I think, deeply resent the risks of involvement in foreign troubles, but they realize that once the United States is as involved as it is, has as widespread economic interests in the world—well, one has to accept certain things even if there is no enthusiasm. Democracy has really affected foreign policy very little. One comes to the conclusion that foreign policy and its needs overwhelm democracy and its necessities, so these things are left to this small, slightly ominous community."

How many people are in that community? How many people actually control American foreign policy?

"A few thousand," Hoffmann said. "I think the group has expanded over the years. But it could be two thousand, three thousand."

Months later, I asked former President Nixon the same question.

"Very few," he said. "Two thousand? Three thousand? I'd put the number somewhere around there. That's how many people a President would find it worth talking to. They're very close—most of them in New York and Washington. And some of them you talk to because you have to: they're soft in the head—the

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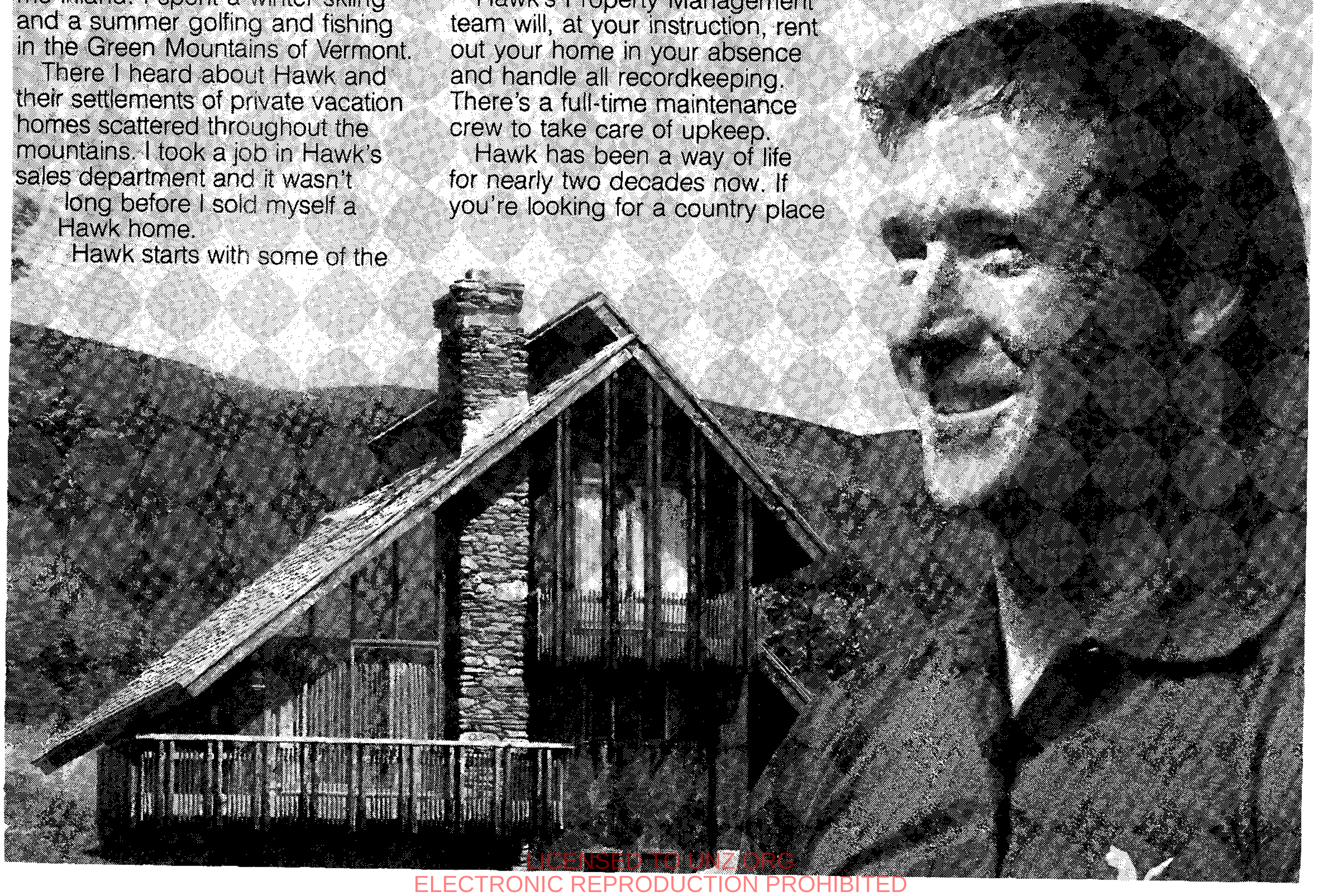
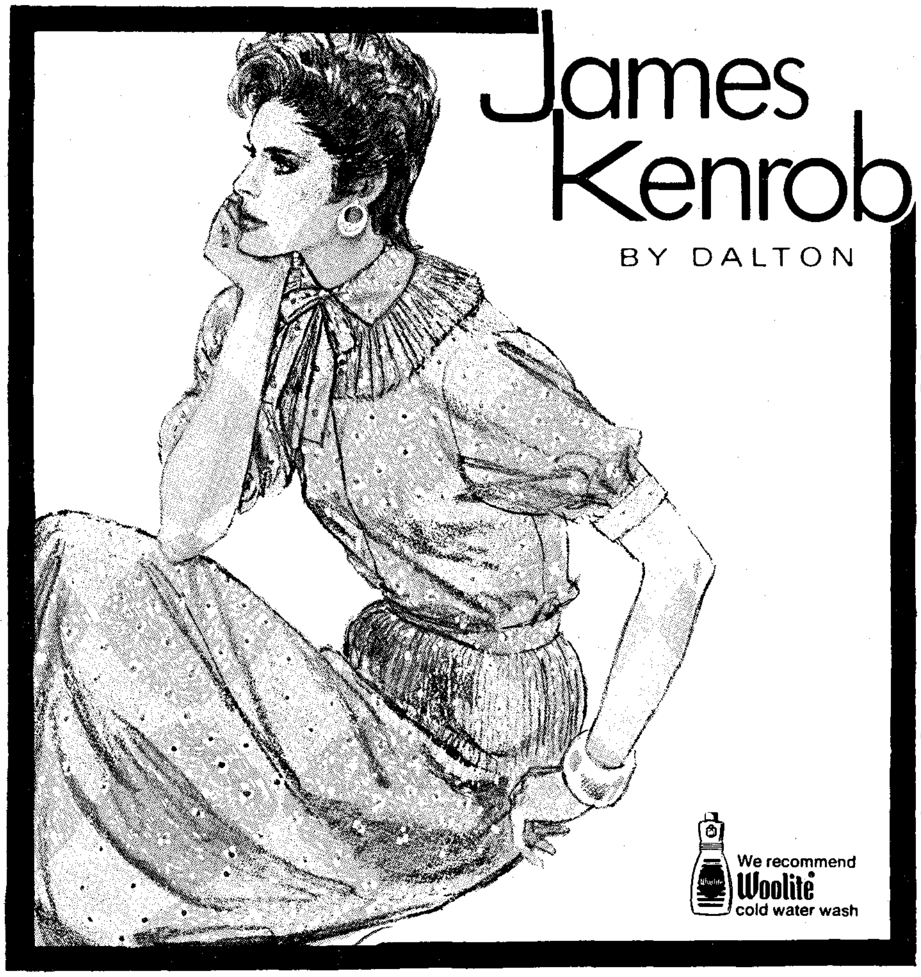


ones who believe in nothing but peace, who cannot understand the reality of the world and of America's national interest."

The "national interest" élite—or the élite that believes that it is its duty and right to define the national interest in regard to foreign policy—is the closest thing to a governing aristocracy that has survived in American democracy. It is essentially a self-selected aristocracy, made possible because the United States once did not need a foreign policy, and when it did need one the information that was needed to formulate policy was remote and inaccessible to the general public. Americans lived and governed themselves on the basis of their own life experiences—the difference in the life experiences of black Americans generation after generation being an important factor isolating them from the white majority—and almost all Americans in almost all periods had no experience in anything foreign. The foreign-policy aristocracy came to be made up of the Americans who did have such experience—the Americans who studied, spoke, sold, or bought anything foreign, or went anywhere foreign. Those ventures beyond the usual American experience inevitably set them apart from the rest of the nation. They cared about foreign policy, so they made foreign policy.

That well-informed élite, although its members often disagreed among themselves over details of policy, consistently had an internationalist consensus—some, occasionally, would say "militaristic"—that had never, or rarely, been shared by the entire nation. That point was made for me again when, while I was travelling, the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations released one of its periodic studies on the foreign-affairs attitudes held by two groups of Americans: "opinion leaders" and "average Americans." During late 1978 and early 1979, a list of questions was asked of four hundred or so "leaders"—White House officials, members of Congress, important academics, corporate leaders and bankers, and the editors of important journals—and of the standard polling sample of fifteen hundred Americans selected at random, the "average" people. There was, as there has probably always been, a striking difference between the willingness of leaders to use force internationally and the willingness of average people to be used as force. When, for example, the two groups were asked what the United



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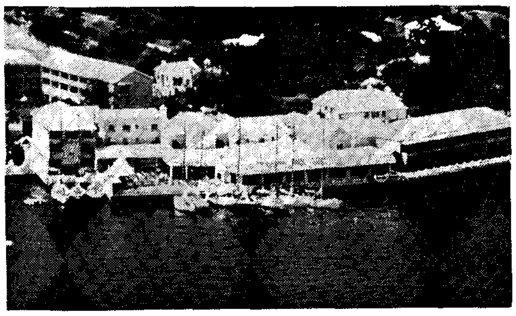

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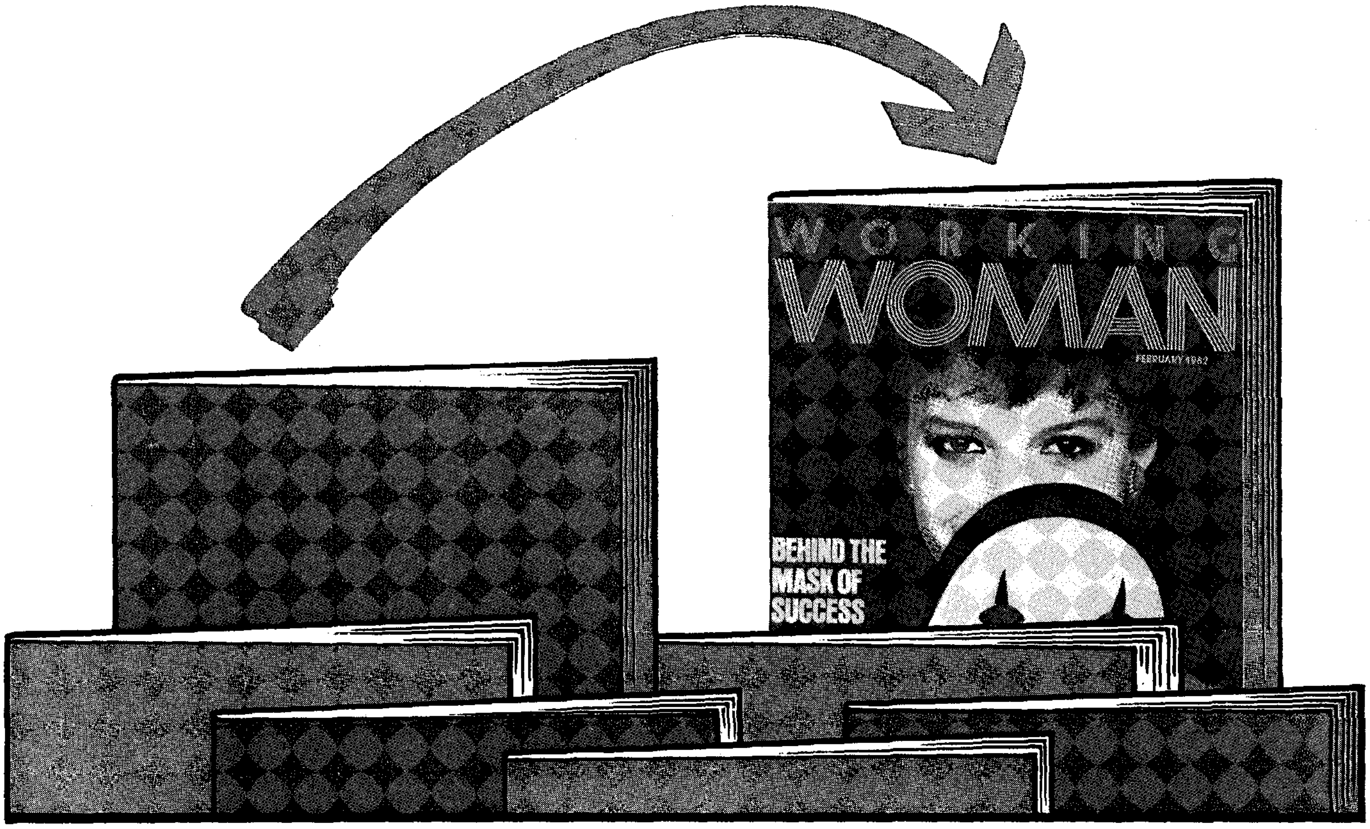

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States government should do if the Soviet Union invaded Western Europe, ninety-two per cent of the "opinion leaders" said, "Send troops," but only fifty-four per cent of the general public chose that answer.

"It is very difficult, it is becoming more difficult to convince our people that they must play this world role—that it is in their self-interest," Nixon said. "Americans are still, deep down, very idealistic. They believe that if we're good the other side will be good. It takes great leadership to convince our people that you're building for peace by taking certain measures."

But that kind of "great leadership"—by individuals and small groups—was becoming a thing of the past in American democracy. What the former President—and many thoughtful, concerned Americans—worried over seemed to me to be the inevitable breaking down of one of the old aristocracies. The key to that kind of leadership, as the United States became more and more democratic and more and more open, was the control of information. Presidents and an allied élite had controlled foreign policy by controlling the flow of information from abroad—that is, until technology began distributing facts, opinions, and pictures indiscriminately. Nixon himself had been one of the Presidents who had seen his control over foreign policy—and the control of that élite of a few thousand—attacked and then eroded in the late nineteen-sixties and nineteen-seventies by large numbers of citizens independently evaluating information on the war in Vietnam, and then finding ways to enforce their demands for something like the power Americans exercise over domestic affairs. By the end of the twentieth century, the President was seeing the same battlefield on television news—or the same premier making a statement, or the same strikes and demonstrations in Poland—that his constituents saw, and at the same time. He had no power to select the image, the timing, the words—and not enough influence in forming "average" opinions. Polls, those maddening instruments of democracy, were gathering opinions in baskets and throwing them on the doorsteps of leadership. The numbers, the images, the sensations, the ideas accelerated and collided, ricocheting to—to Newport. That was the storm I stepped into the day I stood where Tocqueville had first stepped onto the land of America.

"To see what is happening to lead-

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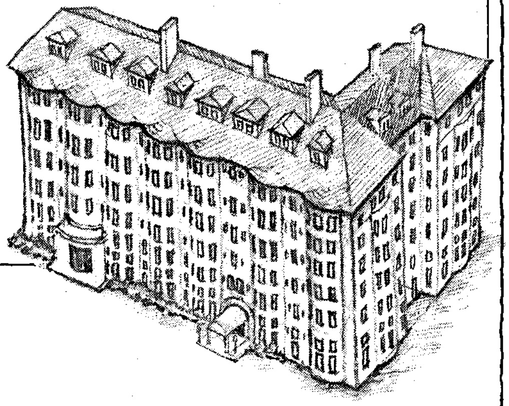

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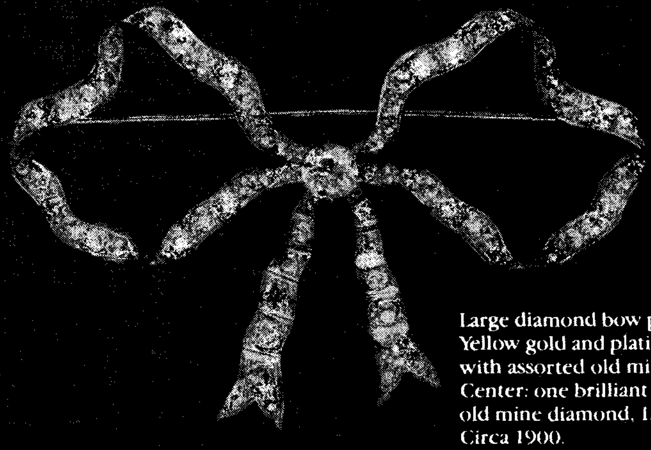

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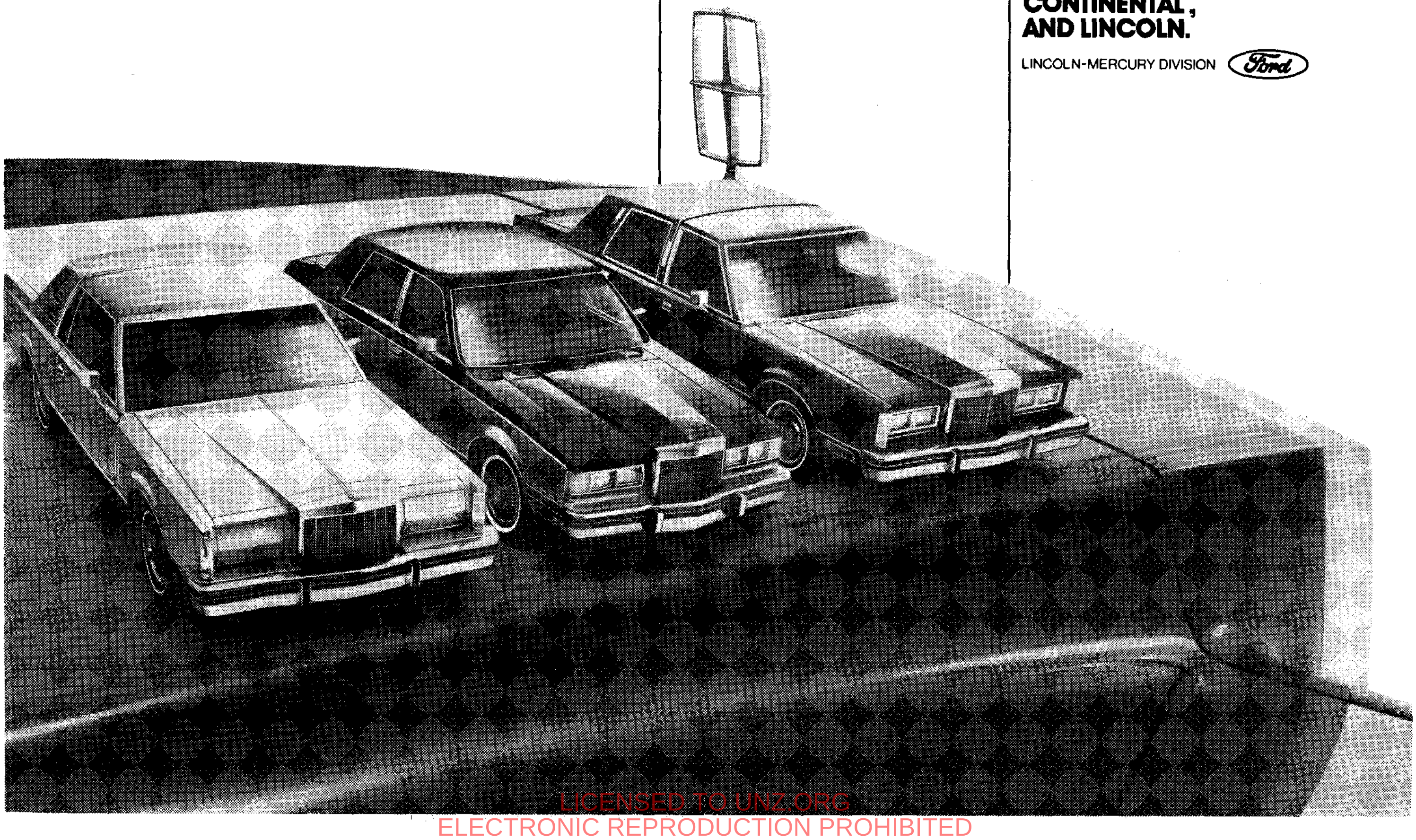

ership in this town, you must go into the basement of the Capitol," said James Reston, who was the Washington bureau chief of the *Times* for more than a decade. "The television studios and videotaping facilities there are part of a revolution. The Congress today is the most intelligent I've seen, but members have no party loyalties and no institutional loyalties, and they are using those facilities to broadcast back home, to make proclamations on issues on which they have been only very quickly briefed. Now each one of them can—and does—act like a little President."

But the people watching those broadcasts each night were doing the same thing. We were all quickly briefed. We were all little Presidents. That was democracy! Benjamin Franklin was once asked what we had here. A monarchy? A republic? "A republic if you can keep it," he said. We couldn't. The United States was becoming a real democracy writhing within the framework and traditions of a republic. The Americans I met called for leadership, but they were not willing to delegate much of that to representatives or "leaders" anymore.

Nixon lamented this as he talked about the future. He saw a world dominated, by the middle of the twenty-first century, by the East, by Asians. "Mao told me," he said, referring to Mao Zedong, who was the leader of the People's Republic of China when Nixon was President, "that his people will make any sacrifice, that three hundred million Chinese would be willing to die."

"Do you think Americans are willing to die?" I asked.

"No. No, I don't think so. Do you?"

I didn't think so, either. I thought that the democratizing of foreign affairs, a process that seemed certain to continue over a period of many years, would strain and test public and private life in the United States.

Becoming and creating a system of governance more likely to lead—and be led by—its people to peace than to war would leave that "great mark on history" which Tocqueville thought democracy might never be capable of writing. "What do you expect from society and its government?" he wrote in the first volume of "Democracy in America." He answered, "If in your view the main object of government is *not to achieve the greatest strength or glory for the nation as a whole but to provide for every individual therein*

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the utmost well-being, protecting him as far as possible from all afflictions, then it is good to make conditions equal and to establish a democratic government."

Then perhaps democracy itself was the great mark on history. The survival of the form and the ceaseless spreading of the ideas of democracy and equality—an expansion I thought would be accomplished more by invention than by force, more by communications satellites than by weapons satellites—were history itself. It was not that American democracy could be re-created in other languages and societies. But the ideas and the inevitable push toward equality—those travelled, and they could be understood in any language. Democracy was the last, best form of governing humankind. American democracy was not efficient—Tocqueville was certainly right about that—but it was effective. It did, governmentally, by fits and starts, with waste and corruption, injustice and national self-delusion, what it was supposed to do: translate, peacefully, the will of the people—"the concourse of individual wills" of millions of men and women—into public policies and systems protecting life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

And the government was only part of the democracy—the visible hand among others, invisible and often a bit shaky, that allowed people a chance to do and get what they wanted. "Bad laws, revolutions, and anarchy cannot destroy their taste for well-being or that spirit of enterprise which seems the characteristic feature of their race," Tocqueville wrote in the closing pages of his first volume on the Americans. So we are what we have always been, and we want what we have always wanted—not glory and strength but some comfort, some security, and the chance to try a few things that seem like good ideas at the time. "In America, the taste for physical well-being is not always exclusive, but it is general; and though all do not feel it in the same manner, yet it is felt by all," Tocqueville wrote in his second volume. "Everyone is preoccupied caring for the slightest needs of the body and the trivial conveniences of life. . . . When distinctions of rank are blurred and privileges abolished, when patrimonies are divided up and education and freedom spread, the poor conceive an eager desire to acquire comfort, and the rich think of the danger of losing it. A lot of middling fortunes are established. Their owners have

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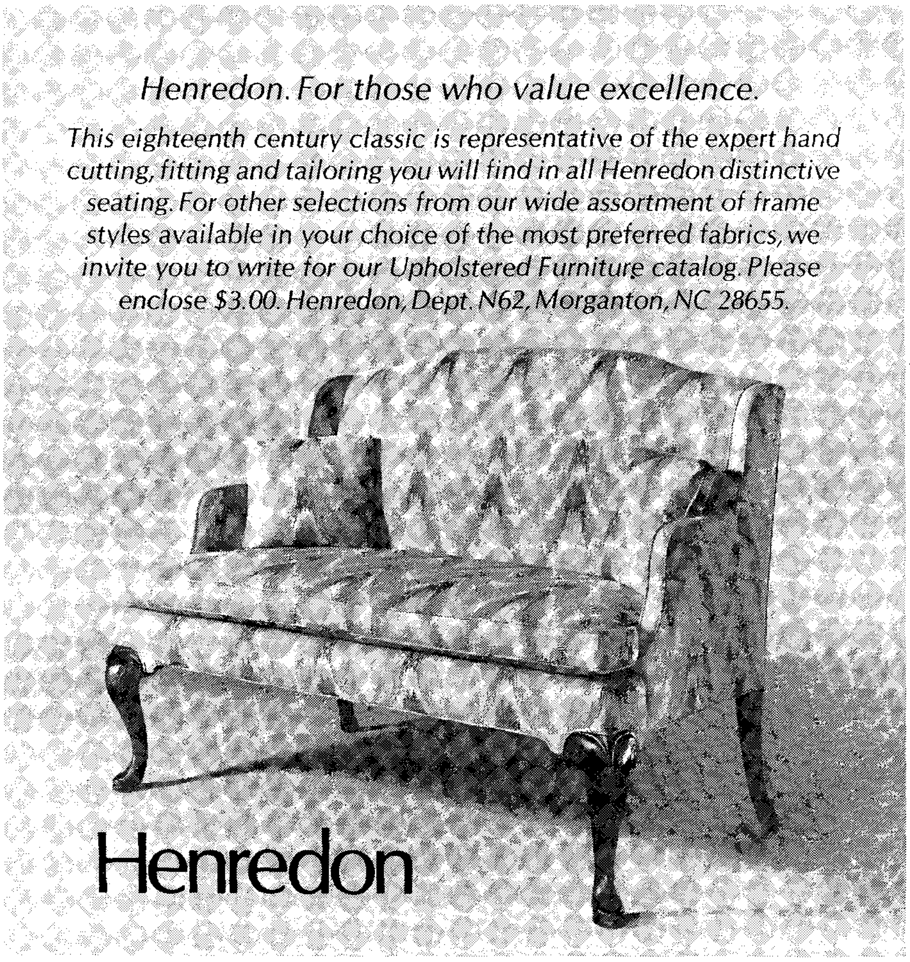
enough physical enjoyment to get a taste for them, but not enough to content them. They never win them without effort or indulge in them without anxiety."

A hundred and forty years later, trying to satisfy such a taste was being described, as always, as giving in to a new and almost universal selfishness—this time as joining the "me" generation—but it could also have been described as just "American." American ambition might not be declining quite as much as the analyzers of public-opinion polls and professors at M.I.T. took it to be; it could have been the same ambition that built the country, adapted now to an easier environment. Well-being was simply closer, in distance and in time, in 1981 than it had been in 1831.

Democracy had done that—brought well-being closer—because that was what most of the people wanted most of the time. Democratic politicians might be mediocre, might today be even more mediocre than the ones Tocqueville met, but politicians did not make or drive the larger system. The United States, the democracy, was a contract between each individual American and all Americans associated as a government.

The republic and the federalism—the deliberate, "orderly" compact of sovereign states—that Tocqueville saw and wrote about no longer existed when I travelled along the same American roads. The structures were there, and so were multitudes of attitudes, misunderstandings, laws, departments, officials, lists, and forms in the style of the republic. But much of what had been reality in 1831 was only living legend in 1981. Democratic governing and American rhetoric had created more durable myths than "the Republic" and "the Union"—Americans responded to "democracy" and "equality." It was democracy that became the American value when the nation united to fight in the wars of the world: Americans in the twentieth century were persuaded to fight and die to make that world safe for democracy, not for republicanism. The new mythology was democracy and equality, expressed in many ways, from "All men are created equal" to "One man, one vote." There has always been pride and fear in that kind of equality, in being an American, in being one among many. "In times of equality no man is obliged to put his powers at the disposal of another, and no one has any claim of right to sub-



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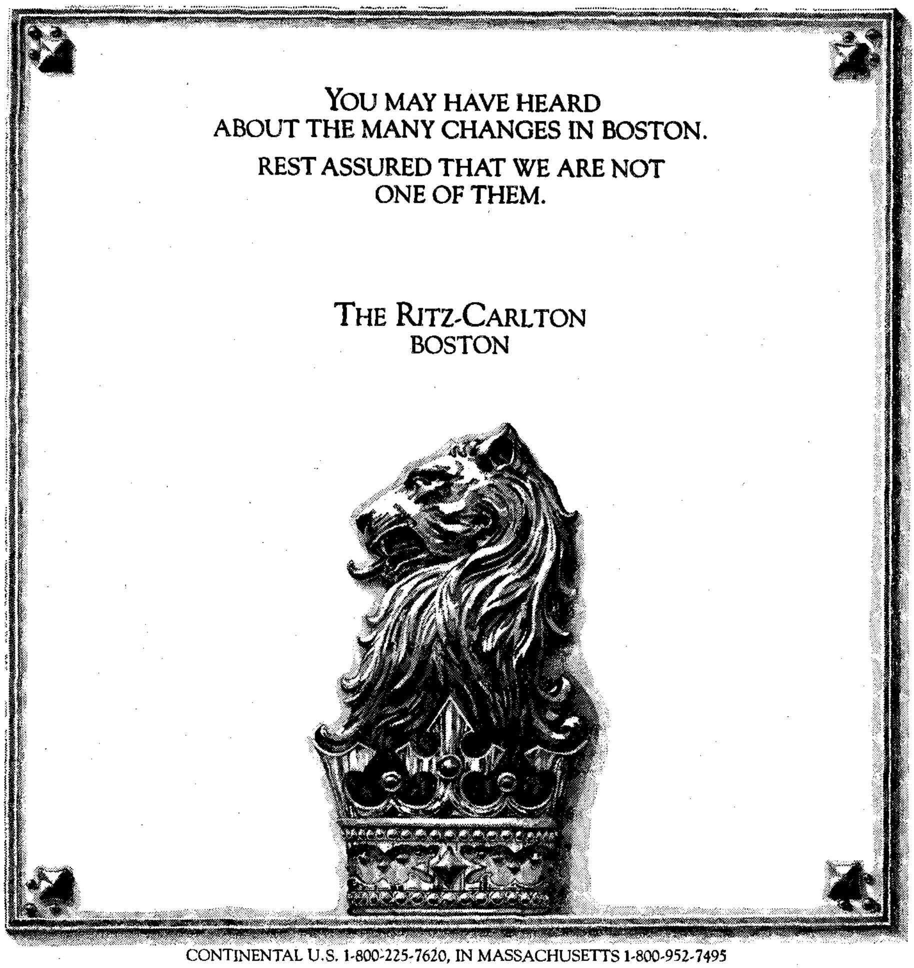
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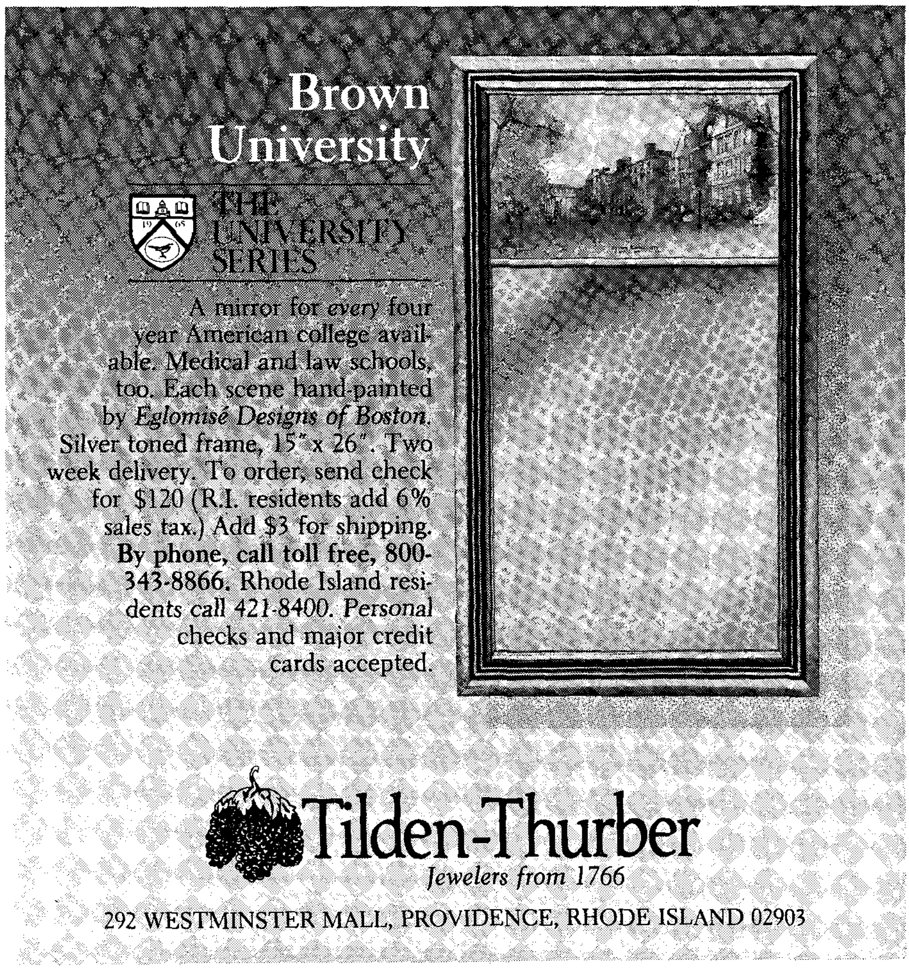
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stantial support from his fellow man, each is both independent and weak," Tocqueville wrote in his second volume. "He is full of confidence and pride in his independence among his equals, but from time to time his weakness makes him feel the need for some outside help which he cannot expect from any of his fellows, for they are both impotent and cold. In this extremity he naturally turns his eyes toward that huge entity" the central government. There was a footnote to that, a fair description of the America I had seen: "Democratic ages are times of experiment, innovation, and adventure. There are always a lot of men engaged in some difficult or new undertaking which they pursue apart, unencumbered by assistants. Such men will freely admit the general principle that the power of the state should not interfere in private affairs, but as an exception, each one of them wants the state to help in the special matter with which he is preoccupied, and he wants to lead the government on to take action in his domain, though he would like to restrict it in every other direction."

But who could control the directions of adventure? Democracy—trusting other people—was a risk. "Aristocratic nations are by their nature too much inclined to restrict the scope of human perfectibility; democratic nations sometimes stretch it beyond reason," Tocqueville wrote early in his second volume. "When castes disappear and classes are brought together, when men are jumbled together and habits, customs, and laws are changing, when new facts impinge and new truths are discovered, when old conceptions vanish and new ones take their place, then the human mind imagines the possibility of an ideal but always fugitive perfection. . . . Thus, searching always, falling, picking himself up again, often disappointed, never discouraged, he is ever striving toward that immense grandeur glimpsed indistinctly at the end of the long track humanity must follow." It is "beyond reason," of course, that wars should end or castes disappear. But stumbling democracy—that's the track.

In January of 1832, on their trip north from New Orleans to Washington, Tocqueville and Beaumont rested by a spring near the cabin of a pioneer in the forests of Alabama. Tocqueville described what happened next:

> An Indian woman came up (we were in the neighborhood of the Creek territory);

she was holding by the hand a little girl of five or six who was of the white race and who, I supposed, must be the pioneer's daughter. A Negro woman followed her. There was a sort of barbarous luxury in the Indian woman's dress; metal rings hung from her nostrils and ears. . . . The Negro was dressed in European clothes almost in shreds. . . . The young savage, taking the child in her arms, lavished upon her such fond caresses as mothers give; the Negro, too, sought, by a thousand innocent wiles, to attract the little Creole's attention. The latter showed by her slightest movements a sense of superiority which contrasted strangely with her weakness and her age, as if she received the attentions of her companions with a sort of condescension. . . . I had often seen people of the three races inhabiting North America brought together in the same place; I had already noted very many different signs of white predominance, but there was something particularly touching in the scene I have just described; here a bond of affection united oppressors and oppressed, and nature bringing them close together made the immense gap formed by prejudices and by laws yet more striking.

Americans changed the laws, slowly, finally, after a hundred and fifty years. There were new laws, programs, regulations, rules—most of which could really be traced back to the fact that in the land of equality a six-year-old white was able to look down in enforced scorn upon a black woman in tattered clothes. On the first night of my journey to Newport, Rhode Island, I stayed at the Airport Hilton at Logan International Airport, in Boston. It was May 8, 1979. While I was waiting to check in, a black man, tall and well dressed, said to the young woman, a white woman, behind the hotel desk, "I would like to cash a check for twenty-five dollars, please."

"We don't cash personal checks," she said.

"I'm a guest at the hotel," he said.

"I told you," she said, slowly and quite coldly, "we don't cash personal checks here."

"I'm a pilot for T.W.A. and I—"

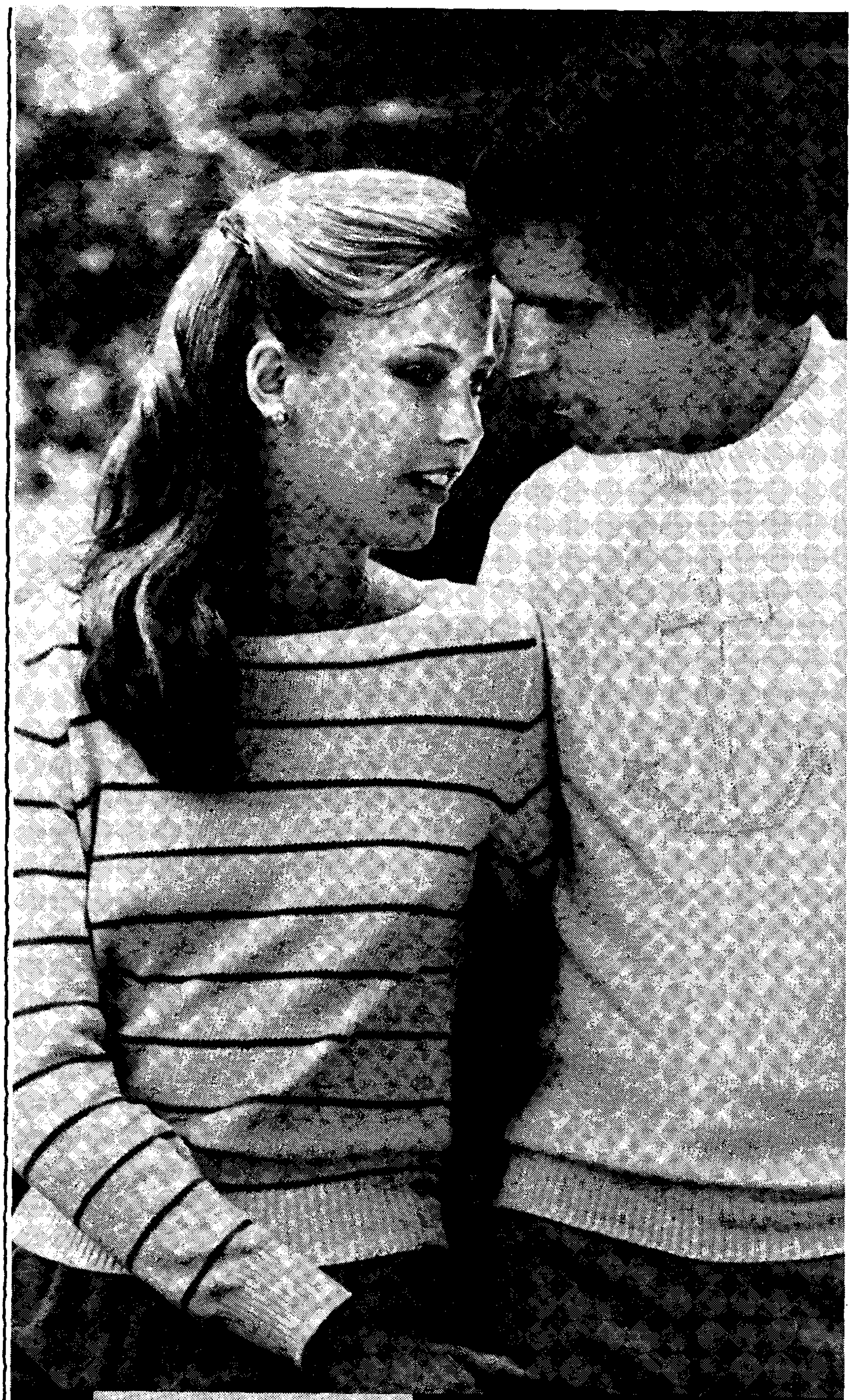
"Do you want to talk to the manager?" she said, cutting him off.

The half-dozen people around the desk were backing away, slowly stepping into the lobby. There was real tension in the room as the woman disappeared.

"I understand you want to cash . . ." the manager said briskly, appearing from somewhere behind the desk.

The manager was black, too. The grim pilot suddenly smiled. We all smiled.

Tocqueville and Beaumont left Washington, by stage, for Philadel-



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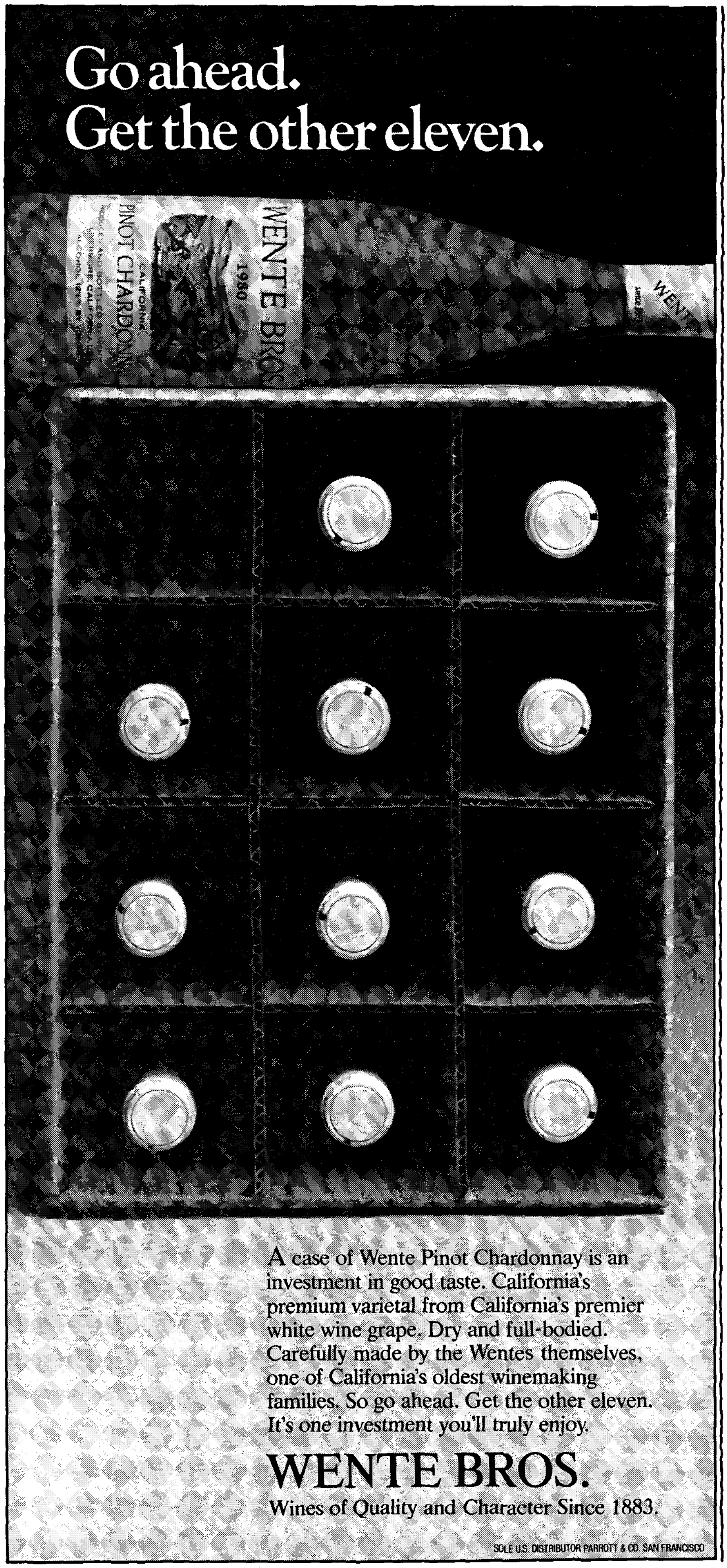

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phia and New York on February 3, 1832; they had been in the United States for almost nine months. The time for taking notes was past, but the two Frenchmen gathered up trunks of books and documents that their American acquaintances had shipped to New York City before their departure on the Havre—the same steamship on which they had arrived in Newport nine months earlier. They boarded the ship for home on February 20, 1832, and Tocqueville wrote a final letter to his brother, Édouard, worrying that he had not spent enough time in the United States to really understand democracy there. "I hope," he said, "I have not wasted my time."

He spent nine years writing the two volumes of "De la Démocratie en Amérique." He began the conclusion of his work by saying:

> It is natural to suppose that not the particular prosperity of the few, but the greater well-being of all, is most pleasing in the sight of the Creator and Preserver of men. What seems to me decay is thus in His eyes progress; what pains me is acceptable to Him. Equality may be less elevated, but it is more just, and in its justice lies its greatness and beauty. . . . For myself, looking back now from the extreme end of my task and seeing at a distance, but collected together, all the various things which had attracted my close attention upon my way, I am full of fears and of hopes. I see great dangers which may be warded off and mighty evils which may be avoided or kept in check; and I am ever increasingly confirmed in my belief that for democratic nations to be virtuous and prosperous, it is enough if they will to be so.

Tocqueville had asked, "What do you expect from society and its government?" What do you expect from American democracy? That it "work"? That it be "great"?

It does work, but in a democracy each of us has the right and the power to disagree about what it should do. The glory and the frustration of American democracy is the fact that greatness is defined by each American—and that's the way we meant it to be.

—RICHARD REEVES

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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EXTENDED FORECAST DEPT.

[From the Doylestown (Pa.) Daily Intelligencer]

Partly cloudy Sunday and again Tuesday. Fair Monday. Lows Sunday 35 to 40 and highs in the mid 50s. Lows Monday and Tuesday in the low to mid 40s. Highs 55 to 60id the economy should be healthier by summer. "If the economy picture is improved by then, Republicans have an opportunity to be successful" in the fall 1982 elections, Ford said.

THE THEATRE

Incarcerations

“Eminent Domain,” at the Circle in the Square, is the first Broadway play of Percy Granger, a playwright who has much to say—more to say, indeed, than he has been able to dramatize successfully at this point in his career. He is likely to be congratulated on the ambitious intricacy of the story he has to tell, and I suspect that not for the world would he surrender one or another of the multiple subplots that constantly threaten to overtake and overpower the earnestly unfolding main plot of “Eminent Domain.” But oh, how eagerly in the dark of the auditorium I kept reaching for an imaginary blue pencil!

The setting of the play is a college in a so-called cow town somewhere in the Midwest, where a professor of English and his gifted artist wife have found themselves incarcerated for many years. They had begun as a bright young couple back East, but their bohemian ways forced them into exile, in the loneliness of which the professor has written a book of literary criticism that has become a standard text and has secured for him, in the world of academe, a sufficient fame; now gray-haired and corpulent, he is about to be invited to join the faculty at Brandeis. His wife, an arrested alcoholic, no longer paints and has given up sexual relations with her husband; she has no wish to face the social and intellectual pressures of Brandeis. This not very happy couple has a grown son, who ran away from home in his teens and has never returned; he is a poet, rumored to be in line for a Pulitzer. A Harvard graduate student has written a doctoral dissertation about the poet and has journeyed out to the cow town to interview the poet’s parents and gain from them enough biographical information to make his dissertation publishable on a commercial basis.

Hard as it may be to believe, the paragraph above contains only a small portion of the play, which if it had been written as a novel would surely have required two or three volumes to encompass it. In the last of the several scenes that make up the two acts of the play, Mr. Granger makes a heroic effort to weave the many threads of his plot into a single tight knot of resolution, but the speed with which the feat must be accomplished renders it highly implausible. Moreover, the events that provide a climax for the play take place offstage, under particularly preposterous circumstances; learning of these events at second hand, we believe not a word of them, and so are unable to believe in the tentative fresh start that our troubled couple appears bent upon making.

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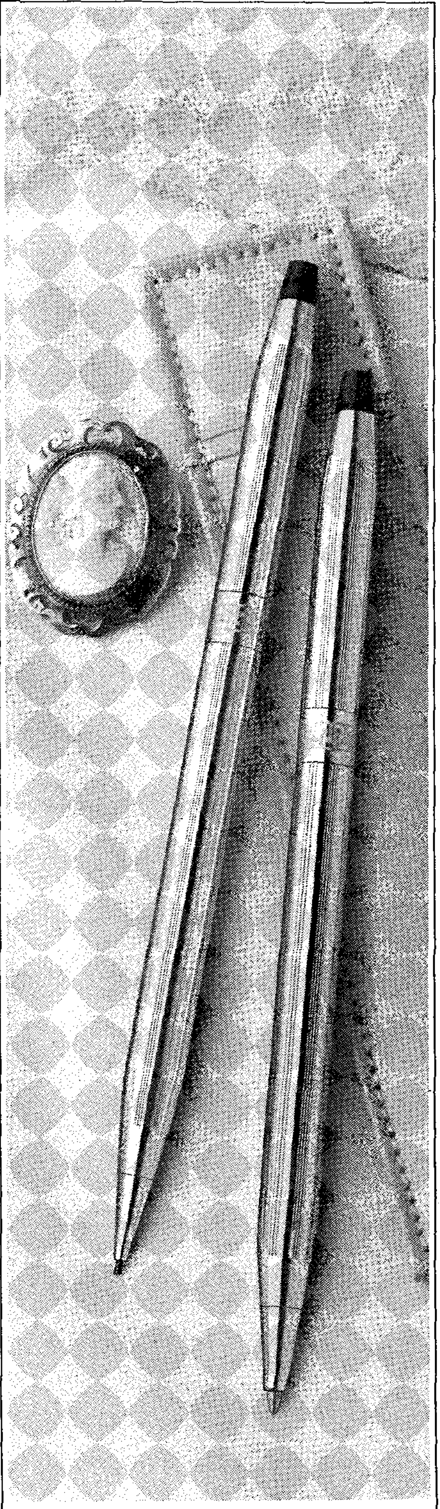
The playwright has been well served by his director, Paul Austin, and by a superb cast. Philip Bosco is the professor, Betty Miller is his ominously incommunicative wife, John Vickery is the prissy but corruptible graduate student, Paul Collins is a colleague of the professor, understandably upset at being denied tenure (subplot No. 3), and Scott Burkholder is dazzling in a small role (subplot No. 4) as a semi-illiterate undergraduate. The set is by Michael Miller, the costumes are by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, and the lighting is by Lowell Achziger.

“Agnes of God,” at the Music Box, is every bit as ambitious as “Eminent Domain,” and if its plot is less intricate, its author, John Pielmeier, dares to venture into areas riskier by far than a professor’s cluttered study. In “Agnes of God,” the place of incarceration is a convent, not a college, and the subject matter concerns an unexpected and bizarrely inappropriate act of untidy domesticity—the birth of a child to a devout young nun, who claims to be a virgin and the palms of whose hands are quick to bleed in imitation of the stigmata of Christ. The child was found by the Mother Superior of the convent, strangled by its umbilical cord. Was the death intended, or did it come about by ill chance? Who is the father of the child? What is the relationship between Sister Agnes, who bore it, and the Mother Superior? These are among the questions asked by Dr. Martha Livingstone, a psychiatrist appointed by a local court to investigate Sister Agnes’s fitness to stand trial. The play amounts to an increasingly bitter debate among the three women, in the course of which a number of unpleasant truths emerge about each of them. Sister Agnes vehemently asserts that God is the father of her child, and we never learn anything to the contrary. I found the lack of a possible alternative to divine parenthood disconcerting, and I found, too, that the play often put me uneasily in mind of Peter Shaffer’s “Equus.” Still, the acting, under the direction of Michael Lindsay-Hogg, is of a very high order. Elizabeth Ashley is Dr. Livingstone, Geraldine Page is the Mother Superior, and Amanda Plummer is Sister Agnes. The freakish setting, which consists of a steeply raked bare floor, two chairs, an ashtray, and a rear wall of wood staves shaped



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like a slide in an Edwardian fun house, is by Eugene Lee; the costumes are by Carrie Robbins; and the lighting is by Roger Morgan.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Time Exposures

WITH "A Soldier's Play" still flourishing at Theatre Four, the Negro Ensemble Company has opened its second production of this season—Leslie Lee's "Colored People's Time"—at the Cherry Lane. The title, originally "C.P.T.," is an inside joke that refers to a traditional black attitude toward promptness—a joke that is more or less explained by Charles H. Patterson in a prologue to the show, when he says something to the effect that "us folks never get anywhere on time, but we get there." In other words, an eight-o'clock curtain "C.P.T." may go up at eight-fifteen, with a little luck. In that prologue, Mr. Patterson also makes some general remarks about time and about the life and times of black people in this country to introduce the scenes of the play—each scene as discrete and, upon occasion, as strong as a one-acter. These range in time from a meeting of four slaves in Mississippi in 1859, to tell Bible stories and sing hymns and found an African church, to a final scene of a husband and wife at home—she soaking her feet, he cutting his calluses—during the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1956. In most instances, such small events reflect much larger events in the outside world. Two excited couples in a Kansas City living room in 1938 wait for news of the outcome of the second Joe Louis–Max Schmeling fight—the host a study in frustration as he tries to mend a broken radio in time for the blessed knockout. During a race riot in Chicago in 1919, another room becomes a haven for a man mortally wounded by a flying brick; a sympathetic woman; a Jew whose store has been set afire; and a young man who is as sore at the Jew as he is at the brick-throwers outside. In Harlem, in 1926, the room is the living room of a beautiful, seductive woman, who persuades her man, aflame with admiration for Marcus Garvey (sounds of parade), not to follow Garvey to Africa but to return instead with cigarettes and ice cream. And so forth. Jackée Harry, a good singer, sings a song (Harlem, nineteen-thirties) about a rent party, and another good singer, Juanita Mahone, sings "Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me" (U.S.O. club, Second World War) as she bids an affecting farewell to black troops.

Whether these scenes, taken together and chronologically, make a strong point about black survival is open to question. However, they do—the good ones and also the only-fair ones—present a vivid composite picture of Negro life here over an important century. Mr. Lee is a fine writer, and the actors, under the deft direction of Horacena J. Taylor, serve him very well indeed. The ones I haven't mentioned are L. Scott Caldwell, Charles Weldon, Chuck Cooper, Debbi Morgan, Robert Gossett, and Curt Williams. The spare, effective setting was designed by Felix E. Cochren and lighted by Shirley Prendergast; costumes by Myrna Colley-Lee.

IN "Catholic School Girls," Casey Kurtti's entertaining (on and off) play at the new Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, the four actresses playing the girls as they progress from the first through the eighth grade also double, one at a time, as the nuns who teach them. A notion more likely, perhaps, to amuse parochial-school alumnae than the general run of Sassenachs, and the tone of the writing—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—seems merely larky after the satiric brilliance of Christopher Durang's "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You." As expected, the scenes deal not only with academic matters but with such nonacademic matters as "personal hygiene" and difficult parents and the senior dance, and each of the girls is awarded a monologue (oh, God!), in which she tells the audience what is on her mind. The play, though hardly gripping, is unpretentious, and the acting is all right, by and large, though rarely better than that. The theatre, on the other hand, is a beauty; set in a new courtyard on Forty-second Street at the far western end of Theatre Row, it is compact and well designed, sparkling clean, and quite charming.

—Edith Oliver

•

Washington—Unhappy with her image as a glittery, self-indulgent socialite, Nancy Reagan is determined to do something about it.

For starters, she is devoting most of her public appearances to an issue she has adopted as a pet project—the problem of rug abuse among the young.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Like spilling milkshakes on the new Oriental.

POPULAR RECORDS

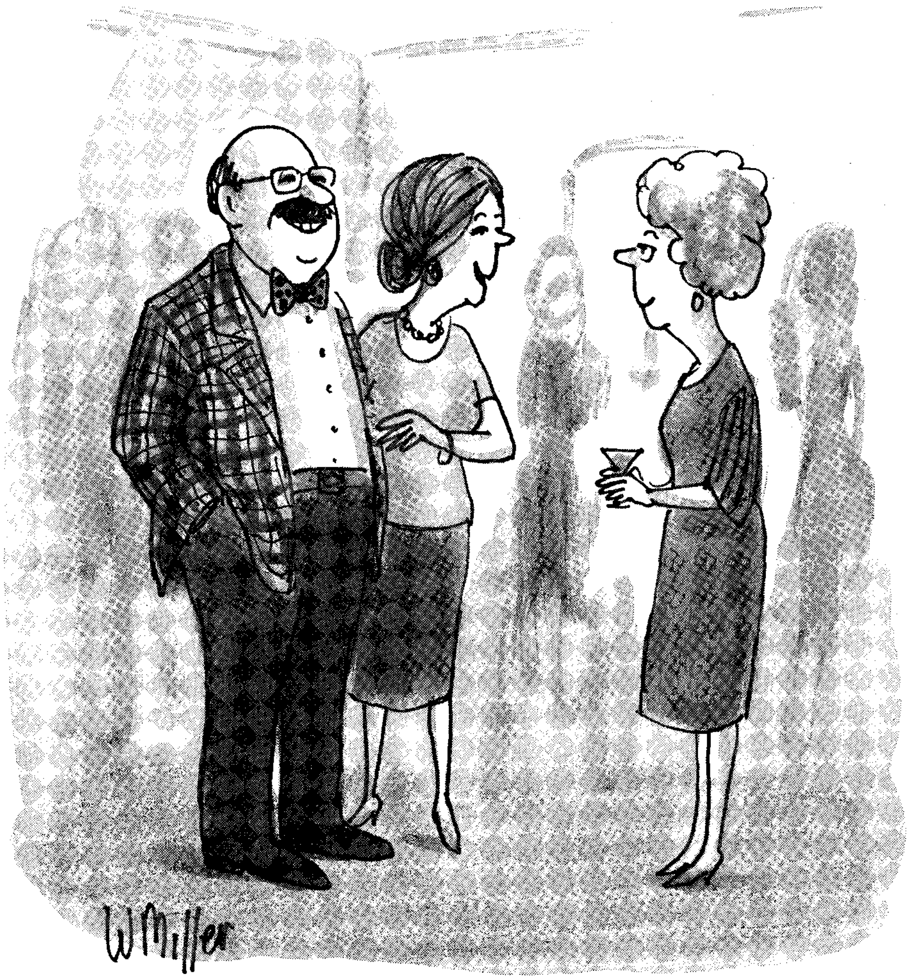
Revelation

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA" (the Smithsonian Collection) is a complete performance of the musical portions, with a patch or two of dialogue, of Victor Herbert's most enduring and richly melodic operetta. As such, it seems to be unique, for there is apparently no other recording of an entire Herbert operetta score. Several individual tunes from "Naughty Marietta"—"I'm Falling in Love with Someone," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "'Neath the Southern Moon," and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," which may be the best known of all Herbert songs—can still be heard now and then, even though Herbert passed out of favor some sixty years back, and there is an occasional recording or actual revival (notably the enormously popular Nelson Eddy–Jeanette MacDonald movie musical "Naughty Marietta," an early television "spectacular" devoted to this operetta, and, in 1978, the New York City Opera production) to renew interest in his work. But while individual songs still have a certain currency, Herbert's immense skills as a composer of fully integrated vocal and orchestral scores are probably appreciated today only by musicologists and by those with exceptionally long memories of the American musical theatre—of which Herbert, incidentally, was the principal founder.

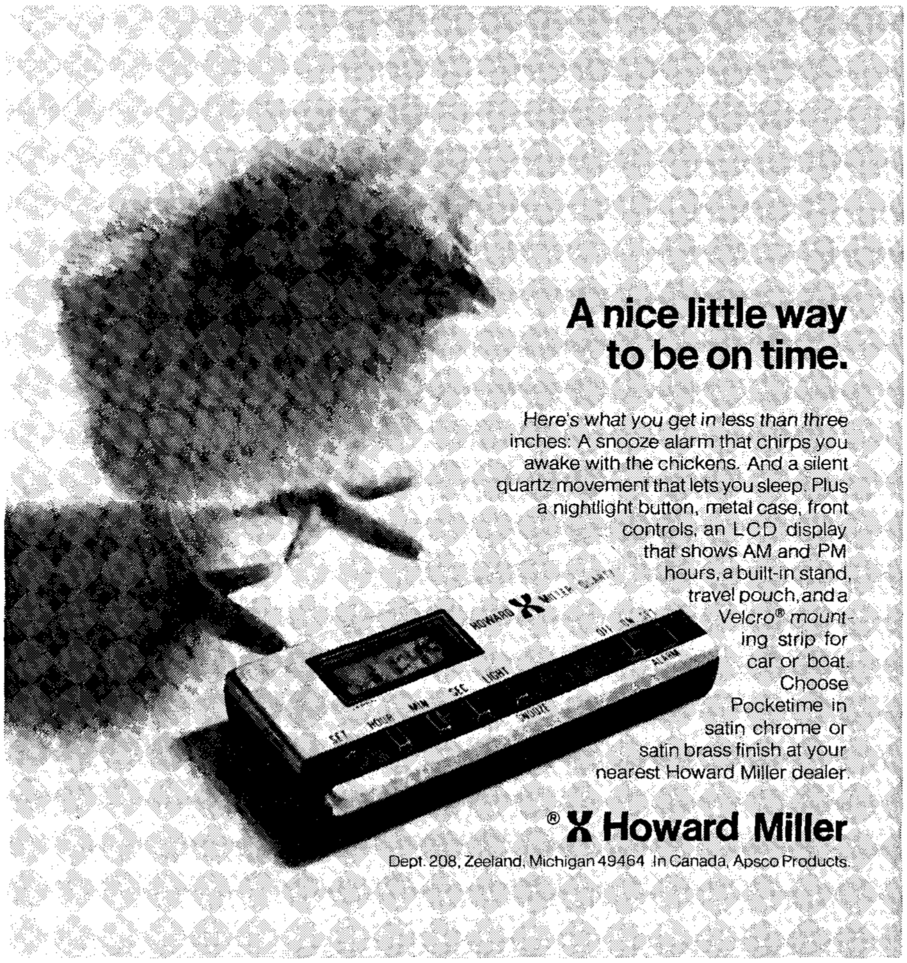
As is evident in this excellent recording, which covers four sides, Herbert was a master of his genre, giving sweep and thrust to a libretto—in this case, a somewhat silly but at the same time serviceable and rather endearing one, by Rida Johnson Young—and even helping to identify characters, albeit two-dimensional ones, by his music. Perhaps the most striking example of this device is the use of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life": it is first heard, under the titles "Mysterious Melody" and "Song from the Fountain," in subtle, incomplete form, as inner voices given expression by Marietta, and is not given full expression until the finale.

Such skills are certainly not unusual in musical theatre. After all, the show's beginning is the sort of ripe scene that has long appealed to the coloristic instincts of opera composers, as the accompanying program notes make clear: "Dawn breaks in the Place d'Armes in New Orleans. The watchman announces the hour, the sacristan unlocks the cathedral gate; venders arrive selling flowers, parakeets, fruit, and sugar cane, followed by street sweepers and then convent maids on their way to school." And it is not Herbert's sure-handed orchestration of this and other scenes, his grasp of the work as a whole, and the facility of his musical expression that are particularly astonishing. What is astonishing is that he has had no real successors in these respects. After hearing Jerome Kern's "They Didn't Believe Me," a song generally and rather conveniently accepted as the model for future musical-comedy writing, Herbert predicted that Kern would prove to be his heir. But when Kern and, more dramatically, George Gershwin—followed by the other early giants of musical comedy—brought a new and unmistakably American vigor to the musical theatre, they did so by means of individual songs or set pieces arranged for orchestra (and usually much smaller orchestras than Herbert's) by others. So although we have taken to referring to the strung-together musical portions of shows as "scores," the term properly applies only to more fully realized musical works, such as Herbert's. Succeeding composers, most of whom have had little or no formal musical training, especially at the start of their careers, have almost invariably relied on that increasingly important specialist the arranger, represented over the years by such invaluable practitioners as Robert Russell Bennett, Don Walker, Philip J. Lang, and, in recent years, by Jonathan Tunick, who has been responsible for the orchestrations of all of Stephen Sondheim's shows since "Company."

So it is something of a revelation to come across this "Naughty Marietta" recording, with its full vocal and orchestral score, almost entirely of Herbert's expert and polished construction. (A few uncertain spots were filled in by Frederick S. Roffman for the New York City Opera's revival of the work.) Today, as they have for a long time, the Herbert melodies strike



"This is my cousin Sebastian. But, of course, not the Sebastian."



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us as too sugary and obvious. And yet, with their reminders of European opera and operetta, and of Arthur Sullivan (Sullivan was, after all, inescapably engaged with Gilbert's librettos in parodying the conventions of grand opera), Herbert's works, so adroit in their musical prosody, began the musical bridge between Europe and America whose construction is generally credited to Kern alone.

While all the principals and the Millennium Chamber Orchestra, under the very precise direction of James R. Morris, do finished work, it is the youthful voice of Judith Blazer, in the role of Marietta (one of the "casquette" girls shipped over from France to find husbands in Louisiana), that stands out. Hers is a pure, flexible, and thoroughly musical lyric soprano, and though her singing is as tightly controlled as that of the others in this strict musical performance, it has personality and polish. She even delivers the "Italian Street Song" with éclat. The tenor Leslie Harrington lends strong, sure voice to Captain Dick, and Adah, the quadroon slave and mistress of the New Orleans lieutenant governor's son, is tellingly performed by the mezzo-soprano Elvira Green, especially in the role's one solo, " 'Neath the Southern Moon." The use of a Yiddish comic character was as common in musicals of the day as that of a black servant, but, understandably, the baritone Steve Liebman's heart doesn't seem to be in it as he rattles off "It's Pretty Soft for Simon"—a dreadful number—in a strange accent indeed.

A voluminous and informative booklet accompanying this boxed set includes many photographs of the original production—in which the title part was created by the diminutive Emma Trentini, previously of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company, which had disbanded after being bought up by the Metropolitan Opera—and also photographs of the new principals.

OF all Broadway composers since Herbert, Kurt Weill and Leonard Bernstein have been the only major contributors to orchestrate their own music—individual song numbers, for the most part—and even Bernstein customarily relied on the expertise in these matters of the late Hershy Kay, who served as co-arranger. (I omit Gian Carlo Menotti, the only composer of opera in Broadway history to enjoy more or less regular productions of his work on the commercial stage over a number of years.) Weill is the subject of a new two-volume recording in Ben Bagley's "Revisited" series on the Painted Smiles label. Weill was, of course, a thoroughly trained musician and an avant-garde composer before he turned his hand to the popular theatre, in the late nineteen-twenties, when he gained immediate fame, as well as notoriety, with "The Threepenny Opera."

The new recordings represent the first investigation of Weill by Bagley, who has dipped into the less familiar songs of just about every important Broadway composer and lyricist in earlier "Revisited" issues. (Five other Weill melodies, all out of "Love Life," can be found on the Alan Jay Lerner "Revisited" release, however.) It's an interesting collection, with some genuine rarities, including "firsts" in English. Both volumes start off with what are for me the least interesting excursions—the first volume with a group of songs from "One Touch of Venus," whose best-known pieces, "Speak Low" and "That's Him," are sedulously avoided, and the second volume with a selection, consisting mainly of waltzes, from "The Firebrand of Florence," whose only even halfway familiar number is "Sing Me Not a Ballad," performed here by Nell Carter. In both shows, the lyricists—Ogden Nash ("One Touch of Venus") and Ira Gershwin ("The Firebrand of Florence")—seem not to have been working at precisely the top of their form, but in fairness to Gershwin, who comes off the weaker of the two, I should add that he perhaps found it difficult to adapt himself to another composer's style not many years after his brother's death.

Aside from these introductory sections, there is no particular order to the presentation of the songs, which range from the early German days right up to 1950, the year of Weill's death. That year, with the playwright Maxwell Anderson joining him as librettist for the third time, Weill completed five songs for a proposed musical version of "Huckleberry Finn." Each volume of Bagley's selections contains one of these charming numbers, and "Come in Mornin' " (Volume II) is particularly appealing, as are a few of the other heretofore ignored pieces that Weill set down for Broadway shows, once he had got the hang of the idiom, or close to it, with "Lady in the Dark."

Generally, though—and I say this

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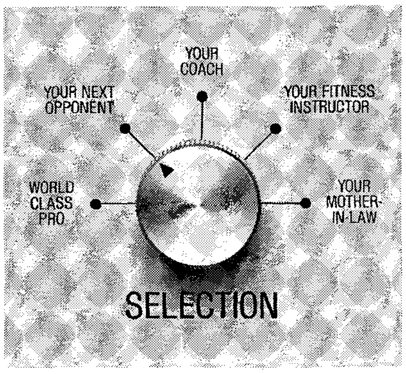

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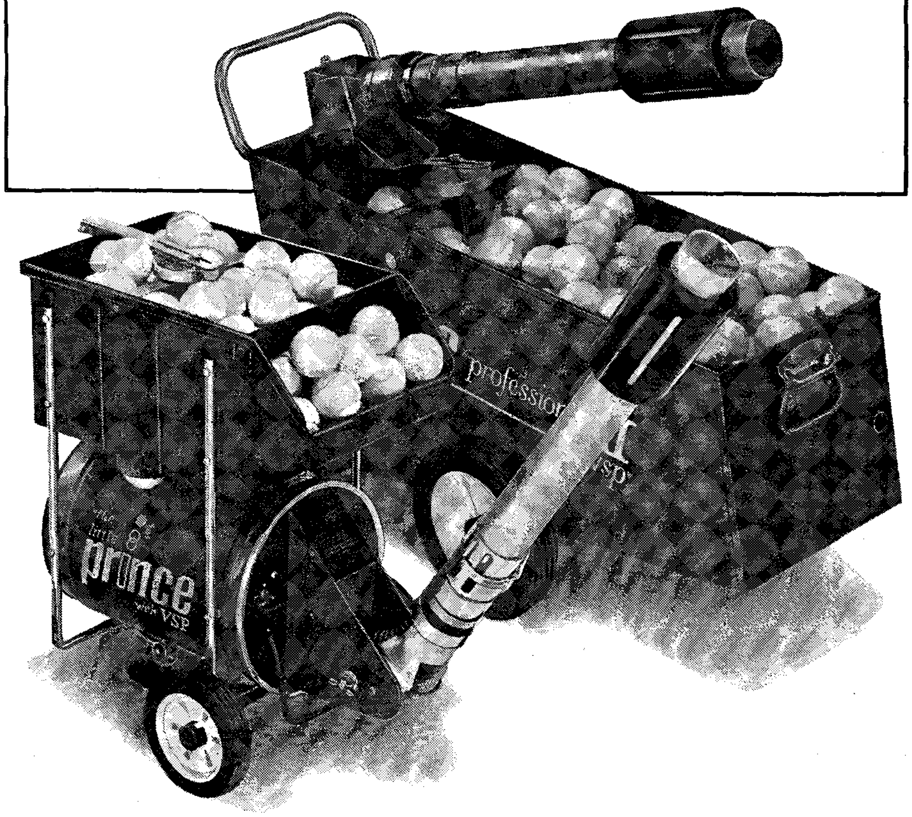

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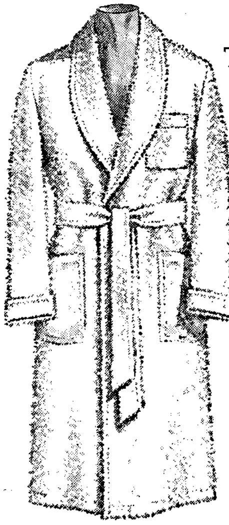

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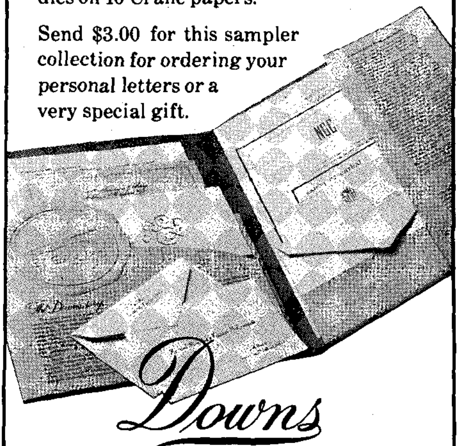
despite my estimation of Weill's 1947 "Street Scene" as his outstanding score—it is the early selections, primarily but not entirely the pre-American ones, that are especially vivid; they have the most of the special bite and, in the more lyrical flights, the sweet poison that Weill instilled in his creations. "Ballad of the Nazi Soldier's Wife," translated from the German by Michael Feingold, who is also responsible for a few other first-rate translations of songs on these records, is said to be the last for which Brecht set down the words. It was written in 1943, when Weill was already firmly established on Broadway, and was used by Brecht in "Schweik in the Second World War," a dramatic sequel to "The Good Soldier Schweik." Tenderly sung here by Ellen Burstyn, it is about articles of female apparel—spoils of war—sent home from various occupied cities by a German soldier, and it ends, the tempo halved, with a "long black veil" sent from the Russian front. "God Bless Rockefeller," a chorus number, provided the finale for the original German production of "Happy End," in which stained-glass windows of "saints"—Rockefeller, Ford, and Morgan—descended. And on the same record (Volume II) is the most mordant work of all—"Deep Down in the Seine," written for a French cabaret singer, who also recorded it. Based on a poem by Maurice Magre and offered in a translation by Anne Cattaneo, it has to do with the objects, some quite grisly, to be found on the riverbed, and it is sung with appropriate abrasiveness by Nancy Andrews. Volume II closes with the ruefully affecting "Johnny's Song," written, to a Paul Green lyric, for "Johnny Johnson," a sardonic 1936 anti-war musical, which was Weill's first full-length work in this country, and whose music remained very much in his European style. The melody is sung here, with its original lyric, by Arthur Siegel. (It was, I believe, after the short-lived Group Theatre production had closed that the tune was fitted out with a trite pop lyric, "To Love You and to Lose You." This is prettily done here by Blossom Dearie just before Siegel's finale.)

Back to Volume I. Ann Miller's strong, straightforward way with a song is in sharp and pleasing contrast to some of the other voices here as she sings "Is It Him or Is It Me?," another rather interesting piece from "Love Life;" "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed," a minor but nonetheless con-



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textually valid part of the "Street Scene" score; and a ballad called "This Time Next Year," the other "Huckleberry Finn" composition. "Dr. Crippen," sung by Chita Rivera and a male backup group, is one of those narrative works—like "Jenny," from "Lady in the Dark"—whose music is more functional than arresting on its own. Of particular interest is "Poor Mrs. Peachum," identified as a collaboration between Yvette Guilbert and Weill for the Paris "Threepenny." Paula Laurence, who is also heard to advantage elsewhere on this record, details the drudgery of Mrs. Peachum's chores as a laundress. "I Remember It Well"—and I must confess I didn't remember it at all—is a lovely duet, sung here by John Reardon and Jo Sullivan, from "Love Life." The piece's title and basic structure were reused by Alan Jay Lerner when, many years later, he rejoined his most frequent collaborator, composer Frederick Loewe, for the movie "Gigi." Weill's broad melody is no less appealing than Loewe's narrower one, which was tailored for the voices of Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold, but to some extent the later lyric is the more felicitous.

In addition to being among the most interesting releases in the Painted Smiles "Revisited" series, the Weill recordings have fuller and more versatile musical accompaniments than any of the others. Dennis Deal, who succeeded the late Norman Paris as the series' principal pianist, arranger, and conductor several years ago, serves expertly and sensitively in all three capacities. Besides the singers already mentioned, Tammy Grimes ("Nana's Song") and Estelle Parsons ("I Don't Love You") can be encountered, and most enjoyably. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

Spring is a time when grass fires are a special danger, Binghamton Fire Marshal Steven Sedor warned.

"They are now a source of potential problems because the winds are strong, and the ground is dry," Sedor said.

Sedor said he is appealing to adults to be careful and to allow youngsters to start grass fires for fun.—*Binghamton (N.Y.) Evening Press.*

There's still a bit of the kid in old Sedor.

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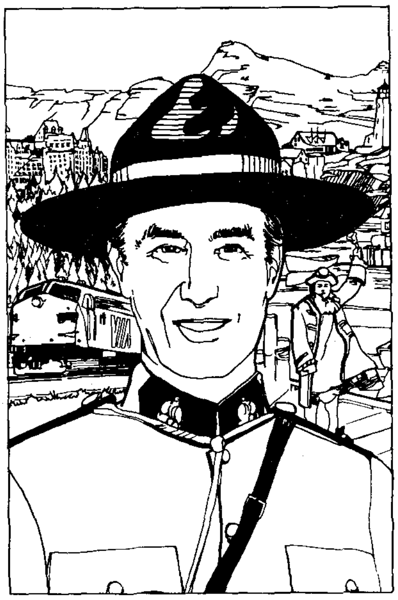
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*]

ATLANTIC CITY—Renaldo Snipes won a 10-round draw against Scott Frank in a heavyweight bout.



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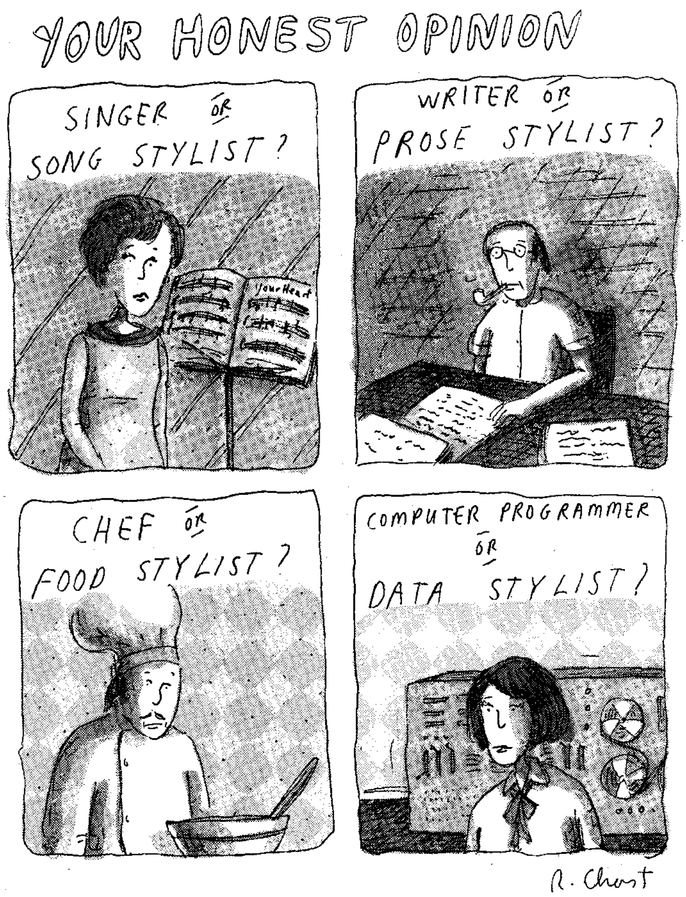
U.S. JOURNAL: PEMBROKE PARK, FLORIDA

FUNNY, FUNNY

PEMBROKE PARK is one of those towns that tend to strike people as funny. "When the newspaper reporters don't have anything else to do, they come out and write about us," Gerald Yourman, who was then the mayor, told me just after he managed to pique the interest of the local press by informing a regular meeting of the town commission that he was resigning a year before the end of his term to join his fiancée in Massachusetts because "I find that marital bliss and sexual sensation and a sensuous life are important to me." People tend not to know when they're in Pembroke Park—they pass into it and out of it and into it again while driving through the sprawl that now extends pretty much all the way between Fort Lauderdale and Miami—and when they do know they often call it Pembroke Pines, the name of another chunk of sprawl, four or five miles to the west. Even a lot of the forty-eight hundred people who live in Pembroke Park fail to realize where they are. Most of them are seasonal or retired residents from somewhere else—New Jersey or Massachusetts or, increasingly, Quebec—and they often tell friends at home, or even dispatchers at local fire departments, that they live in Hollywood or Hallandale. It struck some people as funny that when city officials went from house to house—from mobile home to mobile home, really, since eighty per cent of the population lives in mobile-home parks—to hand out telephone identification stickers informing people where they lived, the vice-mayor got turned in as a prowler. Of course, Pembroke Park is not the only town in South Florida with an identification problem. Broward County has twenty-nine separate municipalities, in addition to a number of distinct neighborhoods that remain unincorporated, and the annexation discussions about which one should gobble up or be gobbled up by which other one have gone on for years, like a very long game of municipal Pac-Man. Pembroke Park has not come out of the game a winner. Its attempt, in 1974, to swallow up Carver Ranches, a black neighborhood just to the west, was successfully resisted by the residents of Carver Ranches in a campaign whose leader said, "If we want to be annexed, let's also consider places such as Hollywood, Hallandale, or Miramar. These are strong cities that won't have us paying a nose and throat to live there." Somehow, Pembroke Park often inspires headlines like "BROWARD TOWN HAS FEW DEFENDERS" and "TOWN SUES, WOMAN COUNTERSUES; JURORS GIVE HER $512,000." The lead paragraph of the Miami *Herald's* piece on the distribution of identification stickers said, "Pembroke Park is the Rodney Dangerfield of Broward municipalities."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R. Chast

Pembroke Park's difficulty in getting respect undoubtedly had a lot to do with the brief but grandiose reign of Tom Courtney, who in 1977 managed to turn Pembroke Park into what must have been the only town of under five thousand people in the country with a thirty-man police force, a SWAT team, a K-9 corps, and two helicopters. A third helicopter was on order when the realities began to intrude on Town Hall. "You might say that Tom was ahead of his time," I was told by a policeman who had worked in Pembroke Park when Courtney served as police chief and then as administrative assistant to the mayor. What he meant was that Courtney tended to buy things ahead of the time when he had the money to pay for them. Even if the armaments had been paid for, there was some entertainment in speculating about what use a town the size of Pembroke Park might have for, say, a SWAT team or a helicopter. The SWAT team, of course, could put on demonstrations, although one demonstration—a mock kidnapping at an elementary school—almost ended in embarrassment when a retired man who lived nearby started back home for his rifle with the intention of shooting the person he had every reason to believe was a kidnapper. ("I'm an old deer hunter. I've been hunting since I was eight years old, and I could've hit him easy.") According to a report of a Broward County grand jury in 1978, one of the helicopters was occasionally used to buzz a nudist camp in the nearby town of Davie. Before the Pembroke Park armed forces could be seriously tested on the battlefield, though, they were ground down by a guerrilla force of bill collectors. Eventually, Courtney resigned and, after being indicted for and acquitted of perjury, moved to the Midwest. The residents of Pembroke Park might have been able to put his escapades out of their minds if he hadn't taken to robbing banks. He is now serving a fifteen-year sentence in federal prison.

The stories about Pembroke Park's swollen police force were, of course, repeated in the coverage of Tom Courtney's new troubles with the law, but then the town had some relatively quiet years of trying to recover financially from the helicopter era. Gerald Yourman, who is often pictured in the local press on his Honda 1000 motorcycle, is the sort

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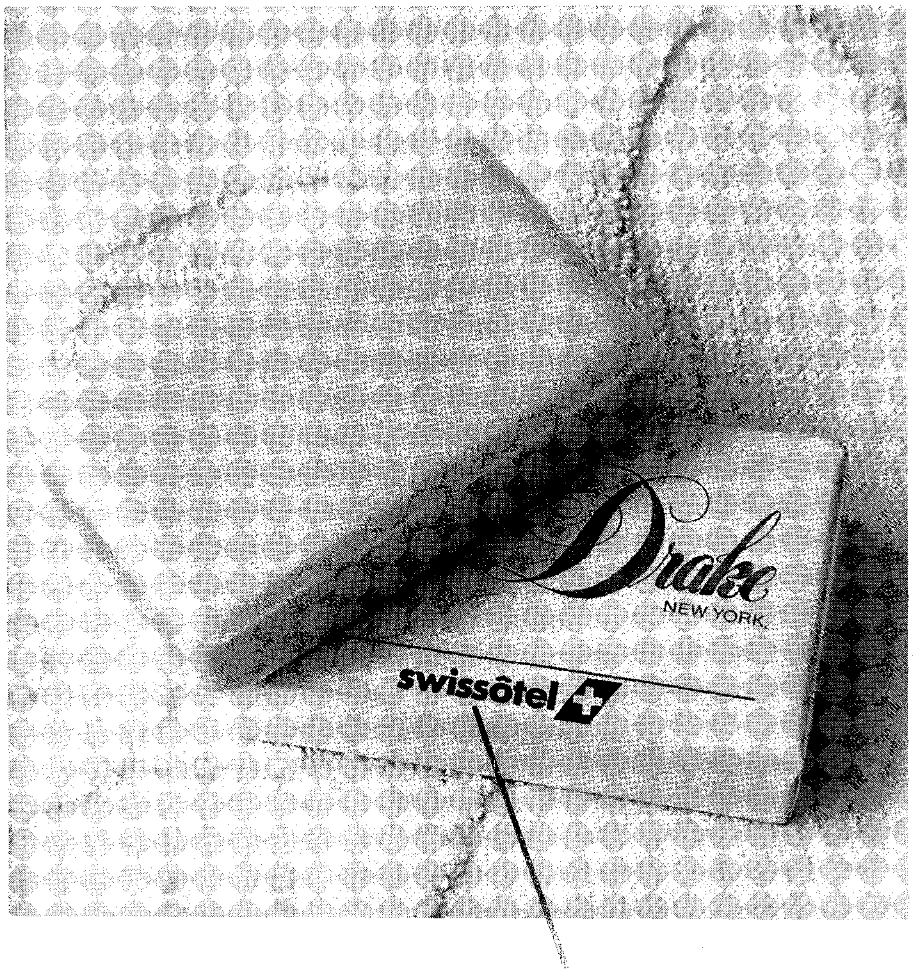

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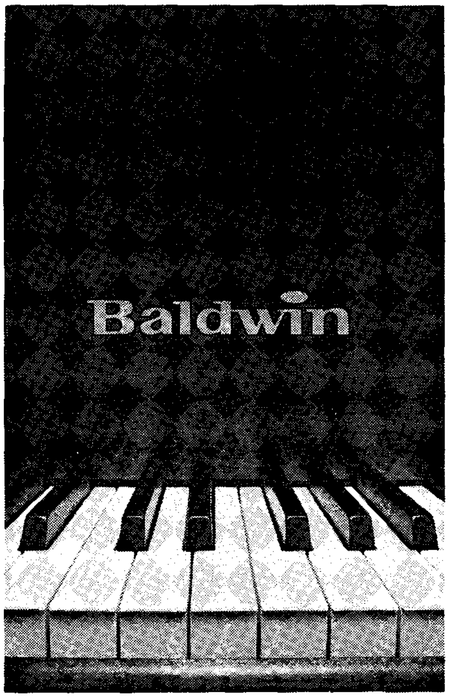
of mayor who replies to discussion among the county commissioners about annexing his town by calling the commissioners "a bunch of idiots," but he passes in Pembroke Park for a reformer. Any hopes residents might have had that Pembroke Park's antic side would fade from public memory, though, were dashed last fall by the appearance of an article in *Tropic*, the Miami *Herald's* Sunday magazine, by Michael Browning, who used to cover Pembroke Park when he was in the *Herald's* South Broward bureau. Browning did a thorough job of cataloguing the elements that had gone toward giving Pembroke Park what he called its "Looney Tunes reputation"—its weird shape ("a broken 'H' splinted to a backward 'L' "), for instance, and its old reputation as an area that provided landfill to make other areas ("Rock Pit City"), and its notion of renting out part of Town Hall to a karate academy. He collected from Charles Feighan, a former commissioner, what I believe to be one of the finest quotations characterizing Tom Courtney's big-bang administration: "I told Tom there were problems with the sewer lines and we couldn't just go on buying helicopter parts." What most people remember about the *Tropic* piece, though, was not anything Browning wrote but the contribution of an editor: the article was called "Bozoville, U.S.A."

SOME people would argue that Pembroke Park is not really much funnier than anyplace else. According to their way of thinking, Pembroke Park simply had the bad luck to be the place where Tom Courtney fetched up, and once his air force and his SWAT team had become visible a reputation for being what the *Herald* called a "wacka-wacka town" was difficult to live down. They can argue persuasively that a lot of towns might have fallen for Tom Courtney—a beefy, instantly friendly, enthusiastic, endlessly optimistic man who, according to Hewitt Wagner, the administrator who succeeded him, seemed to hire people "under the misunderstanding that wages were a one-time expense." Courtney's reign happened to come at a time when getting a federal law-enforcement grant for a helicopter or two didn't seem so farfetched. It also happened to come at a time when any number of virtually all-white towns in South Broward might have welcomed the prospect of having some excess firepower as insurance against the



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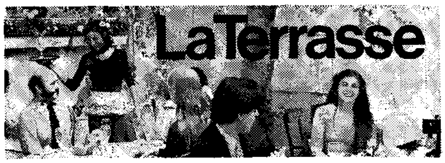

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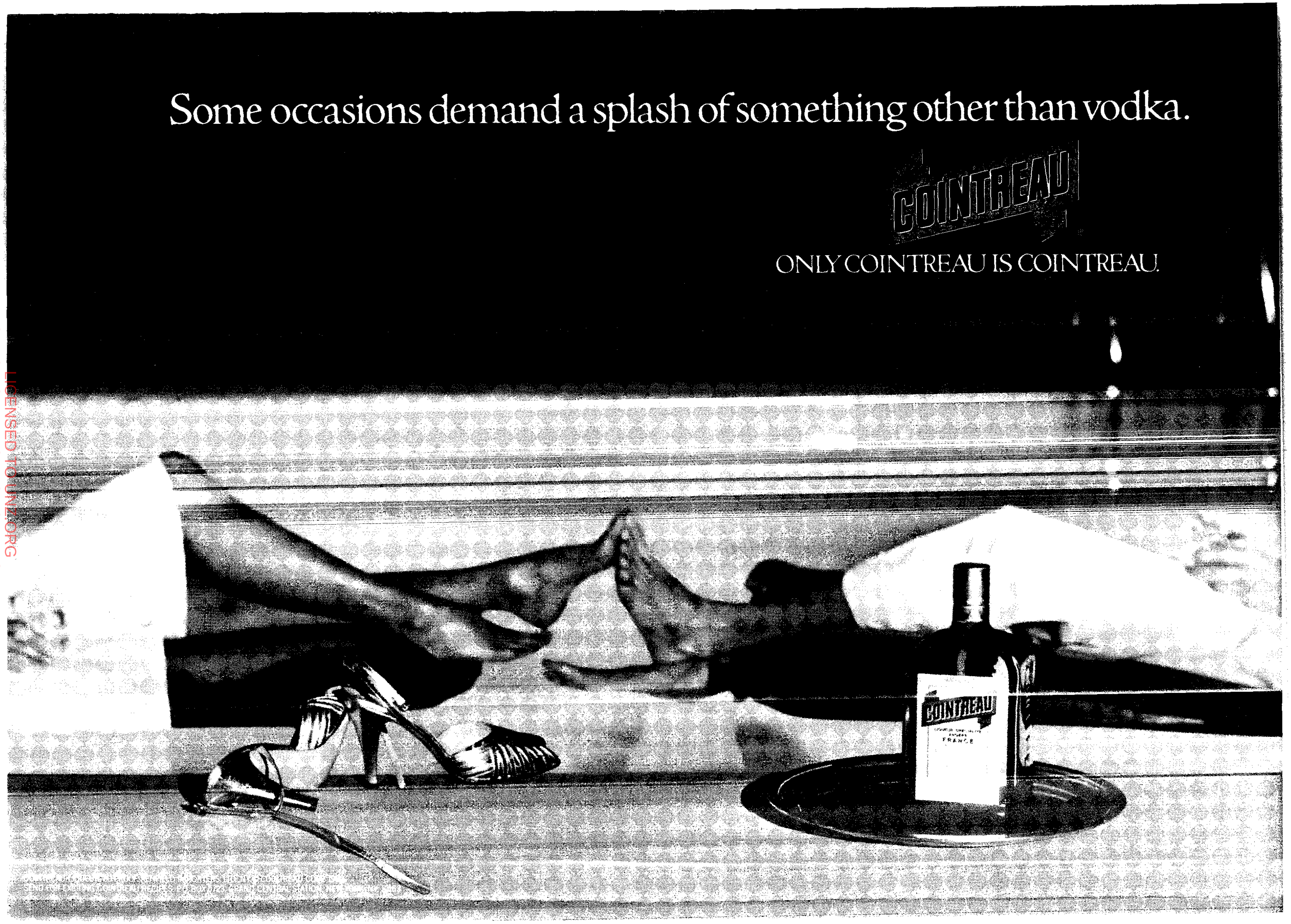
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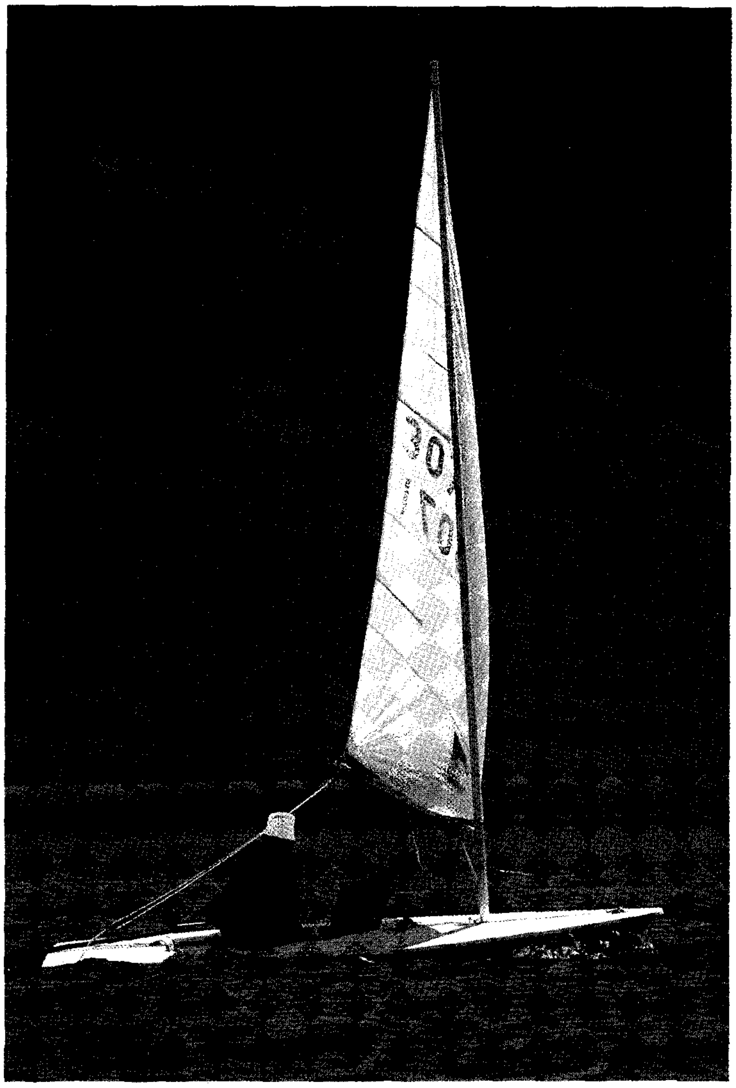

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threat of a black invasion from a neighborhood like Carver Ranches—which, among its other problems, is suspected of being the headquarters of a gang of armed robbers called the Dixie Playboys. It is acknowledged that the failure of the Pembroke Park City Commission—five commissioners who choose a mayor from their own ranks—to exercise more control over Courtney has the appearance of being a bit wacka-wacka, but there is a logical, unhumorous explanation even for that: the commissioner who had always run the city more or less single-handed—Phil Bryan, a mobile-home-park operator who had been mayor ever since he and a couple of other landowners carved Pembroke Park out of the county, in 1957—was away in the hospital during the most active months of Courtney's arms buildup. Among the theories Bryan offered upon his return was that Courtney, who was always hoping to lose weight, might have taken enough diet pills to drive him round the bend.

I have some sympathy for those who believe that Pembroke Park got tagged as Bozoville simply because Tom Courtney happened to apply for a job there instead of in Miramar or Lauderdale Lakes or Sunrise. While I was in Pembroke Park, in fact, somebody told me that Sunrise, in particular, makes Pembroke Park's government seem positively dour. I suppose that a town that has acquired a Looney Tunes reputation does tempt reporters to keep an eye out for the colorful—to dwell on the fact, for instance, that the mayor was living in a trailer underneath a television tower. At times, Gerald Yourman was telling reporters that they ought to write more about how his administration straightened out the financial mess it inherited three years earlier and less about his motorcycle; at times, he was telling them about his motorcycle. Yourman—a short, voluble man who grew up in Brooklyn—struck me as the sort of fellow who is first to arrive at the over-forty singles dance. He retired to a mobile-home park in Pembroke Park after twenty years in the Army, so that he could be near his mother. I suppose reporters could put less emphasis on the fact that he rides a motorcycle—he does not, after all, seem like the motorcycle-riding type—but what are they supposed to do when he explains his resignation as mayor by saying, "The King of England gave up his throne for the woman he loved"?

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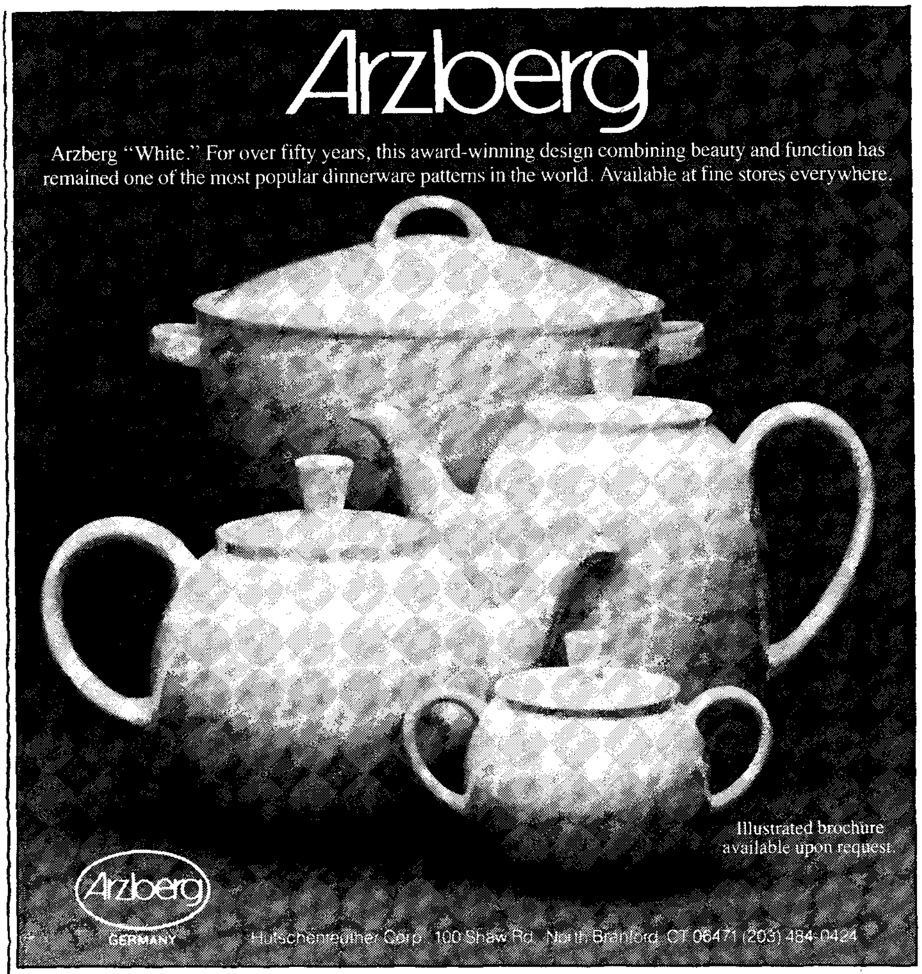

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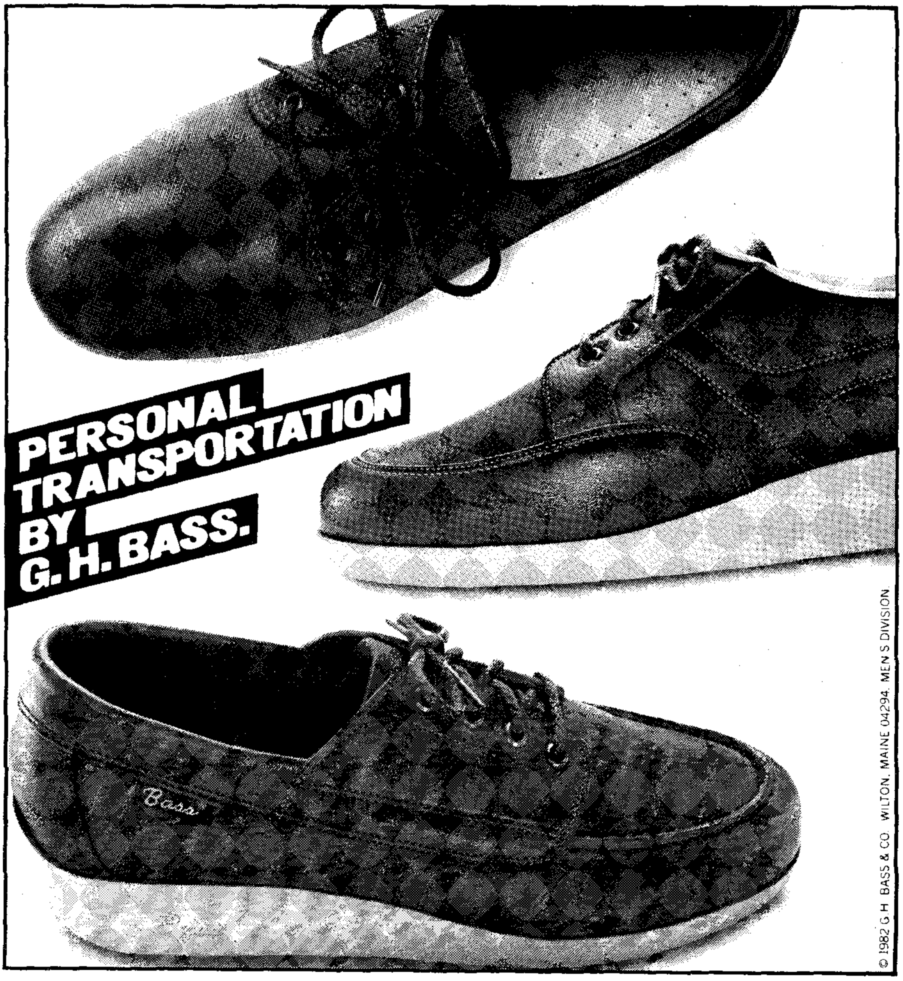

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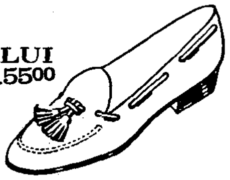

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American political life—even in large cities that no longer strike anyone as particularly funny. Colorful mayors are much more common than colorful congressmen. There is practically no such thing as a colorful attorney general. As it happens, municipal government is the most tedious form of government—it is usually more like housekeeping than like government—and even in a larger city the alternative to discussing the mayor's latest antic is to discuss industrial zoning or pet control or the cost of sewer maintenance. An emphasis on the colorful is not necessarily damaging to the fortunes of the mayor: Would Edward Koch prefer to be known for the number of times he says "How'm I doin'?" or for the condition of the subways? Because so many people mention a small-town government either in jest or not at all, Hewitt Wagner believes that Pembroke Park might have been helped in the long run by the *Herald's* proclaiming it Bozoville—a name that stuck so well that I noticed its being used even in the rival Fort Lauderdale *News*. "A flamboyant reputation is generally beneficial for a city," Wagner told me. "The city ceases in the minds of other people to be a backwater." Still, when someone spray-painted "Bozoville" on some of the Pembroke Park city-limits signs Wagner had the paint removed.

STORIES written about Gerald Yourman's policies, as opposed to his motorcycle, have not tended to give Pembroke Park an air of solemnity. In fact, some of Yourman's actions on the commission have reinforced the widespread impression that the behavior of public officials in Pembroke Park tends to be what a carpenter I know sometimes calls "just a bubble off level." Politically, Yourman became known for abruptly changing his mind. Before Yourman started reversing himself, the Pembroke Park official most closely associated with one strong predilection or another was A. J. Ryan, Jr., the town attorney, who has a statewide reputation for procrastination. Last year, Ryan was given a thirty-day suspension by the Florida bar for putting some matters off long enough to damage the interests of three clients; in the late sixties, he procrastinated about filing his income-tax return long enough to get indicted. (Phil Bryan, the founding mayor of Pembroke Park, once summed up the confidence that town officials still have in Ryan by saying, "When he works,

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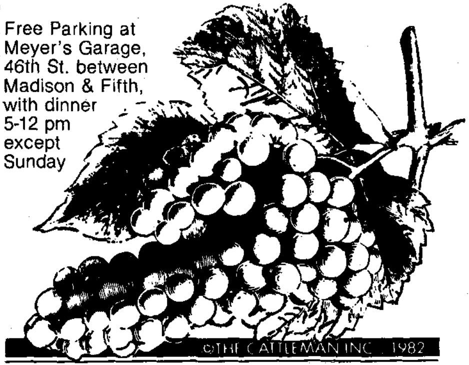

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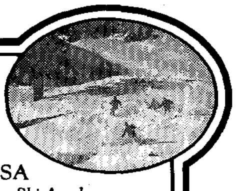

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he's an excellent attorney.") Yourman's flip-flopping put Ryan's procrastination in the shade. Yourman was elected to the commission with the help of Pembroke Park's policemen, who had organized politically when it began to appear that efforts to get the town out of the red might cost them their jobs. When he became mayor, he worked steadfastly for the elimination of the police force, and finally contracted with the Broward County sheriff for police protection—under terms that sent some of the policemen, his former campaign workers, to the state Public Employees Relations Commission to lodge a complaint. As mayor, Yourman proposed that Pembroke Park pass an ordinance controlling the ground rent that mobile-home-park operators could charge; then, at the final reading, he changed his mind and provided the margin to defeat his own bill.

The column that brought me news of Yourman's Edward VIII comment also mentioned the possibility that his reversal on the police and rent-control issues had so enraged his constituents that he was basically getting out to avoid being thrown out. Yourman has acknowledged that he could never win another term—the reason being, according to the view he expressed in his farewell address, that he is opposed by narrow-minded bigots. The resignation did not seem to alter his way of going about things. When I telephoned him to say that I would be in Pembroke Park during what was to be the final week before his resignation took effect, he informed me that he wanted to serve out his term after all. A hearing on the policemen's claim against the city had been held that day—the case was in court because the Public Employees Relations Commission had ordered Pembroke Park to rehire the cops, and Pembroke Park had refused—and Yourman told me that a couple of remarks made at the hearing had so infuriated him that he wanted to stay and fight. By the time I reached Pembroke Park, though, it was obvious that his fellow-commissioners were not going to vote to rescind their acceptance of his resignation. Even Edward VIII might not have been able to change his mind once he said he was leaving, and his abdication speech had been a good deal more polite than Gerald Yourman's.

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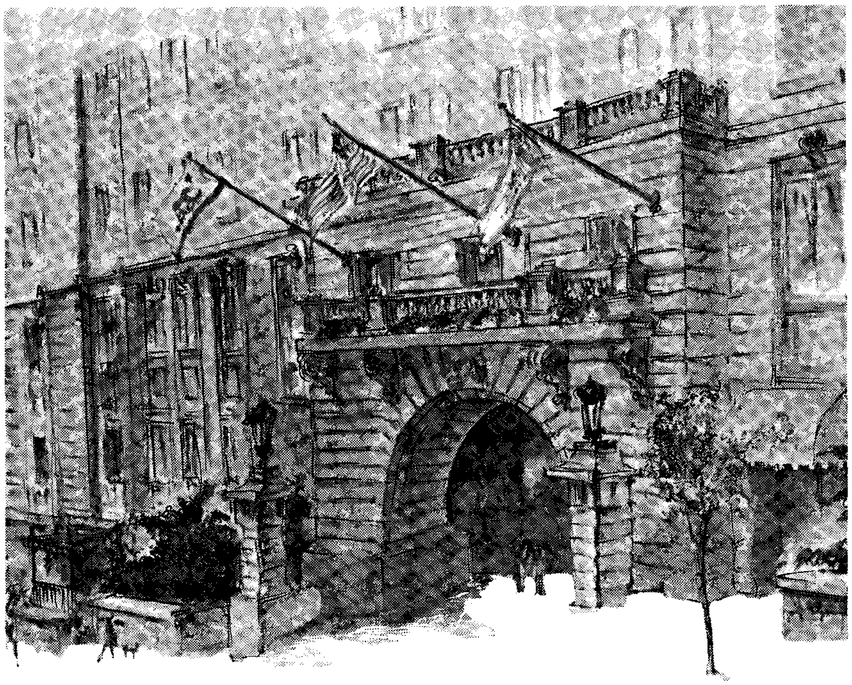

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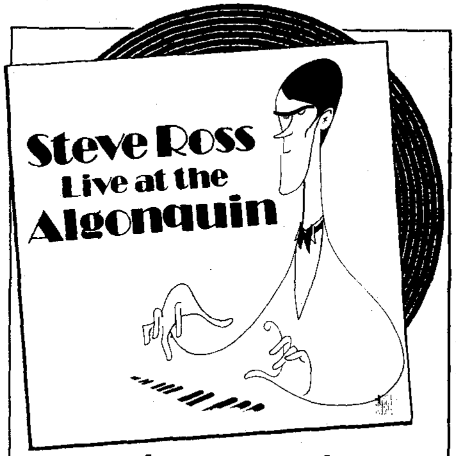

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ness that has its humorous side. Thirty years ago, trailer parks were thought of as roosting places for assorted riff-raff who had managed to haul a rusty eight-foot-wide trailer out of the range of pursuing bill collectors. In Florida, that gradually changed—the change nudged along by a strong lobby of mobile-home builders and mobile-home-park operators. The eight-foot trailer gave way to the twelve-foot trailer, and eventually manufacturers were turning out "double-wides" that could be put together at the destination—a step that, in the view of Phil Bryan, "put us into the real housing industry." These days, a mobile-home park may have winding streets, a swimming pool, a recreation building, and mobile homes that include carports and porches and front stoops and concrete skirts that give the impression of brick foundations. A lot of them look more or less like any other Florida retirement house, except for having 1982 motor-vehicle stickers on their windows. In Florida, a mobile home—even a fifty-thousand-dollar mobile home that was not meant to move anywhere—is considered a motor vehicle. Except for additions like carports, they are not subject to real-estate tax; the owner simply renews his license every year. The mobile-home lobby worked hard to arrange all that some years back. "We put trailers up there in Tallahassee, and I fed 'em steak and whiskey," Phil Bryan told me when I asked about the lobbying operation. "We done a nice job." The job was so nicely done that what the mobile-home people wanted became not just a law but part of the Florida constitution. Right there where it says how many terms the governor can serve and what the duties of the state senate shall be, it says that a mobile home is a motor vehicle.

Although the mobile-home resident ordinarily owns his own mobile home, he doesn't own the ground it stands on —which puts him in the position of a tenant who happens to be burdened with a lot of exceedingly cumbersome furniture. The owner of the ground—the mobile-home-park operator—can put all sorts of restrictions on the mobile home. He may have a veto over who can buy a mobile home that is already in the park; he often has control over how old a mobile home can be and still remain in the park. Some parks that have what one park resident calls "Gestapho rules" control even the length of time the owner of a mobile home is permitted to lend his

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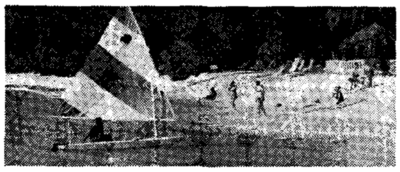

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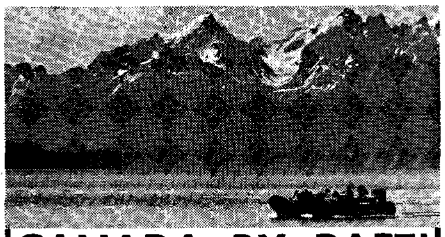

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own place to a friend. Until recently, a mobile home could be evicted from a park on twelve months' notice, with no cause given. In theory, it can simply be moved to another park, but it may be about as easy to move as a split-level, and if it's over a few years old a lot of parks won't accept it. Speaking as a mobile-home resident, Gerald Yourman, who has said that he changed his mind on the rent-control ordinance simply because he believed it wouldn't stand up in court under Florida law, told me, "We're chatteled to the ground."

In Pembroke Park, the ground rents have gone up steadily, but until recently the grumbling has been private. Until a dozen years ago, the people who actually lived in the mobile homes weren't even allowed to vote in city elections; Pembroke Park maintained the old-fashioned custom of restricting the franchise to landowners. Gradually, more of the mobile-home owners began to use their places as retirement homes instead of winter roosts, and eventually a few of them turned their attention to local issues like the rules and regulations and rents governing mobile-home parks. Still, their organizations were scattered and tentative until Yourman brought up rent control. As it happens, two of the three commissioners who lost their seats in 1979 in the fallout from Tom Courtney's profligacy—including Phil Bryan—were mobile-home-park operators. Three of the five members of Yourman's commission were mobile-home residents. After Yourman reversed himself, the mobile-home residents organized as a political-action group for the first time, vowing to defeat their enemies and elect their friends. In other words, while all the funny stuff was going on—partly because of the funny stuff, in fact—the power in Pembroke Park shifted from the mobile-home-park operators in the direction of the mobile-home residents. The residents think it's time to get serious. "This isn't Bozoville anymore," the leader of their political-action committee told me. We'll see.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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[*John Chamberlain, quoted in The Reader's Digest, July, 1942*]

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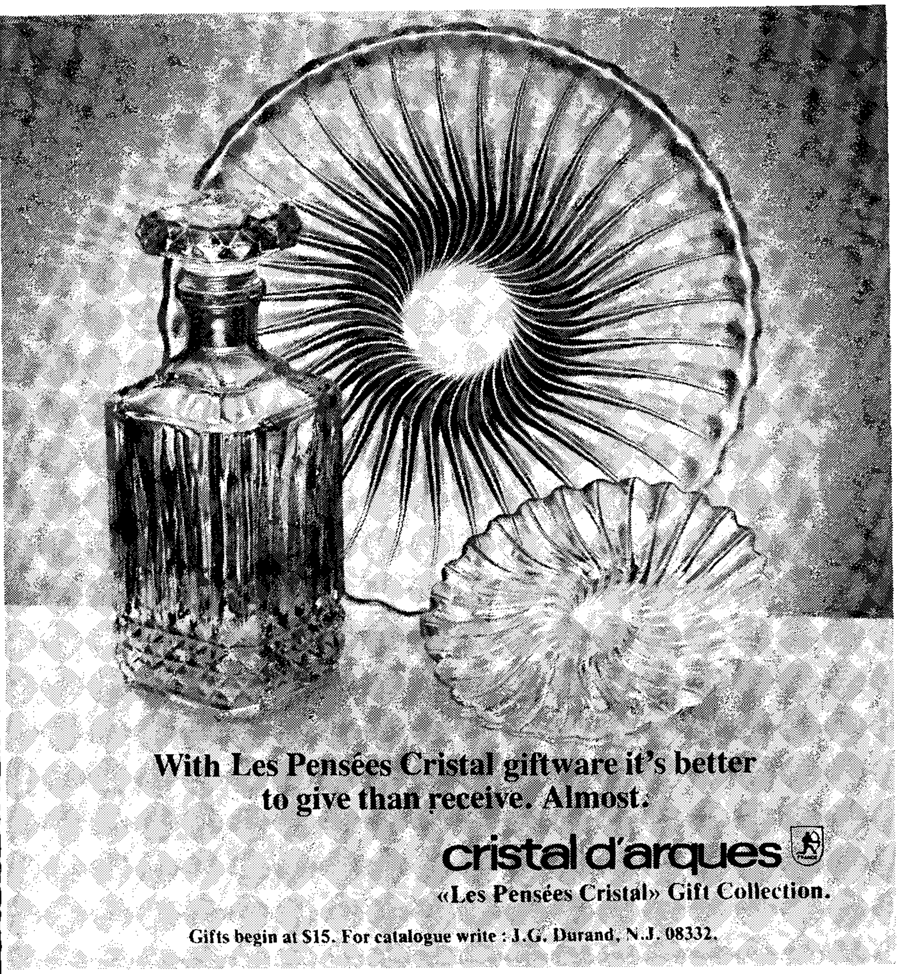
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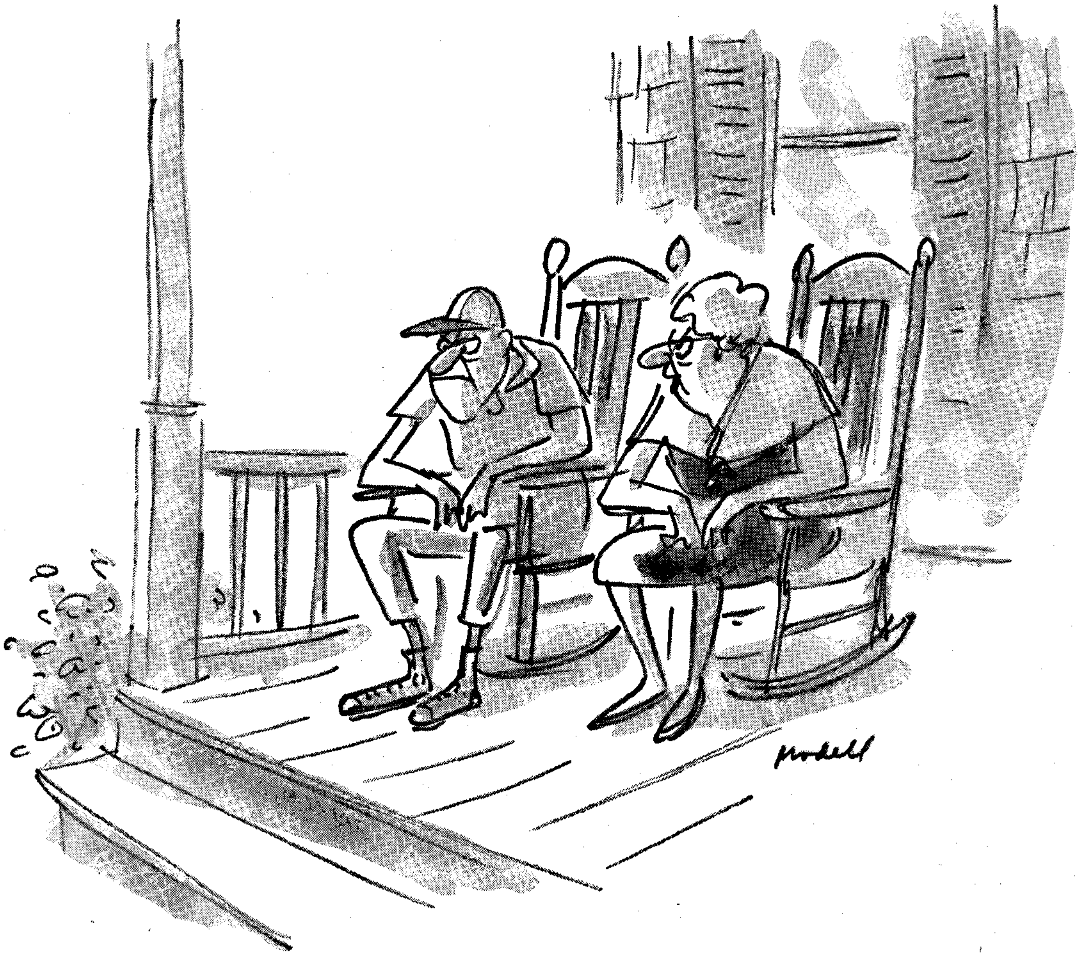
BOOKS

Who Was Christy Mathewson?

I HAVE long felt that the very best popular-science writing must come from scientists. For them, science is a part of everyday experience—their skin and bones—and this feeling is what emerges when a really good popular book is written by a scientist. But if this is to happen several criteria must be met. In the first place, the scientist not only must have the ability to write but must really *want* to write. Then, the scientist must be working in a field that has broad social and intellectual ramifications and must recognize them. As someone said, God loves the details. But if popular-science writing consists only of details no one will read it. I first became aware of the writing of Stephen Jay Gould some years ago, when I began reading his column "This View of Life" in *Natural History*. Everything about these pieces seemed right to me. There was the enthusiasm of a young and gifted scientist at the height of his powers. The problems he discussed—involving evolutionary biology—were of wide interest and could be made generally understandable, and the writing was full of fun, totally without pretentiousness, and absolutely clear. Many of these pieces have been collected in his books "Ever Since Darwin" and "The Panda's Thumb." One wondered what would happen when Professor Gould—he teaches geology, biology, and the history of science at Harvard—turned his energies to a single major subject and addressed the general reader. Now one knows. He has just written a really extraordinary book, "The Mismeasure of Man" (Norton; $14.95).

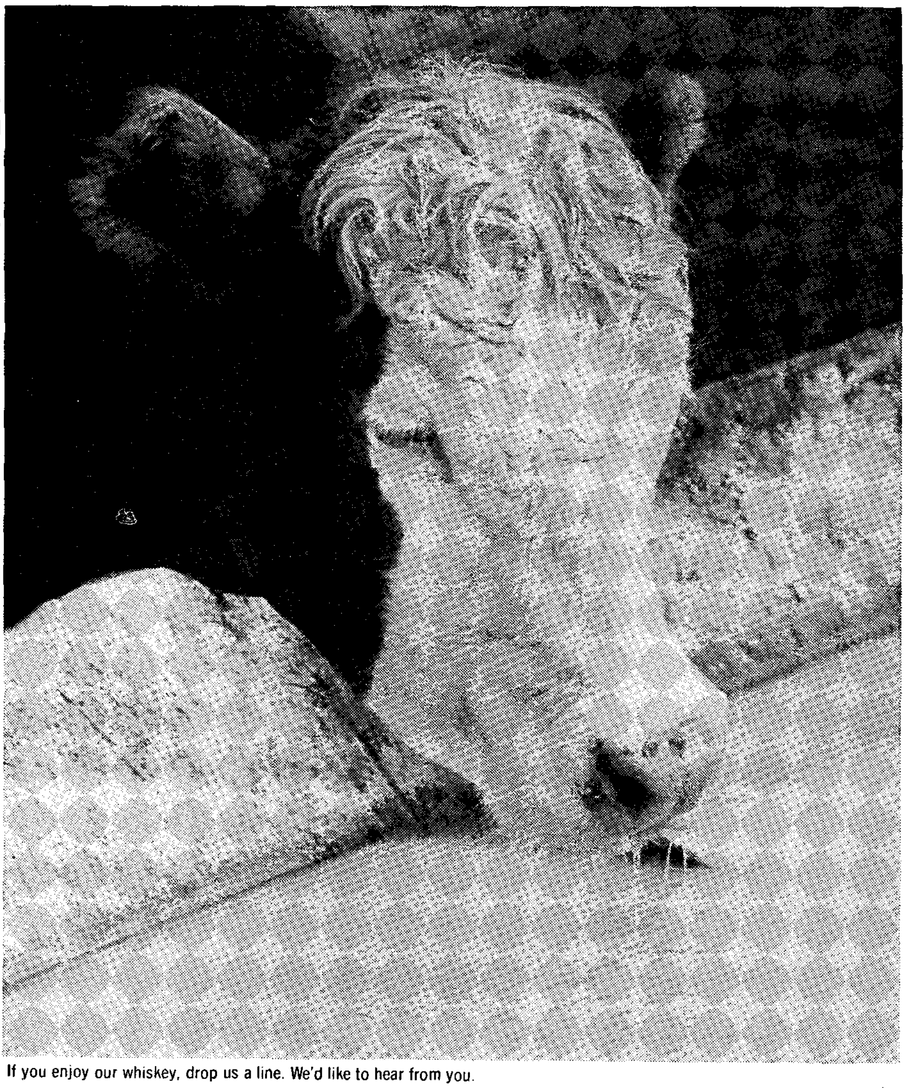
"The Mismeasure of Man" is a devastating and often extremely angry attack on the notion that "intelligence" is a "thing"—like temperature—to which can be attached a single number and that, furthermore, this number is an intrinsic characteristic of a person, somehow independent of all environmental influences. One might call this the fallacy of misplaced reification. It is beautifully characterized by John Stuart Mill in a quotation given in Professor Gould's book: "The tendency has always been strong to believe that whatever received a name must be an entity or being, having an independent existence of its own. And if no real entity answering to the name could be found, men did not for that reason suppose that none existed, but imagined that it was something peculiarly abstruse and mysterious." In fact, the dispute between the "realists," who believe that behind a name there must be a "real" essence, and the "nominalists," who believe that names refer only to particular things, has had a long and honorable history in philosophy. If all that was at stake here were an academic metaphysical dispute, there would be little reason to get exercised over it. But that is not what is at stake. Professor Gould argues that because of the false reification of intelligence hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of people's lives have been circumscribed, or even ruined. He writes, "We pass through this world but once. Few tragedies can be more extensive than the stunting of life, few injustices deeper than the denial of an opportunity to strive or even to hope, by a limit imposed from without, but falsely identified as lying within."



"You're right. I'm no Katie Hepburn. And you're no Hank Fonda, either!"

It will probably come as no surprise to read that the notion that black people are mentally inferior was pervasive in American society from the very beginning. Thomas Jefferson wrote, "I advance it, therefore, as a suspicion only, that the blacks, whether originally a distinct race, or made distinct by time and circumstance, are inferior to the whites in the endowment both of body and of mind." Probably the founders *had* to feel this way if they were to use blacks in slavery. And it will come as no surprise to read that with the development of science in the nineteenth century scholars used "scientific" methods to "prove" what most Europeans and Americans felt to be true anyway. Professor Gould, in the first part of his book, has reëxamined the "proofs" on their own terms. The major preoccupation of these scholars was the size of brains. It was taken as a given that large brain size was correlated to intelligence, and measurements were done to confirm this "fact." In the mid-nineteenth century, Paul Broca, who was a surgeon and the founder of the Anthropological Society of Paris, felt able to announce, "In general, the brain is larger in mature adults than in the elderly, in men than in women, in eminent men than in men of mediocre talent, in *superior races than in inferior races* . . . Other things equal, there is a remarkable relationship between the development of intelligence and the volume of the brain." Broca was a conscientious scientist, and he was nearly upended by his own data, for he discovered that Eskimos, Lapps, Malays, Tatars, "and several other peoples of the Mongolian type would surpass [in brain size] the most civilized people of Europe." But not to worry, for West African blacks, Kaffirs, Nubians, Tasmanians, Hottentots, and Australian aborigines had, Broca discovered, smaller brains. What Broca did not take sufficiently into account is that there is a correlation between brain size and body size. He did take this into account in the case of women but concluded that it was not relevant, since women were inferior regardless: "We are therefore permitted to suppose that the relatively small size of the female brain depends in part upon her physical inferiority and in part upon her intellectual inferiority." (Some of the later workers in this dismal enterprise did try to take body size, or something like it, into account, and when one of them, Léonce Manouvrier, subtracted the effects of what he termed "sexual mass" he came to the conclusion that the corrected brain size of women was actually greater than that of men.)

There is, by the way, a legitimate and fascinating study of brain size, which is still being carried on, and is due largely to the pioneering work of Harry J. Jerison. Professor Gould touched on Jerison's work in "The Panda's Thumb." For many years, Jerison has been measuring the size of the brains of animals, both extant and extinct (the latter through fossils). He finds that within a given class—reptiles, say—brain size increases, as one would guess, with body size, but not as



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rapidly as body size. Gould notes that "brains grow only about two-thirds as fast as bodies." A theory that might account for the "two-thirds" is that the animal brain may have evolved in size in response to sensory stimulations. These would be received from the surface of the body, which, roughly speaking, increases in magnitude as an area, while "body size" is really a measure of volume. (The surface area of a sphere, for example, increases with the square of the radius, while the volume of a sphere increases with the cube of the radius.) James A. Hopson, of the University of Chicago, has shown that the much-maligned dinosaurs fit very nicely on the reptile curve. While there is certainly no simple relation of brain size to intelligence, there is no reason to think that the dinosaurs perished because they were anomalously dumb. Interestingly, man is totally off the scale on these curves. It might be expected that human growth would not follow this pattern, since much of our brain does not respond merely to sensory stimuli: we think about ourselves.

The heart of "The Mismeasure of Man" is Professor Gould's analysis of the use and misuse of I.Q. tests. The originator of the modern intelligence test was the French psychologist Alfred Binet. He emerges as one of the few heroes of Gould's book. In 1898, Binet began, in the tradition of Broca, by measuring heads. After three years of work, he decided that any interpretation of whatever differences in size there were—and they were minuscule—between the heads of bright and poor students might well reflect his own a-priori bias about how such students should score on tests. "The idea of measuring intelligence by measuring heads seemed ridiculous," he wrote. In 1904, he was commissioned by the French Minister of Public Education to develop techniques for picking out children who might be having learning difficulties. By 1908, he had got the idea of assigning an age level to each of a variety of tasks—the earliest age at which an average child should be able to complete the task. The age level of the most advanced task a child could perform was said to be his "mental age." When this mental age was subtracted from the child's true age, a number could be assigned to the child's so-called intelligence. In 1912, a German psychologist, Louis William Stern, concluded that it would be more satisfactory to divide the mental age by the chronological age, and

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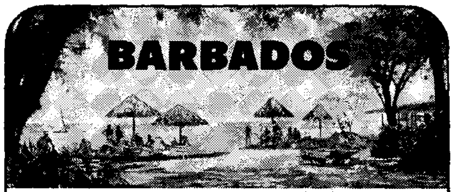

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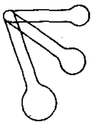

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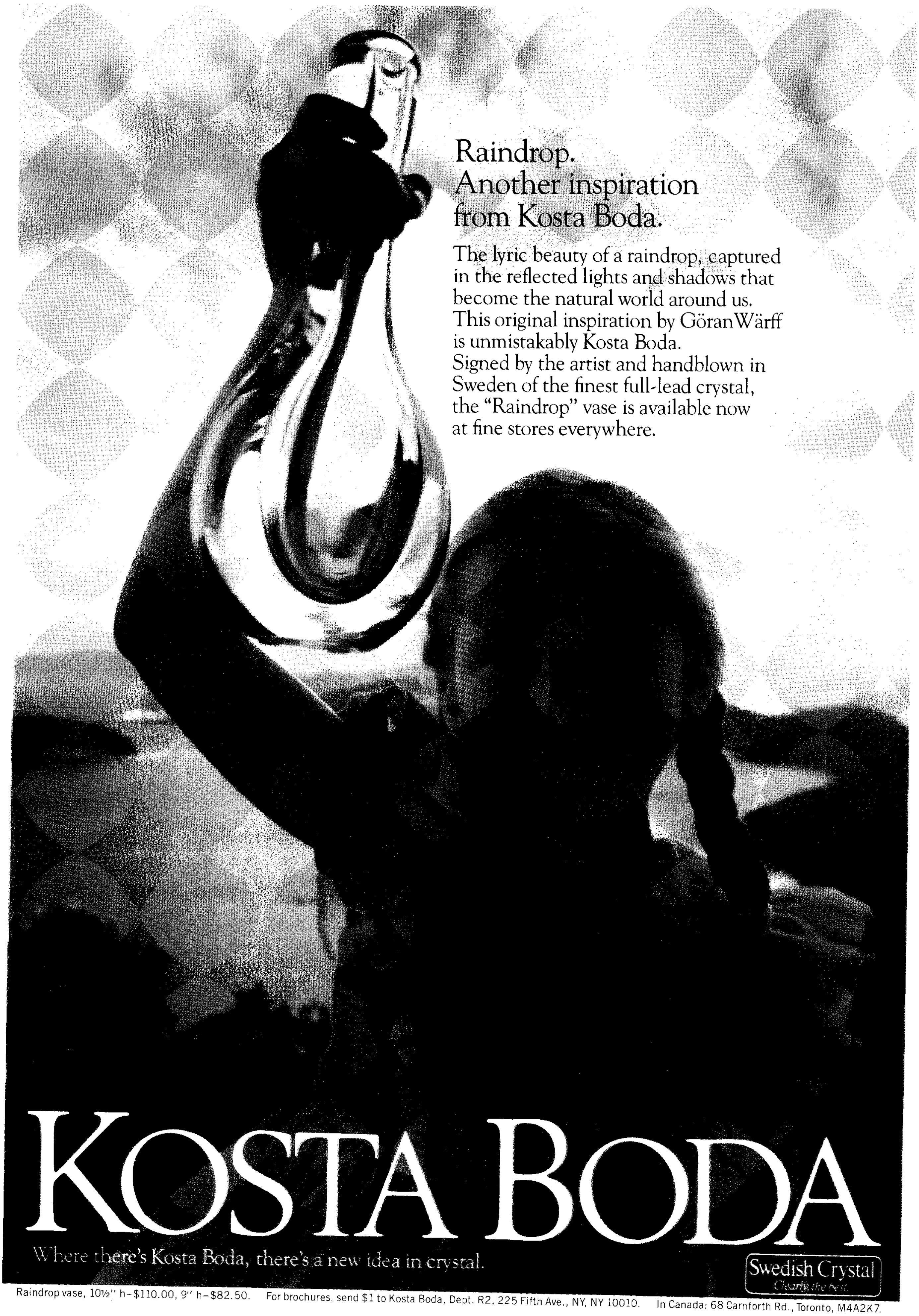
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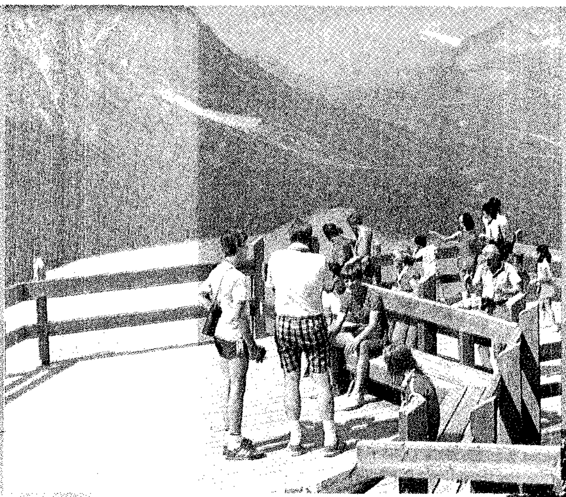

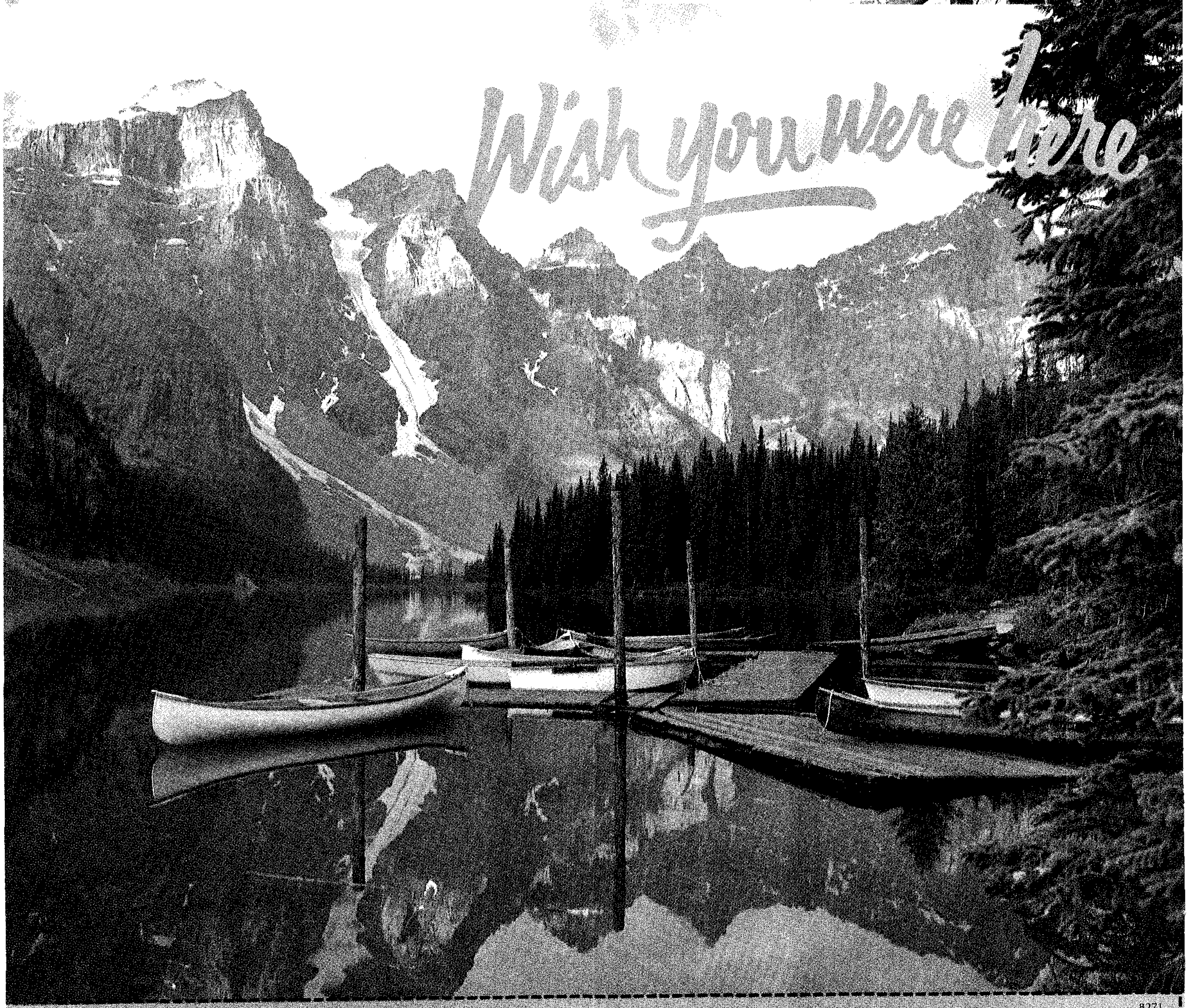

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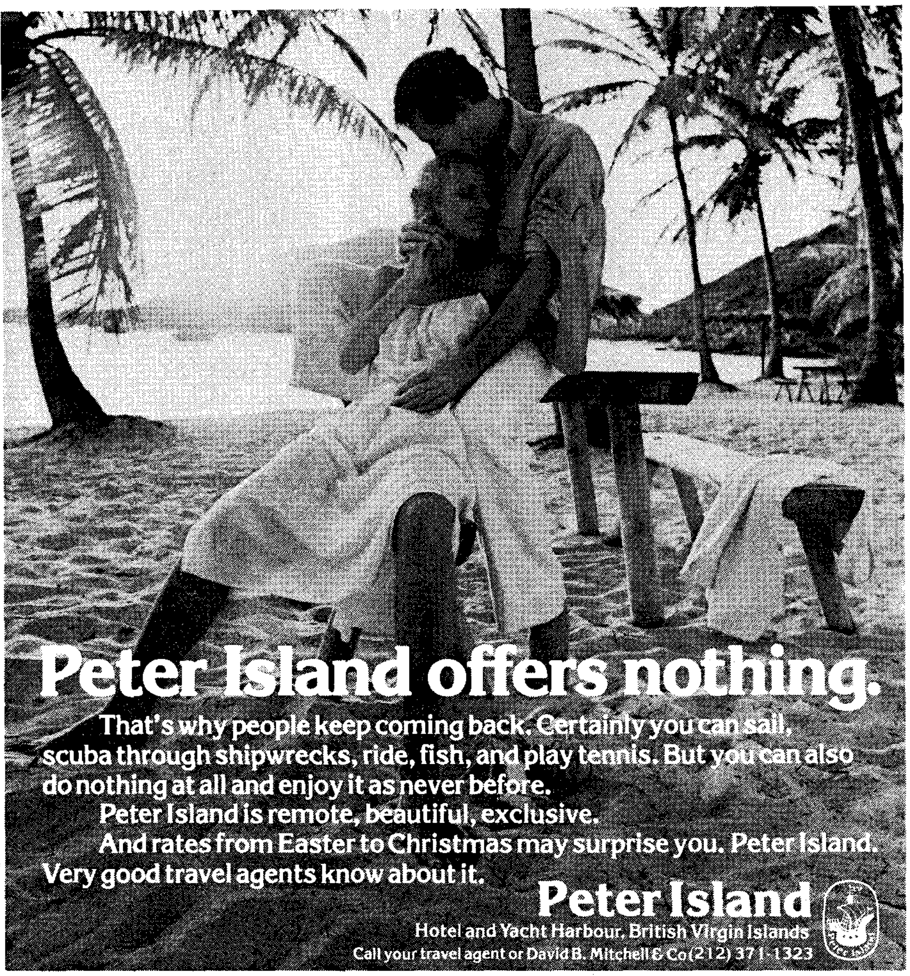
hence the notion of an "intelligence quotient" was born. Binet, unlike the people who followed him, had absolutely no idea of arriving at a single number that would give a definitive measure of something called "intelligence." Indeed, he wrote, "For the sake of simplicity of statement, we will speak of a child of 8 years having the intelligence of a child of 7 or 9 years; these expressions, if accepted arbitrarily, may give place to illusions." And, above all, he did not intend that his scale be used to stigmatize a child. Professor Gould notes, "Of one thing Binet was sure: whatever the cause of poor performance in school, the aim of his scale was to identify in order to help and improve, not to label in order to limit. Some children might be innately incapable of normal achievement, but all could improve with special help." Professor Gould has no quarrel with this use of I.Q. and other achievement tests. He writes, "Speaking personally, I feel that tests of the I.Q. type were helpful in the proper diagnosis of my own learning-disabled son. His average score, the I.Q. itself, meant nothing, for it was only an amalgam of some very high and very low scores; but the pattern of low values indicated his areas of deficit." What he does quarrel with—and "quarrel" is much too mild a word, since this part of his book is a brilliantly acerbic polemic—is the evolution and corruption of Binet's work, especially in the United States, where I.Q. testing became, and still is, literally and figuratively, an industry. Along with this came the notion that if something can be tested it must correspond to something in reality, and the further notion—which, according to Gould, is a "home-grown American product"—that such "intelligence" is hereditary. Not only could an individual be condemned to a life of lessened expectations on the basis of I.Q. tests but so could his or her offspring.

Lest one imagine that all this is some sort of academic exercise, Professor Gould gives a concrete example: the case of Carrie and Doris Buck, two sisters in Virginia. On the basis of a variant of Binet's test, the mother of Carrie and Doris Buck was judged to have a mental age of seven. Carrie, on the basis of the same test, was awarded a mental age of nine. She was the mother of a child who was also judged to be "feeble-minded," so the State of Virginia decided that both Carrie and her sister Doris should be sterilized. In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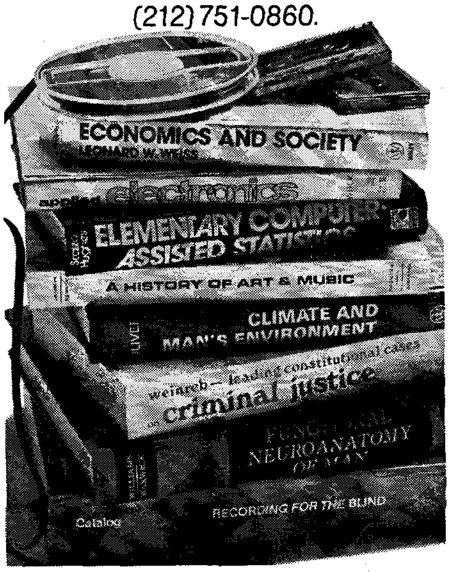
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1927, this became a Supreme Court case—Buck v. Bell—and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., delivered the decision, which upheld the sterilization law, stating, "Three generations of imbeciles are enough." Under this law, several thousand people were sterilized in Virginia from 1924 to 1972, when the practice apparently stopped. Doris Buck, who, like her sister, would not be considered even mentally deficient by present standards, was not informed of what had been done to her. She later said, "They told me that the operation was for an appendix and rupture." She and her husband, Mathew Figgins, tried for years to have a child before they found out it was impossible. When she learned that, she said, "I broke down and cried. My husband and me wanted children desperately. We were crazy about them. I never knew what they'd done to me."

Professor Gould rips apart both the tests that led to this kind of result and the atmosphere in which such tests were often given. The originator of one series of tests was Robert M. Yerkes. Yerkes was a professor in the Psychology Department at Harvard when, in 1915, as Gould puts it, he "got one of those 'big ideas' that propel the history of science: could psychologists possibly persuade the army to test all its recruits?" Yerkes did manage to persuade an often reluctant military to test nearly two million men. The tests were of two types—Alpha and Beta—administered according to the recruit's degree of literacy. Here is a sample of the Alpha multiple-choice questions, which supposedly tested the *intrinsic* intelligence of the recruit:

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The number of a Kaffir's legs is: 2, 4, 6, 8

Christy Mathewson is famous as a: writer, artist, baseball player, comedian.

The Beta tests were reserved for nonliterates, many of whom had never used a pencil prior to the test. The Beta tests required associating, among other things, a rivet with a pocket knife, a filament with a light bulb, a horn with a phonograph, a net with a tennis court, and a ball with a bowler's hand. The recruits were rushed through the tests with examiners shouting orders at them. Professor Gould gave the Beta test to one of his classes at Harvard under very benign conditions. Of fifty-three students, thirty-one scored A and sixteen B; six got C, which meant that they were fit

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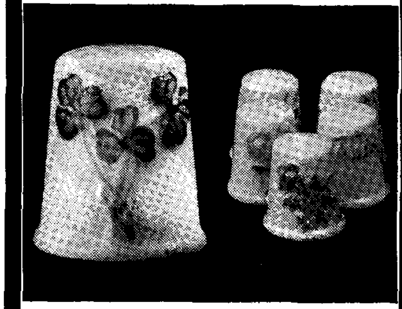

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only for the duties of a buck private. (I remember being required to take such a test at the time of the Korean War and being confronted with all sorts of weird diagrams involving tools like awls. God knows how I did on the test, but, in the event, I was not sent to Korea. The atmosphere under which the test was given was such that I am not sure I could have spelled my own name correctly.) Yerkes was convinced that blacks were innately stupid. He ignored the fact that the better-educated Northern blacks did better than the mean for whites from nine Southern states. He believed that an I.Q. was a genetically determined quantity, like blue eyes; he was not able to recognize that his own data proved that the strongest factor in this kind of testing is environmental.

Using these tests, Yerkes came to the remarkable conclusion that the average mental age of white recruits was 13.08 years. (This use of statistics, like several others that Professor Gould cites, reminds me of the disease that struck only men of fifty: there were two known cases—one a boy of two and the other a man of ninety-eight.) Yerkes' result so alarmed him and some of his colleagues that they began to seek the cause. Since they subscribed to a "hereditarian" doctrine of intelligence, they felt that the cause could lie only in the degeneration of American genes, and this, they reasoned, must have to do with the dilution of "American" stock by immigration—or, at least, by the wrong kind of immigration. In 1923, a disciple of Yerkes named Carl C. Brigham, a psychology professor at Princeton, published one of the most insidious books on this subject that have ever been written—"A Study of American Intelligence." Brigham concluded on the basis of the Army tests that recent immigrants to America were polluting the gene pool for intelligence. That his argument was taken seriously seems, in retrospect, almost unbelievable. The tests showed that each five-year period of residency in this country brought an increase in the immigrants' test scores; hence, any immigrants who had lived here five years or more were more "intelligent" than new arrivals. He dismissed the obvious explanation—the environmental bias built into the tests (Christy Mathewson was very likely not a household name in a Polish *shtetl* or a Macedonian hamlet)—and concluded that the recent immigrants were intrinsically less intelligent. This was readily explained,

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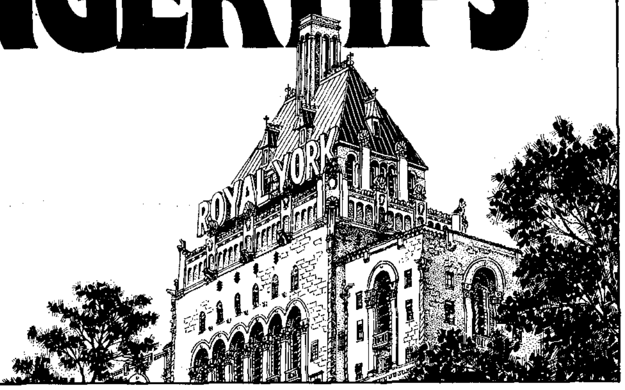

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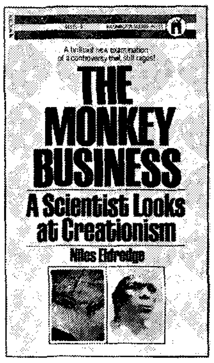
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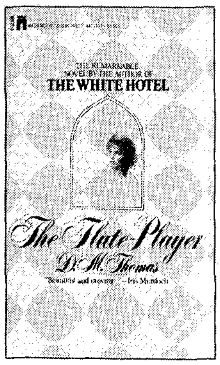

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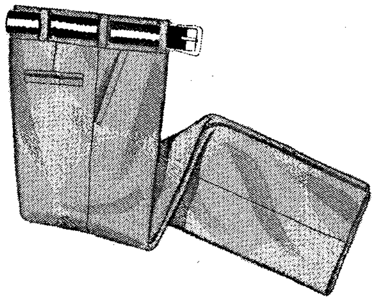

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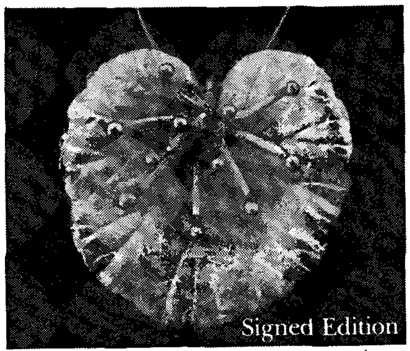

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he felt: there were fewer Germans, Scandinavians, and Britons among them. The recent immigrants were mainly Italians, Greeks, and Poles, along with Jews, whom Brigham classified as "Alpine Slavs." All this might simply be considered funny except that it was widely accepted and led to the Immigration Restriction Act of 1924, which devised a quota system to keep out the groups that had scored poorly on the Yerkes tests. Whether, as Professor Gould maintains, this was the primary cause of the death of an enormous number of Jews who could not immigrate to this country in the nineteen-thirties is debatable. My own guess is that, considering the anti-Semitism that was part of the fabric of American life at that time, this "scientific evidence" of racial inferiority simply allowed some people to do with better conscience what they would have found a way to do anyway. It is remarkable that some six years after Brigham's book led to the quota system he described the Army tests on which it was based as absolute nonsense. He wrote, "One of the most pretentious of these comparative racial studies—the writer's own—was without foundation." By that time, the damage had been done.

It would be good to report that all this belongs to some "medieval" past. But, as Professor Gould makes clear, and as we all know, the spirit of Yerkes and his ilk persists. It is, in my view, important to keep certain things in mind when one reads that a race or a sex has some differential factor of intelligence. Even taken on their own terms, the phenomena—if they are phenomena—that such reports deal with are always buried beneath statistics. Real scientific phenomena usually stand out like a sore thumb. It did not take, for example, a hair-raising and controversial statistical analysis to convince people that pulsars exist. A few good nights at the radio telescope were enough. (It is this, by the way, that has always made the reports of extrasensory perception in the guessing of cards and the like seem so dull to me. At least, Yuri Geller puts on a good show.) Two things do stick out like a sore thumb. One is how little genetic variation there is—how similar the genes are—among all the races of the earth. Professor Gould quotes his colleague Richard Lewontin: "If the holocaust comes and a small tribe deep in the New Guinea forests are the only survivors, almost all the genetic variation now expressed among the

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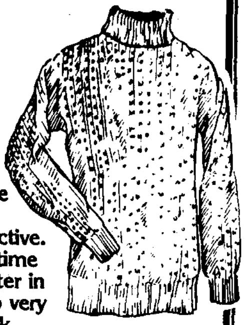

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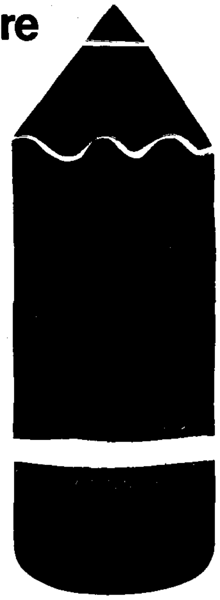

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innumerable groups of our four billion people will be preserved." The second is how numerous the genetically expressed variations are *within* any racial group. One can find a person of one's own race or of a different race who is better at just about any given task than one is oneself. These are differences that we live with every day, and, if we are mature, come to accept and even enjoy. What Professor Gould's superb book makes clear is how dangerous race prejudices are. It also makes clear how subjective and neurotic they are. If one insists on being a racist, science is no place to come for support. Whatever racism may be, it is not science.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BODILY HARM, by Margaret Atwood (Simon & Schuster; $14.50). This novel sounds in summary like a grab bag of unpleasant contemporary phenomena—mastectomies, defunct affairs, peculiar burglaries, New Wave fads, horrible hotel food, spoiled beaches, gunrunners, dope smugglers, C.I.A. agents (these on a Caribbean island toying with tourism and democracy)—but Miss Atwood is in control of her plot, which features a young Toronto woman (the mastectomy victim) in need of a haven where she can sort out her fears and ambitions. The island is no haven, but it has a cathartic effect on the young woman; by the time her twenty-one-day excursion ticket is due to expire, she has witnessed and endured cruelties that make her worries over recurrent medical troubles seem absurdly abstract and trivial. A surprisingly plausible story, and one that, while timely (the young woman is an amused, skeptical authority on this decade's social trends), will probably still touch readers ten years hence.

A GOOD MAN IN AFRICA, by William Boyd (Morrow; $14.50). Why, on page 77, is a young Englishman named Morgan—overweight, freckled, and foul-tempered—listening to a middle-aged Englishman in a green silk Chinese dressing gown describe an African maid who has just been struck by lightning? Why (about sixty pages later) is Morgan, dressed in gaudy swim trunks, beating a large live fish against a rock? Why (about a hundred and fifty pages later) is Morgan—now very

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drunk and dressed in a red boiler suit, gum boots, and a fake white beard—stumbling around in the dark and clutching a can of gasoline in a garbage dump? Why (a few pages, and one day, later) does Morgan burst into tears on a parched golf course at the feet of a dour Scottish doctor? Why (eight pages from the end) is Morgan (dressed in a skintight monkey suit) limping, in the company of a barefoot middle-aged Englishwoman dressed in pink tatters and pearls, toward Sissy's Go-Well Drinkotheque? Questions such as these might occur to anyone who flips through this novel, which is set in a restless African nation during its Christmas holidays and national elections, but it would be unfair to the reader not to let William Boyd (who was born and raised in Africa and educated at Oxford, where he now teaches) explain everything in his own wildly funny words.

NOTE: "To See You Again," a collection of stories by Alice Adams, many of which first appeared in these pages, has been published by Knopf ($13.50). . . . Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "The Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer" ($19.95). Some of these stories, too, first appeared here.

GENERAL

AS I WALKED DOWN NEW GRUB STREET: MEMORIES OF A WRITING LIFE, by Walter Allen (University of Chicago Press; $15). Mr. Allen, a native of Birmingham, England, and a graduate of Birmingham University, has been walking down (and up) New Grub Street since the nineteen-thirties, and in this literary autobiography he shows us where he labored (the newspaper offices, the magazine offices, the publishers' offices, the broadcasting studios) and whom he saw, whom he talked and drank with, who his friends were. Together, they included, it would seem, every man and woman of literary distinction in London from the thirties to the present. ("It was at Bush House, too, that I first met Richard Hughes.") But in fairness it must be said that there is more than name-dropping here. Mr. Allen is in his way something of a latter-day John Aubrey, and he gives any number of fine capsule depictions—Henry Green, W. H. Auden, Louis MacNeice, Julian Maclaren-Ross, Kingsley Martin, Wyndham Lewis,

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T. S. Eliot, Raymond Mortimer, V. S. Pritchett, Anthony Powell. He has also, in his pursuit of a living, visited the United States, teaching and lecturing at several universities, and he is a good reporter of that scene: "The American intellectual, ivory-towered in his many-acred campus, seemed to me often to live in a fool's paradise. I have no doubt that the gulf between intellectuals and the people as a whole is greater than in Britain." It should be added that Mr. Allen is so easy, so charming, so companionable a writer that one realizes only toward the end of his walk that he is a thoroughly honest and perceptive one as well.

THE MURDER OF NAPOLEON, by Ben Weider and David Hapgood (Congdon & Lattès; $14.95). Napoleon Bonaparte, dying on St. Helena, suspected that the ghastly and painful ordeal he was undergoing was due to something other than the course of nature, and ordered that after his death an autopsy be made, with particular attention to his stomach. One was, and because of the state of the art of forensic medicine at the time, his doctors found nothing conclusive. Some twenty-five years ago, a Swedish dentist and expert on poisons named Sten Forshufvud got the idea that Napoleon died not of cancer—the commonly accepted cause of death—but of arsenic poisoning, and he set out to prove it. This book is a chronicle of Forshufvud's long and often frustrating search for that proof. Today, Dr. Forshufvud is satisfied that he has established beyond doubt that Napoleon was poisoned. Not only that but he has come up with the name of the poisoner. His arguments are put forward in what amounts to a first-rate detective story.

JAMES MADISON AND THE SEARCH FOR NATIONHOOD, by Robert A. Rutland (Library of Congress; $18). Although the text of this good-looking volume is brief, the author is able to encompass the long life of the man whom Thomas Jefferson called "the greatest man in the world," and whom John Kennedy considered "one of our most underrated Presidents," from his early years as the son of a patrician Virginia planter, through the Constitutional Convention—at which he demonstrated, by his intellectual brilliance and his powers of persuasion, why he became known

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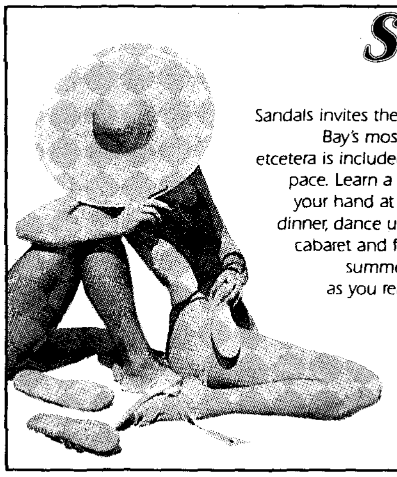

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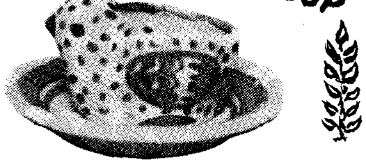

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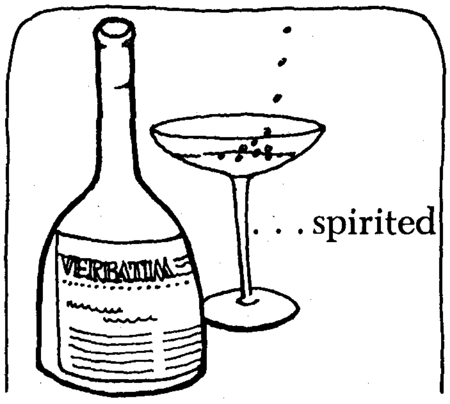

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as the Father of the Constitution—and on to his Presidency and his triumphant resolution of the War of 1812. The illustrations are wonderful; they include letters and maps, cartoons and comic prints, scenes of war on land and sea, and many portraits of the fourth President and his spirited wife, Dolley.

MAE WEST, by George Eells and Stanley Musgrove (Morrow; $15.50). Mae West had no childhood to speak of. Before she was nine, she was hoofing and singing as a "professional amateur" in vaudeville houses in her native Brooklyn, and well before puberty she had experimented with sex and found it to her liking. She also found that it was funny, and these two discoveries could be said to have been the basic ideas upon which she built her hugely successful sixty-odd-year career as a playwright, actress-manager, and international superstar. This biography follows that career in detail, from its beginnings in New York, where, in plays like "Pleasure Man," "The Constant Sinner," and "Sex," she first introduced to the Broadway stage such themes as homosexuality, satyriasis, and interracial love, to Hollywood, where her movies—"Night After Night," "She Done Him Wrong," "I'm No Angel," and others—earned her international fame and the second-highest salary in the land. (William Randolph Hearst's was first.) That Mae West as a human being fails to emerge from these pages is not surprising, for she had practically no human relationships that meant anything at all; her considerable powers of concentration and will were entirely focussed on making and maintaining the famous image.

NOTE: Daniel F. Ford's "Three Mile Island: Thirty Minutes to Meltdown" has been published by Viking/Penguin ($15 cloth, $5.95 paper). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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In a last-ditch effort to end the party's fiscal woes, GOP officials turned over the books last October to Arthur Andersen & Co., but Del Junco said one of the firm's problems has been that individuals involved in the 1979-1980 party administration "have not communicated with them directly."

That means the minimum sentence is 35 years.—*Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

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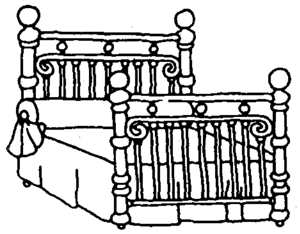

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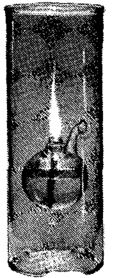

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